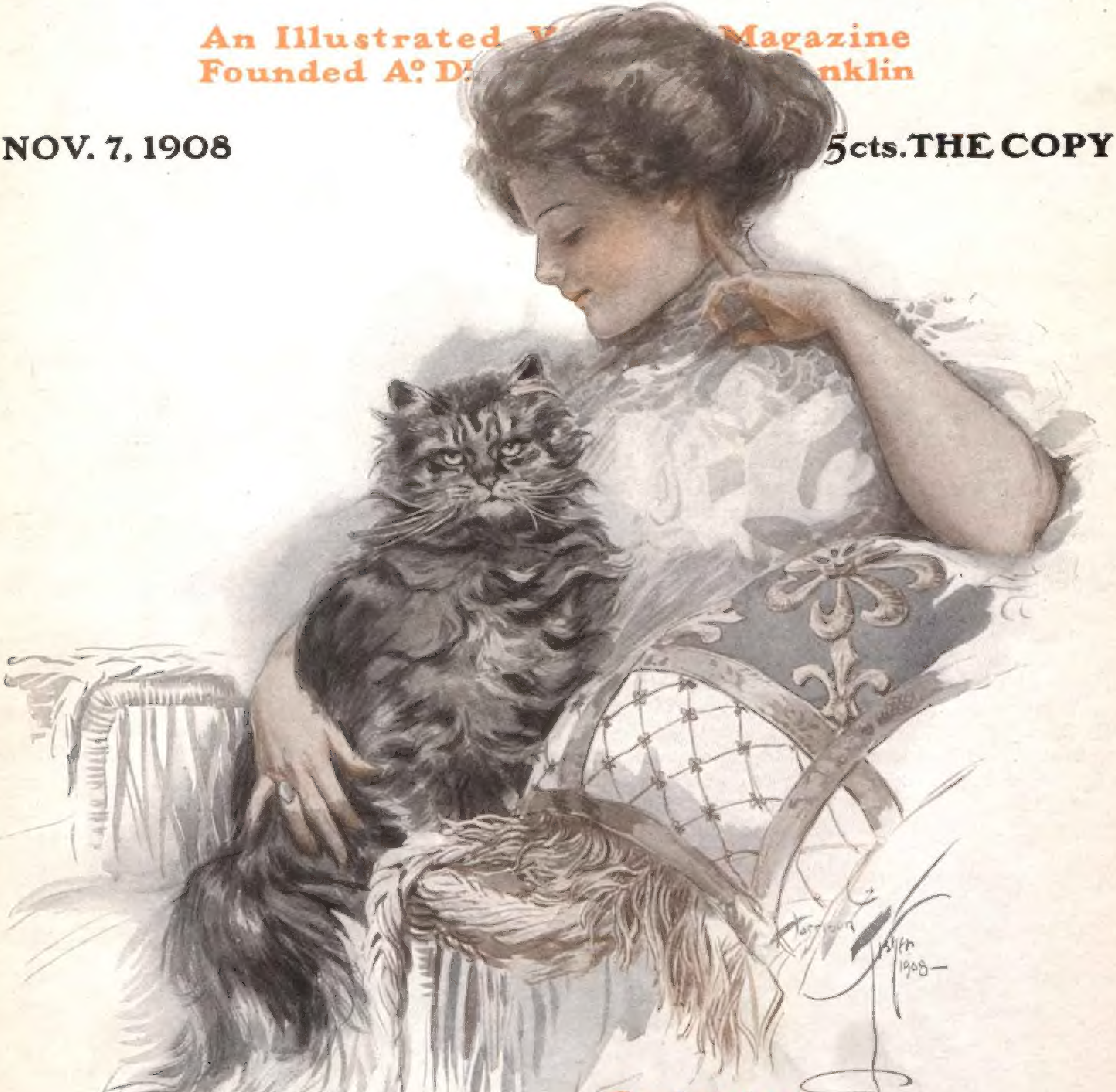
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated W Magazine
Founded A° D nklin

NOV. 7, 1908

5cts. THE COPY


Harrison Fisher 1908–

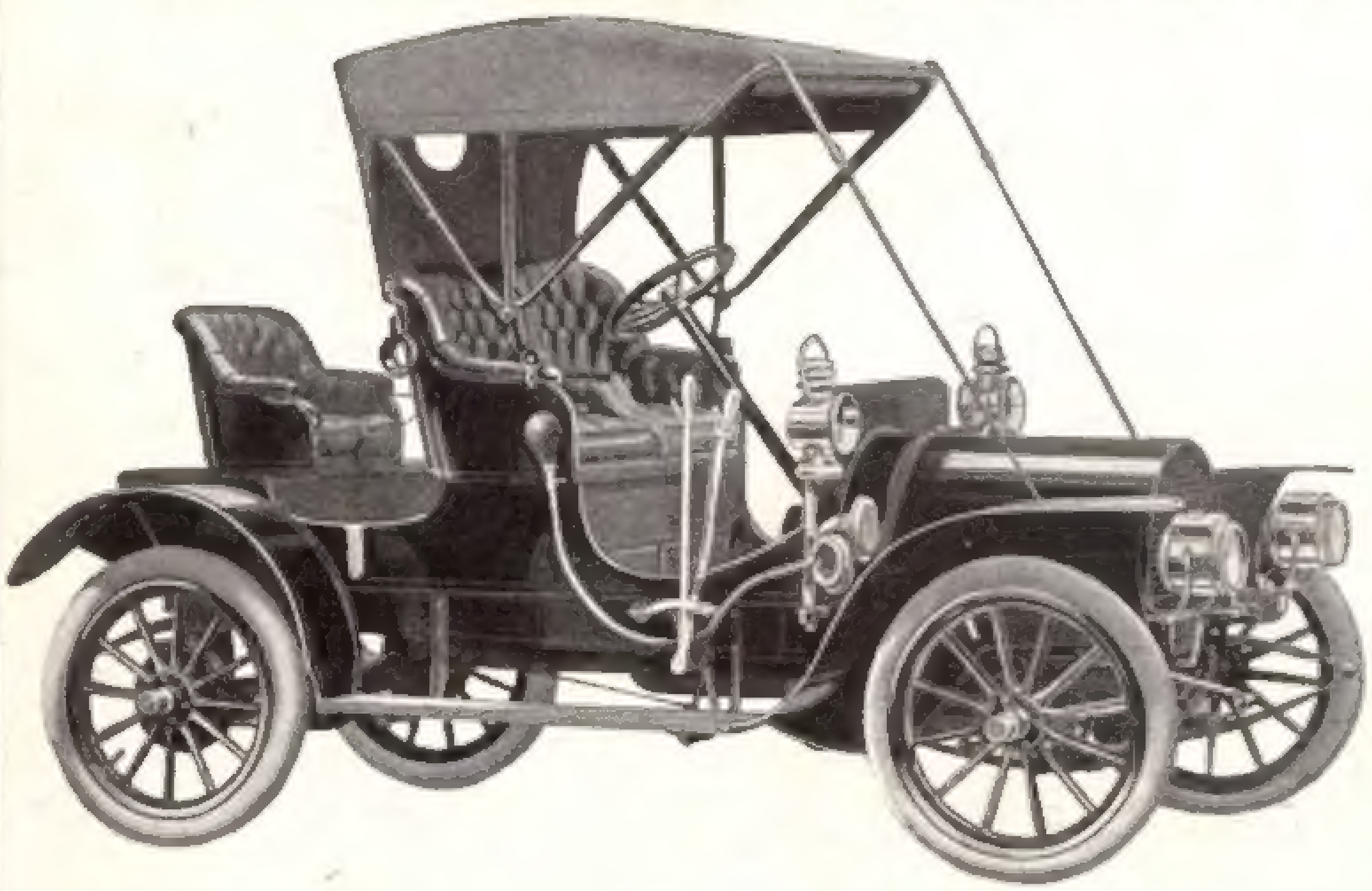
Beginning

"In Heaven and Earth"

By Robert W. Chambers

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

FRANKLIN



Model G is the only strictly high-grade small runabout made.

In quality of material and workmanship and finish it equals the largest and finest Franklin touring-cars. When fitted with short folding top the top does not interfere when down with occupying the rumble seat.

It is not too large for city work, but it is big enough and fast enough for country travelling.

It has the power and the go. It is better on hills than many water-cooled machines of far greater horse-power. It is easy to operate, easy to ride in, and extremely economical to own.

With glass or storm front Model G is equipped for any weather. And having no water to freeze it can be left standing on the coldest day.

The finish is a deep rich red with black trimmings. These are durable shades and make the handsomest color-combination of the season.

In a word Model G is the runabout standard, the ideal.

No man would want to buy a cheap runabout after seeing Model G.

Model G runabout. 18 horse-power. 4 cylinders. Air-cooled engine. Sliding gear transmission. 32-inch wheels. 91½ inch wheel-base. With hamper $1750. Single or double rumble $1800. F. O. B. Syracuse. (Top extra.)

Weight is what wears out tires

In a paper read before the French Society of Civil Engineers, M. A. Michelin, the noted tire expert, said:
"If the weight of an automobile is increased five per cent., it increases the wear and tear on tires fifteen per cent."

This means that the average water-cooled automobile with its extra weight of plumbing apparatus—and weighing, as it does, a third more than a Franklin model of the same capacity—wears out tires just twice as fast.

The light weight of Franklin automobiles and their large wheels and tires eliminate the tire bugbear from automobiling. No other automobiles have such large wheels and tires in proportion to their weight.

Model D weighs only 2100 pounds, yet it has the same size wheels and tires as other automobiles weighing 3200 pounds and upward. Model H has larger wheels and tires than some automobiles a thousand pounds heavier—the larger the tires, the greater their wearing-surface, and the longer they last. But no tires made are large enough to offset the wear and tear put upon them by the bulky heavy water-cooled machines.

You cannot reduce tire expense nor fuel expense to a reasonable figure in a heavy automobile.

You cannot get the same refinement and simplicity—the combination of power and strength with light weight except through Franklin air-cooling.

What would it mean to you to get rid of tire trouble and at the same time cut the bills down half?

Nothing could induce a man who has once known the comfort and security of the light-weight air-cooled Franklin, to drive or own a heavy automobile.

Before you buy, think of tires; and all the burden and trouble of useless weight.

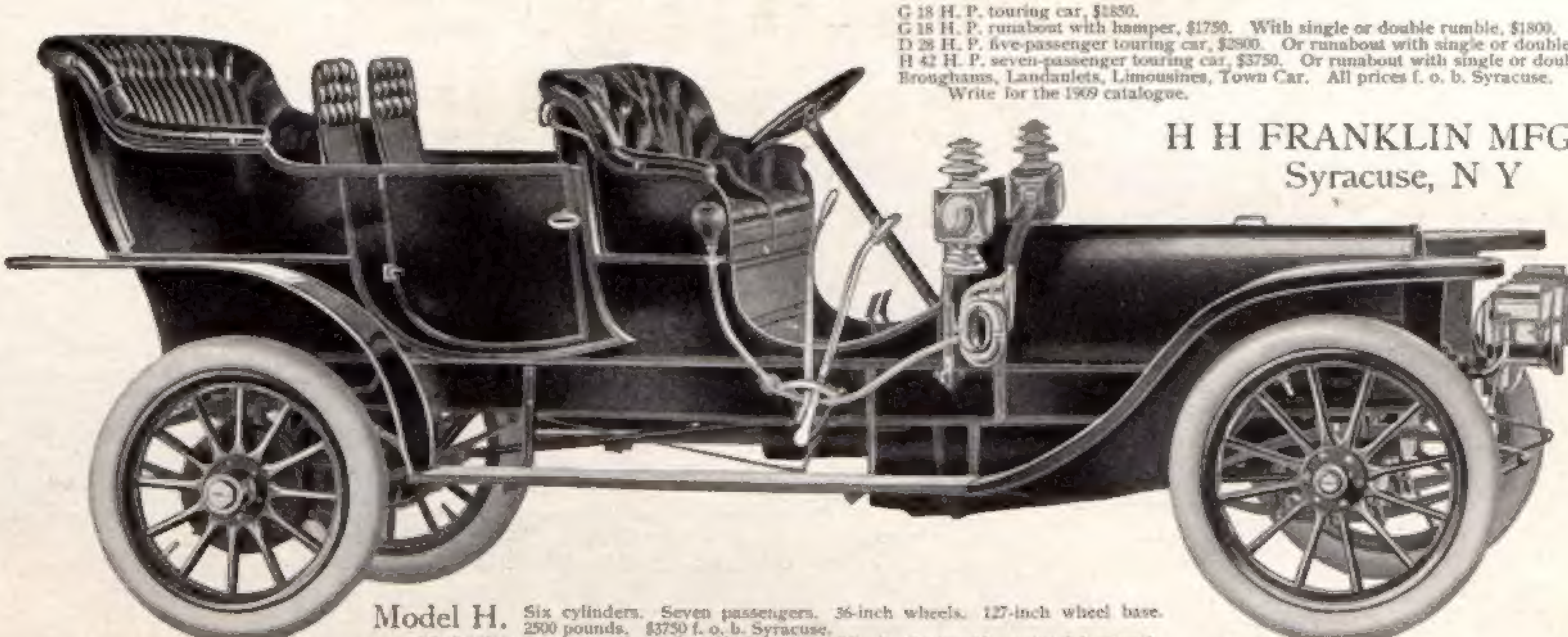
Unencumbered Franklin dash-board.

Notice the neat effect: no coil box; no oiler. Nothing to clutter up the dash nor soil the clothing. Merely the magneto switch, the needle valve stem, and the primer rod. Franklins are the first American automobiles to employ the high tension single ignition magneto system already adopted by nearly all the leading foreign makers. This shows how Franklin automobiles lead in the most advanced modern practice.

Models

G 18 H. P. touring car, $1850.
G 18 H. P. runabout with hamper, $1750. With single or double rumble, $1800.
D 28 H. P. five-passenger touring car, $2800. Or runabout with single or double rumble, $2700.
H 42 H. P. seven-passenger touring car, $3750. Or runabout with single or double rumble, $3600.
Broughams, Landaulets, Limousines, Town Car. All prices f. o. b. Syracuse.
Write for the 1909 catalogue.

H H FRANKLIN MFG CO,
Syracuse, N Y



Model H. Six cylinders. Seven passengers. 36-inch wheels. 127-inch wheel base. 2500 pounds. $3750 f. o. b. Syracuse.

Model H is the most refined six-cylinder automobile in the world—powerful, smooth, simple. There is not another large touring-car so comfortable to ride in, and so economical to use. And in appearance and details it has no superior.

How to Bake Beans

We have no secrets, madam. We are going to tell how you—if you had the facilities—could bake Pork and Beans exactly as good as Van Camp's.

Get the choicest of Michigan beans, picked over by hand. Get only the whitest, the plumpest, the fullest-grown. Have them all of one size.

You will need to pay from six to eight times what some beans would cost, but they're worth it.

Soak the beans over night, then parboil them.

Now comes the impossible. The beans must be baked in live steam, and you lack it. That steam must be superheated to 245 degrees.

Dry heat won't do. You can't supply enough dry heat without burning the beans to a crisp.

Then the beans must be baked in small parcels—we bake in the cans. That's so the full heat of the oven can attack every particle. Otherwise the beans will not be digestible. They will ferment and form gas, as do your home-baked beans now.

Bake the tomato sauce with the beans—bake it into them. That's how we get our delicious blend.

When the beans are baked until they are mealy, surround the can with cold water. That stops the baking instantly, and sets the blend and savor.

Then you will have beans that are wholly digestible. All beans will be baked alike, yet not a skin will be broken. The beans will be nutty because they are whole.

Then the tomato sauce—that's impossible for you. It must be made from whole, vine-ripened tomatoes, picked when the juice fairly sparkles.

When you buy the sauce, you rarely know what you are getting. If it is made from tomatoes picked green, it lacks zest. If made of scraps from a canning factory, it lacks richness.

Some tomato sauce is sold ready-made for exactly one-fifth what we spend to make ours.

Our point is this: It isn't your fault that home-baked beans are mushy and broken—crisped on the top and half-baked in the middle. That they are neither nutty nor mealy—nor even digestible. That they always ferment and form gas. It is simply your lack of facilities.

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

The best way is to let us cook them for you. We have all the facilities. Let us furnish the meals—fresh and savory—ready for instant serving.

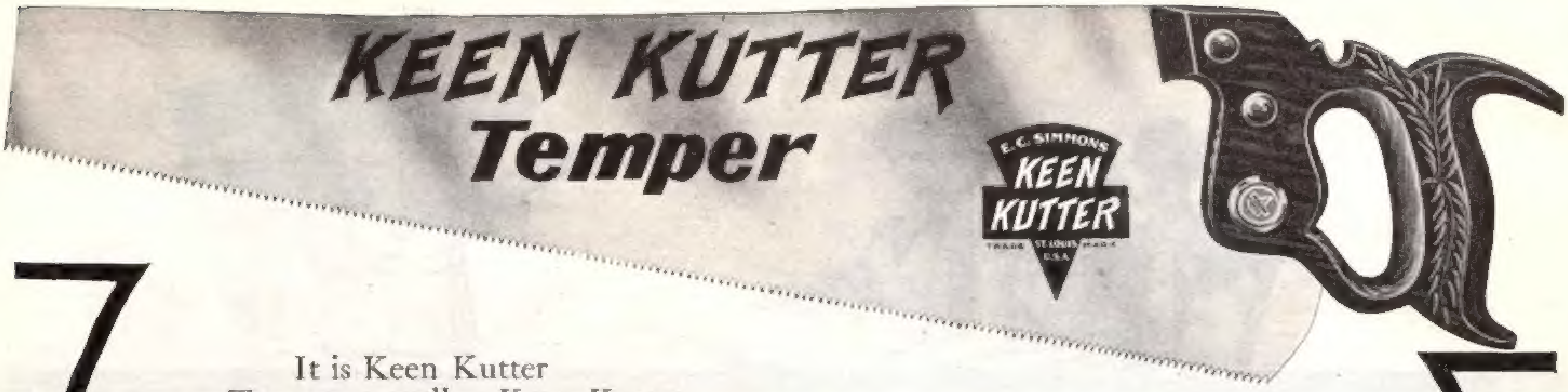
Think how unwise it is to bake your own beans when you can get Van Camp's. Here is Nature's choicest food—84 per cent nutriment. More food value than meat at a third the cost. A food you should serve at least three times a week.

Think what you are missing, and what your people are missing when you spoil such a dish as that.

Leave the choice to your people. Ask them which beans they want. And be glad of their choice. For, if they like Van Camp's, see the bother you save. And see what you save on your meat bills.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

The Van Camp Packing Company, *Established 1861* Indianapolis, Ind.

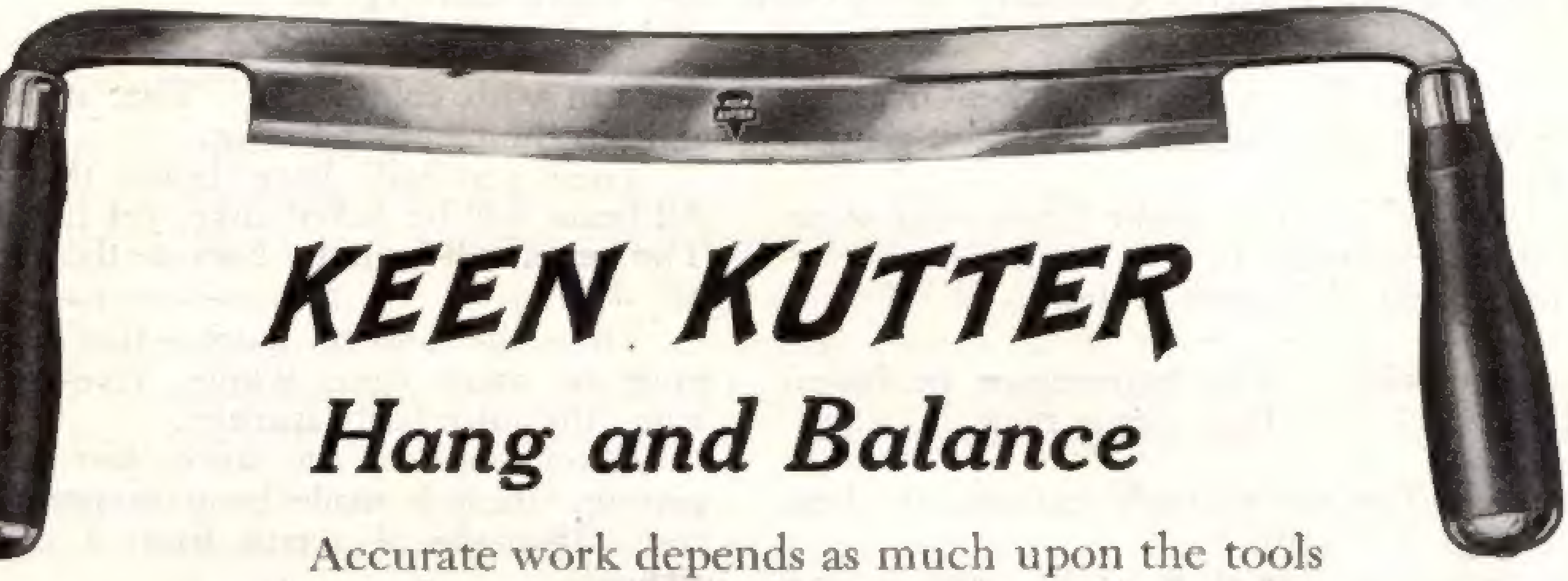


KEEN KUTTER
Temper

It is Keen Kutter Temper as well as Keen Kutter quality that makes Keen Kutter Superiority.

The temper of Keen Kutter Tools is perfectly accurate and uniform—not brittle—not too hard for fine sharpening—not too soft for lasting edges. Tempered for toughness. Tempered for elasticity.

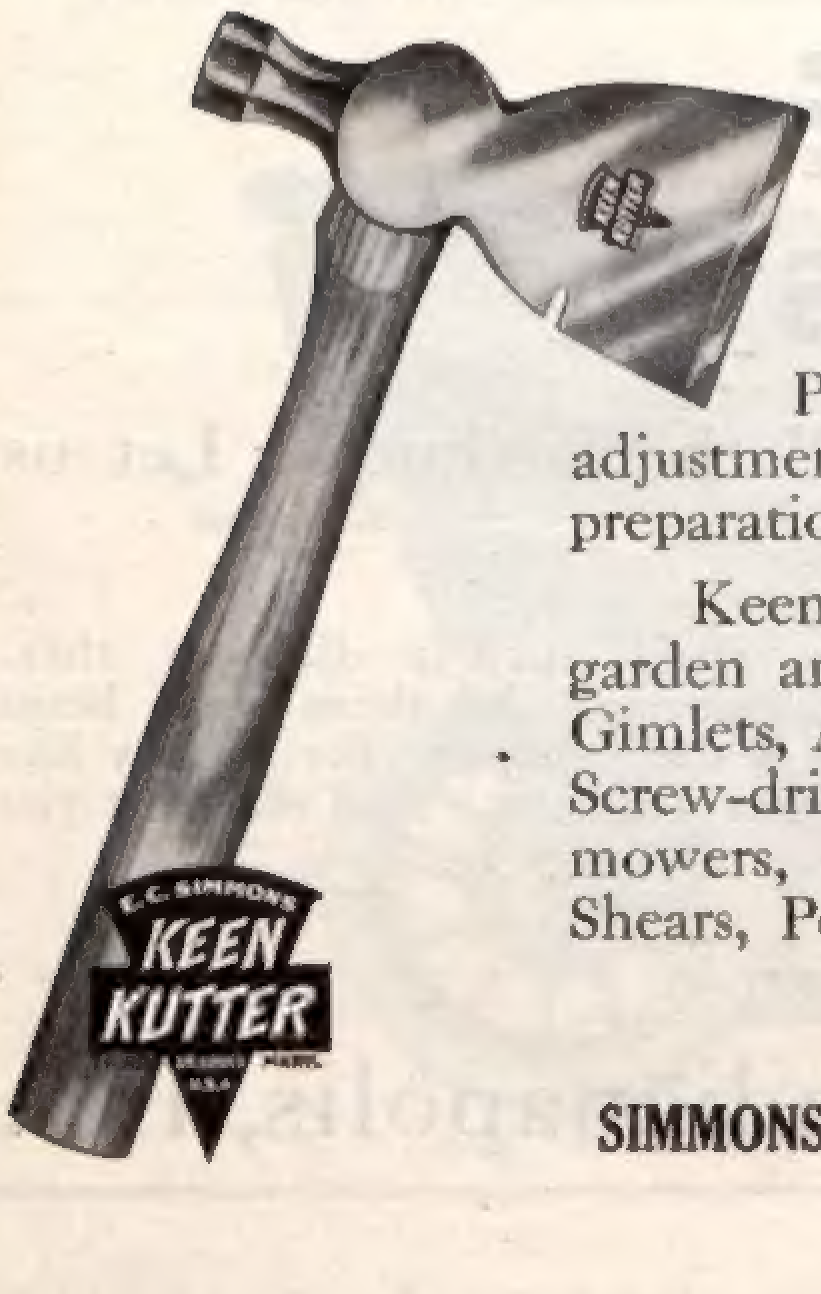
For example you can bend a Keen Kutter Saw in a circle and it will spring back perfectly straight and true.

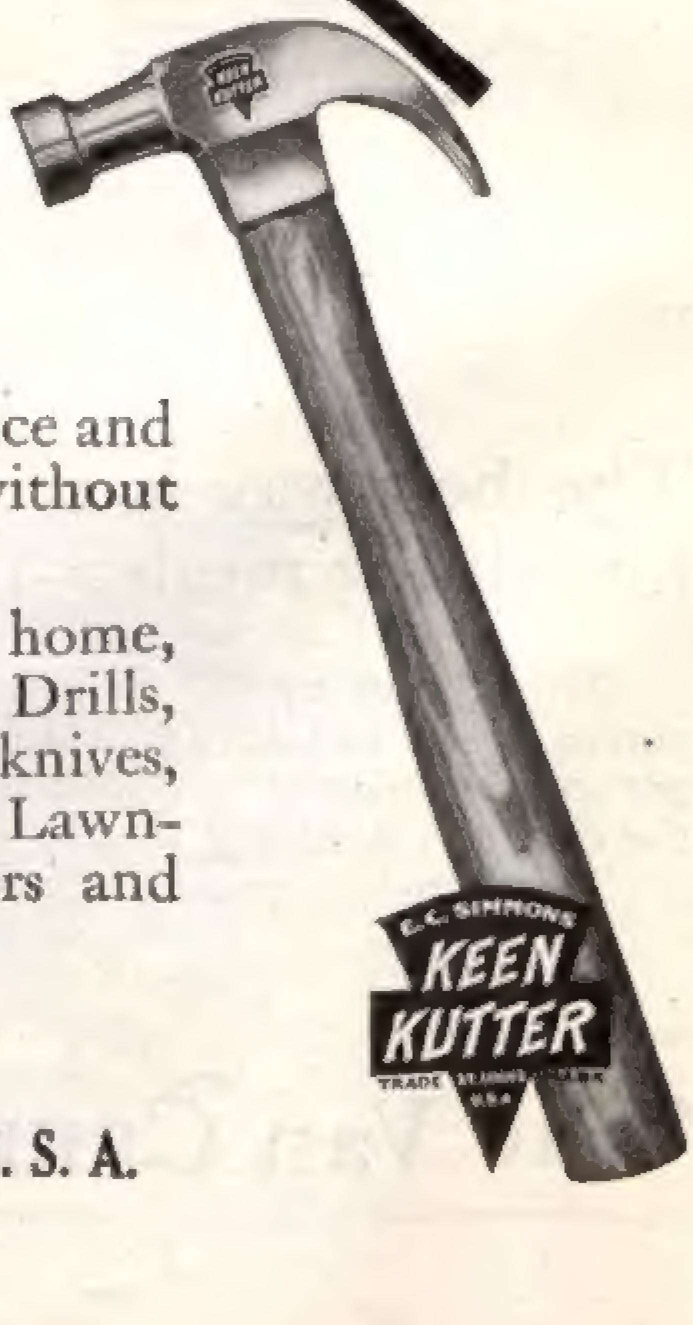


KEEN KUTTER
Hang and Balance

Accurate work depends as much upon the tools as the workman. A badly balanced hammer, hatchet or axe will not strike true. A drawing-knife or saw will not cut properly unless the "hang" is just right.

Every Keen Kutter Tool is carefully adjusted to suit the proper swing or stroke of the workman. This feature is essential to the expert and a great help to the novice in turning out a workmanlike job.





KEEN KUTTER
Utility Tools

Perfect in quality—perfect in temper—perfect in balance and adjustment. Keen Kutter Tools are utility tools—ready without preparation for heavy or light work.

Keen Kutter Tools include tools of all kinds for shop, home, garden and farm, some of which are: Saws, Chisels, Bits, Drills, Gimlets, Awls, Planes, Hammers, Hatchets, Axes, Drawing-knives, Screw-drivers, Files, Pliers, Glass-cutters, Manure-forks, Lawn-mowers, Grass-shears and Rakes. Also a full line of Scissors and Shears, Pocket-knives, Razors, Table Cutlery, etc.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.), St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1908, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY in the United States and Great Britain. Founded A^oD^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

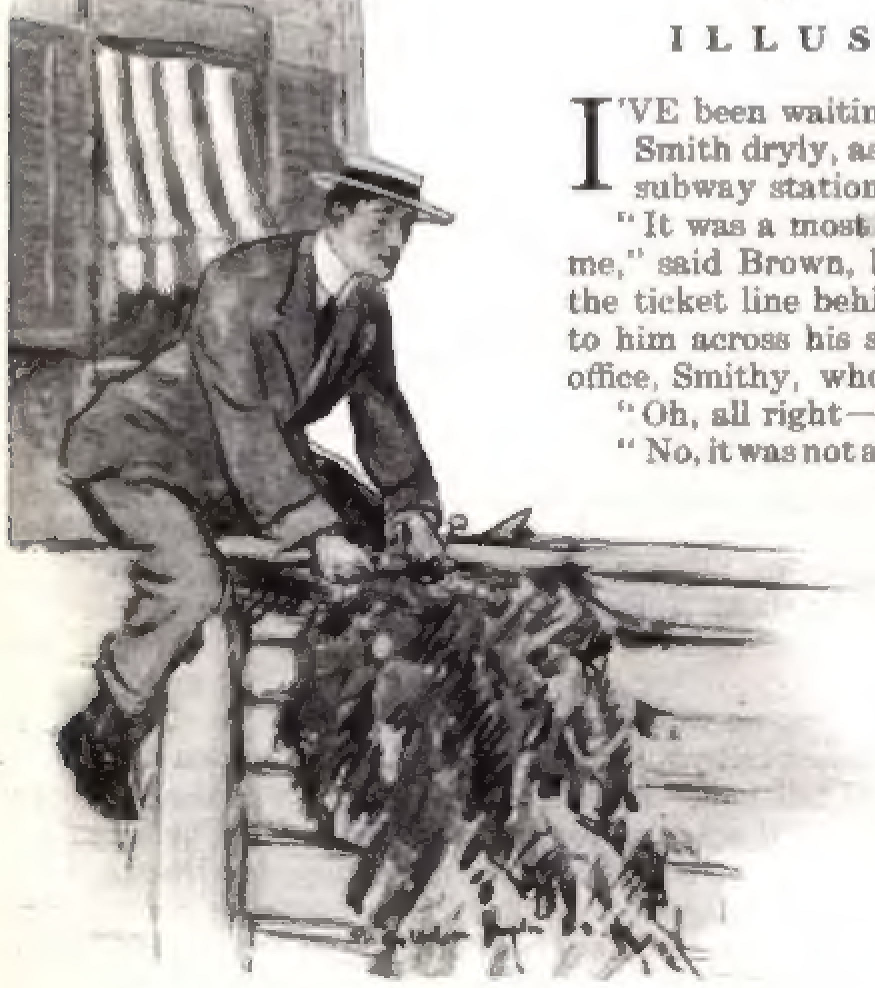
London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

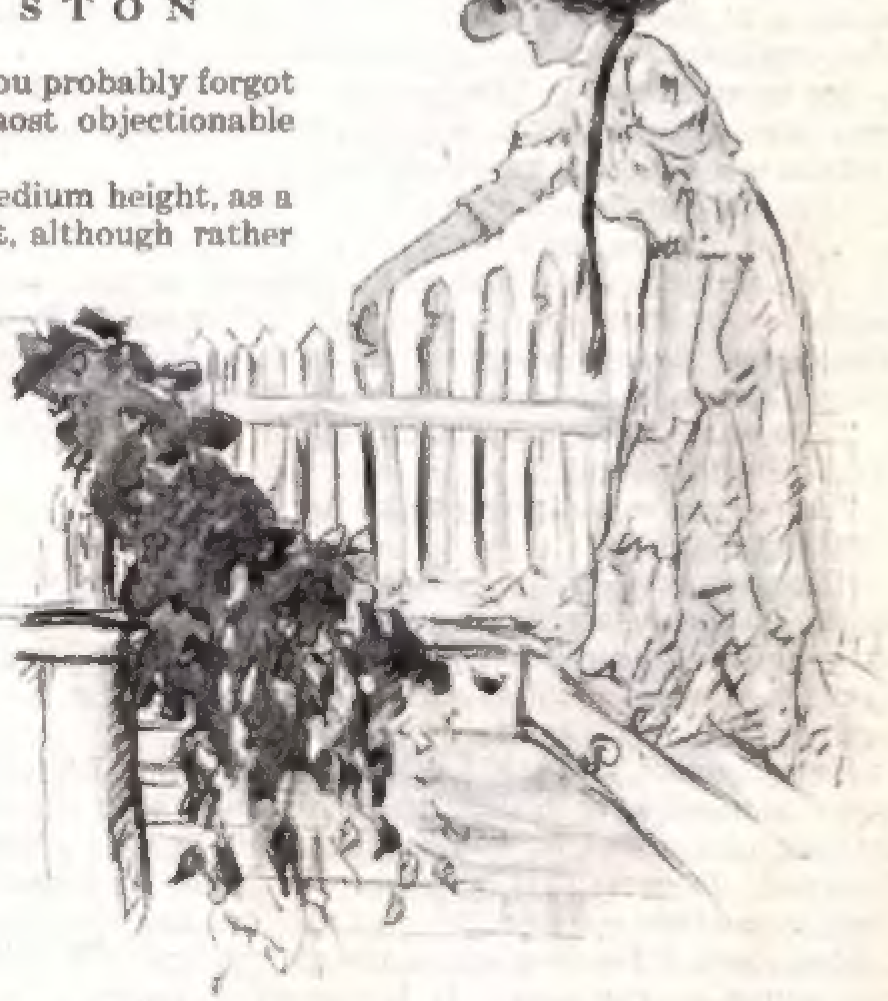
Volume 181 PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 7, 1908 Number 19

"IN HEAVEN AND EARTH"

By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON





"I'VE been waiting half an hour for you," observed Smith dryly, as Beekman Brown appeared at the subway station, suitcase in hand.

"It was a most extraordinary thing that detained me," said Brown, laughing, and edging his way into the ticket line behind his friend where he could talk to him across his shoulder; "I was just leaving the office, Smithy, when Snuyder came in with a card."

"Oh, all right—of course, if ——"

"No, it was not a client; I must be honest with you."

"Then you had cheek to keep me here waiting!"

"It was a girl," said Beekman Brown.

Smith cast a cold glance back at him.

"What kind of a girl?"

"A most extraordinary girl. She came on—on a matter ——"

"Was it business or a touch?"

"Not exactly business."

"Ornamental girl?" demanded Smith.

"Yes—exceedingly ornamental; but it wasn't that ——"

"Oh, it was not that which kept you talking to her half an hour while I've sat suffocating in this accursed subway!"

"No, Smith; her undeniably attractive features and her—ah—winning personality had nothing whatever to do with it. Buy the tickets and I'll tell you all about it."

Smith bought two tickets.

A north-bound train roared into the station. The young men stepped aboard, seated themselves, depositing their suitcases at their feet.

"Now what about that winning-looker who didn't really interest you?" suggested Smith in tones made slightly acid by memory of his half-hour waiting.

"Smith, it was a most unusual episode. I was just leaving the office to keep my appointment with you when Snuyder came in with a card ——"

"You've said that already."

"But I didn't tell you what was on that card, did I?"

"I can guess."

"No, you can't. Her name was *not* on the card. She was not an agent; she had nothing to sell; she didn't want a position; she didn't ask for a subscription to anything. And what do you suppose was on that card of hers?"

"Either the Deuce of Hearts or the Jack of Dubs ——"

"No; I'm serious."

"Well, what was on the card, for the love of Mike?" snapped Smith.

"I'll tell you. The card seemed to be an ordinary visiting-card; but down in one corner was a tiny and beautifully-drawn picture of a green mouse."

"A—what?"

"A mouse."

"G-green?"

"Pea-green. . . . Come, now, Smith, if *you* were just leaving your office and your clerk should come in, looking rather puzzled and silly, and should hand you a card with nothing on it but a little green mouse, wouldn't it give you pause?"

"I don't know. What else happened?"

Brown removed his straw hat, touched his handsome head with his handkerchief, and continued:

"I said to Snuyder: 'What the mischief is this?' He said: 'It's for you. And there's an exceedingly pretty girl outside who expects you to receive her for a few moments.' I said: 'But what has this card with a green mouse on it got to do with that girl or with me?' Snuyder said he didn't know and that I'd better ask her. So I looked at my watch and I thought of you ——"

"Yes, you did."

"I tell you I did. Then I looked at the card with the green mouse on it. . . . And I want to ask you frankly, Smith, what would *you* have done?"

"Oh, what you did, I suppose," replied Smith wearily. "Go on."

"I'm going. She entered ——"

"She was tall and queenly; you probably forgot that," observed Smith in his most objectionable manner.

"Probably not; she was of medium height, as a detail of external interest. But, although rather unusually attractive in a merely superficial and physical sense, it was instantly evident from her speech and bearing that, in her, intellect dominated; her mind, Smithy, reigned serene, unsullied, triumphant over matter."

Smith looked up in amazement, but Brown, a reminiscent smile lighting his face, went on:

"She had a very winsome manner—a way of speaking—so prettily in earnest, so grave. And she looked squarely at me all the time."

"So you contributed to the Home for Unemployed Patagonians."

"Would you mind shutting up?" asked Brown.

"No. Fire at will! *Allez*, Monsieur!"

"Then try to listen respectfully. She began by explaining the significance of that pea-green mouse on the card. It seems, Smith, that there is a scientific society called The Green Mouse, composed of a few people who have determined to apply, practically, certain theories which they believe have commercial value."

"Was she," inquired Smith with misleading politeness, "an astrologist?"

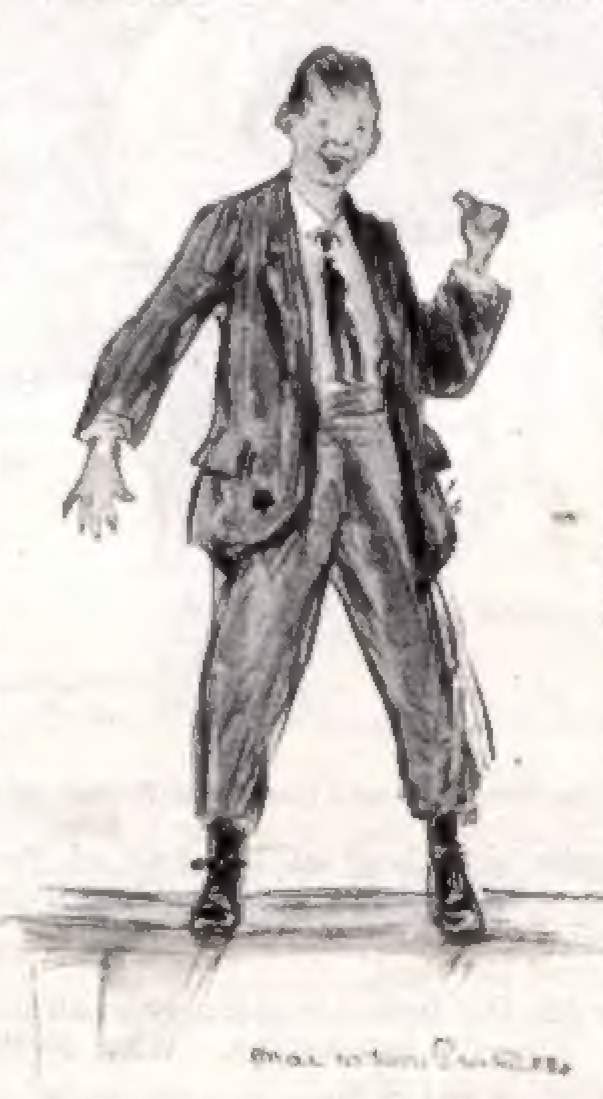
"She was not," replied Brown, with a politeness equally misleading; "she is the president, I believe, of The Green Mouse Society. She explained to me that it has been indisputably proven that the earth is not only enveloped by those invisible electric currents which are now used instead of wires to carry telegraphic messages, but that this world of ours is also belted by countless psychic currents which go whirling round the earth ——"

"*What* kind of currents?"

"Psychic."

"Oh."

"Which circle the earth ——"



"Your Girl's a Winner, Mister," He Observed Critically

"Like the wireless currents?"

"Exactly. If you want to send a wireless message you hitch on to a current, don't you?—or you tap it—or something. Now, they have discovered that each one of these numberless millions of psychic currents passes through two, living, human entities of opposite sex; that, for example, all you have got to do to communicate with the person who is on the same psychical current that you are, is to attune your subconscious self to a given intensity and pitch, and it will be like communication by telephone, no matter how far apart you are."

"Brown!"

"What?"

"Did she go to your office to tell you that sort of—of—information?"

"Partly. She was perfectly charming about it. She explained to me that all Nature is divided into predestined pairs, and that somewhere, at some time, either here on earth or in some of the various future existences, this predestined pair is certain to meet and complete the universal scheme as it has been planned. Do you understand?"

Smith sat silent and reflective for a while, then:

"You say that her theory is that everybody owns one of those psychic currents?"

"Yes."

"*I* have a private psychic current whirling around this globe?"

"Sure."

"And some—ah—young girl is at the other end and owns half the current?"

"Sure thing."

"Then if I could only get hold of my end of the wire I could—ah—call her up?"

"I believe that's the idea."

"And—she's for me?"

"So they say."

"Is—is there any way to get a look at her first?"

"You'd have to take her anyway, sometime."

"But suppose I didn't like her?"

The two young men sat thoughtful for a few moments, then Brown went on:

"You see, Smith, my interview with her was such a curious episode that about all I did was to listen to what she was saying, so I don't know how details are worked out. She explained to me that The Green Mouse Society has just been formed, not only for the purpose of psychical research, but for applying practically and using commercially the discovery of the psychic currents. That's what The Green Mouse is trying to do, form itself into a company and issue stock ——"

"What?"

"Certainly. It sounds like a madman's dream at first, but when you come to look into it—for instance, think of the millions of clients such a company would have. As example, a young man, ready for marriage, goes to The Green Mouse and pays a fee. The Green Mouse sorts out, identifies and intercepts the young man's own, particular current, hitches his subconscious self to it, and zip!—he's at one end of an invisible telephone and the only girl on earth is at the other. . . . What's the matter with their making a quick date for an introduction?"

Smith said slowly: "Do you mean to tell me that any sane person came to you in your office with a proposition to take stock in such an enterprise?"

"She did not even suggest it."

"What did she want then?"

"She wanted," said Brown, "a perfectly normal, unimaginative business man who would volunteer to permit The Green Mouse Society to sort out his psychic current, attach him to it, and see what would happen."

"She wants to experiment on *you?*"

"So I understand."

"And—you're not going to let her, are you?"

"Why not?"

"Because it's—it's idiotic!" said Smith warmly. "I don't believe in such things—you don't, either—nobody does—but, all the same, you can't be perfectly sure in these days what devilish sort of game you might be up against."

Brown smiled. "I told her, very politely, that I found it quite impossible to believe in such things; and she was awfully nice about it, and said it didn't matter what I believed. It seems that my name was chosen by chance—they opened the social register at random, and she, blindfolded, made a pencil-mark on the margin opposite one of the names on the page. It happened to be my name. That's all."

"*I* wouldn't let her do it!" said Smith seriously.

"Why not, so long as there's absolutely nothing in it? Besides, if it pleases her to have a try, why shouldn't she? Besides, I haven't the slightest intention or desire to woo or wed anybody, and I'd like to see anybody make me."

"Do you mean to say that you told her to go ahead?"

"Certainly," said Brown serenely. "And she thanked me very prettily. She's well bred—unexceptionable."

"Oh! Then what did you do?"

"We talked a little while."

"About what?"

"Well, for instance, I mentioned that curiously-baffling sensation which comes over everybody at times—the sudden conviction that everything that you say and do has been said and done by you before—somewhere. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes."

"And she smiled and said that such sensations were merely echoes from the invisible psychic wire, and that repetitions from some previous incarnation were not unusual, particularly when the other person through whom the psychic current passed was near by."

"You mean to say that when a fellow has that queer feeling that it has all happened before, the—the predestined girl is somewhere in your neighborhood?"

"That is what my pretty informant told me."

"Who," asked Smith, "is this pretty informant?"

"She asked permission to withhold her name."

"*Didn't* she ask you to subscribe?"

"No; she merely asked for the use of my name as reference for future clients if The Green Mouse Society was successful in my case."

"What did you say?"

Brown laughed. "I said that if any individual or group of individuals could induce me, within a year, to fall in love with and pay court to any living specimen of human woman I'd cheerfully admit it from the housetops and take pleasure in recommending The Green Mouse to everybody I knew who yet remained unmarried."

They both laughed.

"What rot we've been talking," observed Smith, rising and picking up his suitcase. "Here's our station, and we'd better hustle or we'll lose the boat. I wouldn't miss that week-end party for the world!"

"Neither would I," said Beekman Brown.

II

AS THE two young fellows, carrying their suitcases, emerged from the subway at Times Square into the midsummer glare and racket of Broadway and Forty-second Street, Brown suddenly halted, pressed his hand to his forehead, gazed earnestly up at the sky as though trying to recollect how to fly, then abruptly gripped Smith's left arm just above the elbow and squeezed it, causing the latter gentleman exquisite discomfort.

"Here! Stop it!" protested Smith, wriggling.

Brown only gazed at him and then at the sky.

"Stop it!" repeated Smith, astonished. "Why do you pinch me and then look at the sky? Is—is an airship attempting to alight on me? *What* is the matter with you, anyway?"

"That peculiar consciousness," said Brown dreamily, "is creeping over me. Don't move—don't speak—don't interrupt me, Smith."

"Yes, I will! Let go of me!" retorted Smith.

"Hush! Wait! It's certainly creeping over me."

"What's creeping over you?"

"You know what I mean. I am experiencing that strange feeling that all—er—all *this*—has happened before."

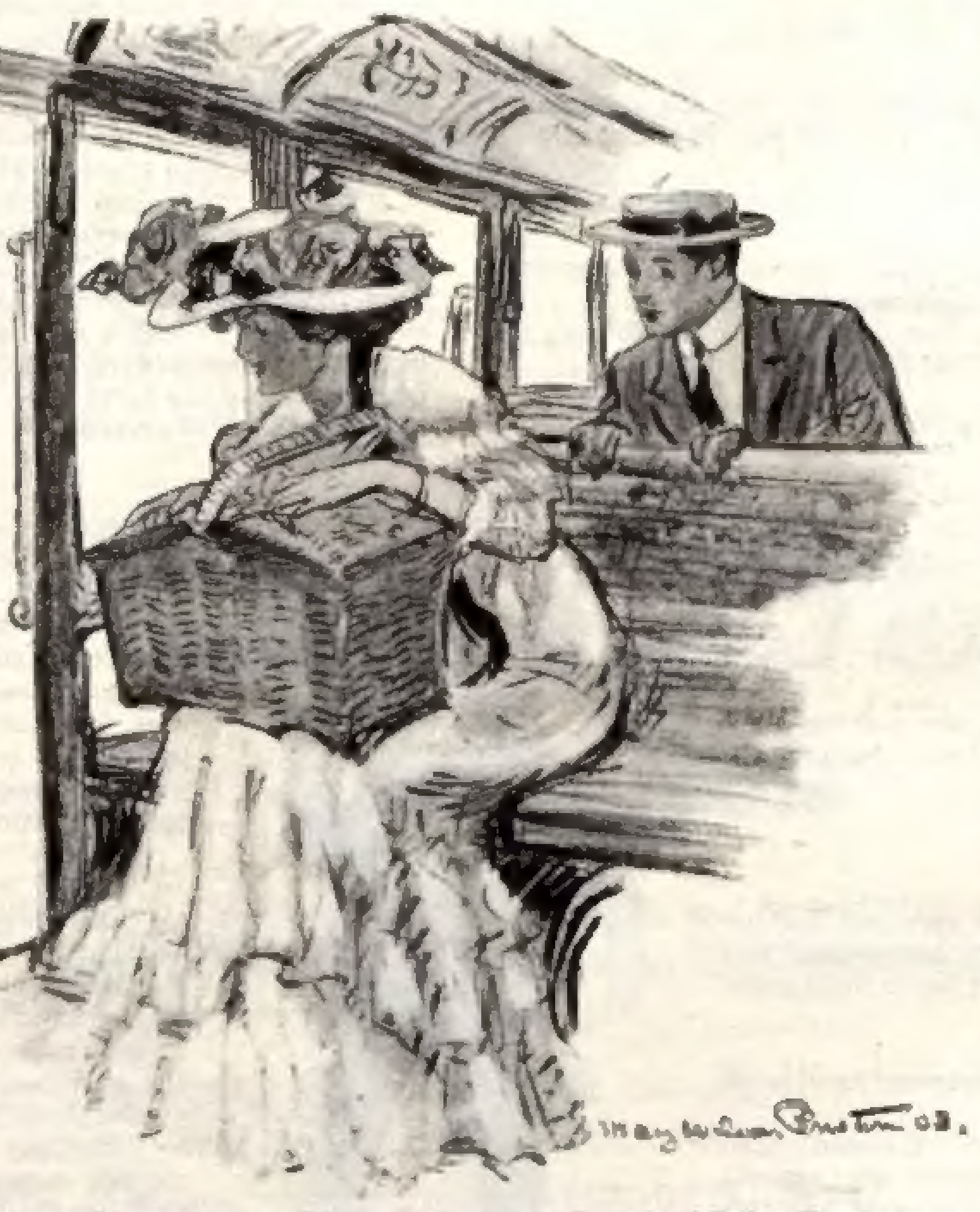
"All what?—confound it!"

"All *this!* My standing, on a hot summer day, in the infernal din of some great city; and—and I seem to recall it vividly—after a fashion—the blazing sun, the stifling odor of the pavements; I seem to remember that very hackman over there sponging the nose of his horse—even that pushcart piled up with peaches! Smith! What *is* this maddeningly-elusive memory that haunts me—haunts me with the peculiar idea that it has all occurred before? . . . Do you know what I mean?"

"I've just admitted to you that everybody has that sort of fidget occasionally, and there's no reason to stand on your hindlegs about it. Come on or we'll miss our train."

But Beekman Brown remained stock still, his youthful and attractive features puckered in a futile effort to seize the evanescent memories that came swarming—gnatlike memories that teased and distracted.

"It's as if the entire circumstances were strangely familiar," he said; "as though everything that you and I do and say had once before been done and said by us under precisely similar conditions—somewhere—sometime."



Soft Meows Pleaded for the Right of Liberty and Pursuit of Feline Happiness

"We'll miss that boat at the foot of Forty-second Street," cut in Smith impatiently. "And if we miss the boat we lose our train."

Brown gazed skyward.

"I never felt this feeling so strongly in all my life," he muttered; "it's—it's astonishing. Why, Smith, I *knew* you were going to say that."

"Say what?"

"That we would miss the train. Isn't it funny?"

"Oh, very. I'll say it again sometime if it amuses you; but, meanwhile, as we're going to that week-end at the Carringtons, we'd better get into a taxi and hustle for the foot of West Forty-second Street. Is there anything very funny in that?"

"I knew *that*, too. I knew you'd say we must take a taxi!" insisted Brown, astonished at his own "clairvoyance."

"Now, look here," retorted Smith, thoroughly vexed, "up to five minutes ago you were reasonable. What the devil's the matter with you, Beekman Brown?"

"James Vanderdynk Smith, I don't know. Good Heavens! I knew you were going to say that to me, and that I was going to answer that very way!"

"Are you coming, or are you going to talk bally rot on this broiling curbstone the rest of the afternoon?" inquired Smith fiercely.

"Jim, I tell you that everything we've done and said in the last five minutes we have done and said before—somewhere—perhaps on some other planet; perhaps many years—centuries ago when you and I were Romans and wore togas ——"

"Confound it! What do I care," shouted Smith, "whether we were Romas and wore togans? We are due this century at a house-party on this planet. They expect us on this train. Are you coming? If not—kindly relax that crablike clutch on my elbow before partial paralysis ensues."

"Smith, wait! I tell you this is somehow becoming strangely portentous. I've got the funniest sensation that something is going to happen to me."

"It will," said Smith dangerously, "if you don't let go my elbow."

But Beekman Brown, a prey to increasing excitement, clung to his friend.

"Wait just one moment, Jim; something remarkable is likely to occur! I—I never before felt this way—so strongly—in all my life. Something extraordinary is certainly about to happen to me."

"It *has* happened," said his friend coldly; "we've lost that train."

"I knew we would. Isn't that curious? I—I believe I can almost tell you what else is going to happen to us."

"*I'll* tell *you*," hissed Smith; "it's an ambulance for yours and ding-dong to the funny-house! *What* are you trying to do now?" with real misgiving, for Brown, balanced on the edge of the gutter, began waving his arms in a birdlike way as though about to launch himself into aërial flight across Forty-second Street.

"The car!" he exclaimed excitedly, "the cherry-colored cross-town car! Where is it? Do you see it anywhere, Smith?"

"What do you mean? There's no cross-town car in sight. Brown, don't act like that! Don't be foolish! What on earth ——"

"It's coming! There's a car coming!" cried Brown.

"Where? Stop hugging me! Or do you think you're a racing runabout and I'm a curve? If you don't let go ——"

"Don't move! There's a cross-town car going to turn out of Seventh Avenue. Watch! You'll see it presently."

"In course of time," said Smith icily, "and according to the railway company's schedule, a cross-town car will, in all human probability, barring earthquakes and blowouts, come around that curve. . . . And I wish I knew what is possessing you, Beekman Brown. You drank vichy at luncheon." He inspected his friend with a mixture of apprehension and rage.

"Come on across to the Knickerbocker; I'll hire a room and fight you to a finish for the ferry tickets. We've only two hours to wait for the next train. . . . *Are* you *really* ill? If you do feel the sun perhaps you'd better let me take your arm."

But Brown waved him away impatiently.

"I tell you that something most astonishing is going to occur—in a cherry-colored tram-car. . . . And somehow there'll be some reason for me to get into it."

"Into what?"

"I feel perfectly certain that I'm going to get into that cherry-colored car, because—because—there'll be a wicker basket in it—somebody holding a wicker basket—and there'll be—there'll be—a—a—white summer gown—and a big white hat ——"

Smith, now genuinely alarmed, stared at his friend in grief and amazement. Brown stood balancing himself on the gutter's edge, pale, rapt, uttering incoherent prophecy concerning the advent of a car not yet visible anywhere in the immediate metropolitan vista.

"Old man," began Smith with emotion, "I think you had better come very quietly somewhere with me. I—I want to show you something—ah—pretty and nice."

"Hark!" exclaimed Brown.

"Sure, I'll hark for you," said Smith soothingly, "or I'll bark for you if you like, or anything if you'll just come quietly."

"The cherry-colored car!" cried Brown, laboring under tremendous emotion. "Look, Smithy! *That* is the car!"

"Sure, it is! I see it, old man. They run 'em every five minutes. But what is there to astonish anybody about a cross-town cruiser with a red water-line?"

"Look!" insisted Brown, now almost beside himself. "The wicker basket! The summer gown! Exactly as I foretold it! The big straw hat!—the—the *girl!*"

And shoving Smith violently away he galloped after the cherry-colored car, caught it, swung himself aboard, and sank triumphant and breathless into the transverse seat occupied by a wicker basket, a filmy summer frock, a big, white straw hat, and—a girl—the most amazingly pretty girl he had ever laid eyes on. After him, headlong, like a distracted chicken, rushed Smith and jumped aboard, panting, menacing.

"Wha'—dyeh—board—this—car—for!" he gasped, sliding fiercely up beside Brown. "It's going the wrong way! Get off or I'll drag you off!"

But Brown only shook his head with an infatuated smile, muttering to himself.

"Is it that girl?" said Smith, incensed. "Are you a—a Broadway Don Juan, or are you a respectable lawyer with a glimmering sense of common decency and an intention to keep a social engagement at the Carringtons' to-day?"

And Smith drew out his timepiece and flourished it furiously under Brown's handsome and sun-tanned nose.

But Brown only slid along the seat away from him, saying:

"Don't bother me, Jim; this is too momentous a crisis in my life to have a well-intentioned but intellectually-dwarfed friend butting into me and running about under foot."

"Do you mean *me?*" asked Smith, unable to believe his ears. "*Do* you?"

"Yes, I do! Why, man, a miracle suddenly happens to me on Forty-second Street, and you, with your mind of a stockbroker, unable to appreciate it, come clattering and clamoring after me about a house-party—a commonplace, every-day, social appointment, when I have a full-blown miracle on my hands!"

"What miracle?" faltered Smith, stupefied.

"What miracle? Haven't I been telling you that I had that queer sense of it all having happened before? Didn't I suddenly begin—as though compelled by some unseen power—to foretell things? Didn't I prophesy the coming of this cross-town car? Didn't I even name its color before it came into sight? Didn't I warn you that I'd probably get into it? Didn't I reveal to you that a big straw hat and a pretty summer gown ——"

"Confound it!" almost shouted Smith, "there are about five thousand cherry-colored cross-town cars in this town. There are about five million white hats and dresses in this borough. There are certainly five billion girls wearing 'em——"

"Yes; but the *wicker basket!*" breathed Brown. "How do you account for *that?* . . . And, anyway, you annoy me, Smith. Why don't you get out of the car and go somewhere?"

"I want to know where you are going before I knock your head off."

"I don't know," replied Brown serenely.

"Are you actually attempting to follow that girl?" whispered Smith, horrified.

"Yes. . . . It sounds low, doesn't it? But it really isn't. It is something I can't explain—you couldn't understand even if I tried to enlighten you. The sentiment I harbor is too lofty for some to comprehend, too vague, too pure, too ethereal for ——"

"I'm as lofty and ethereal as you are!" retorted Smith hotly. "And I know a—an ethereal Lothario when I see him, too!"

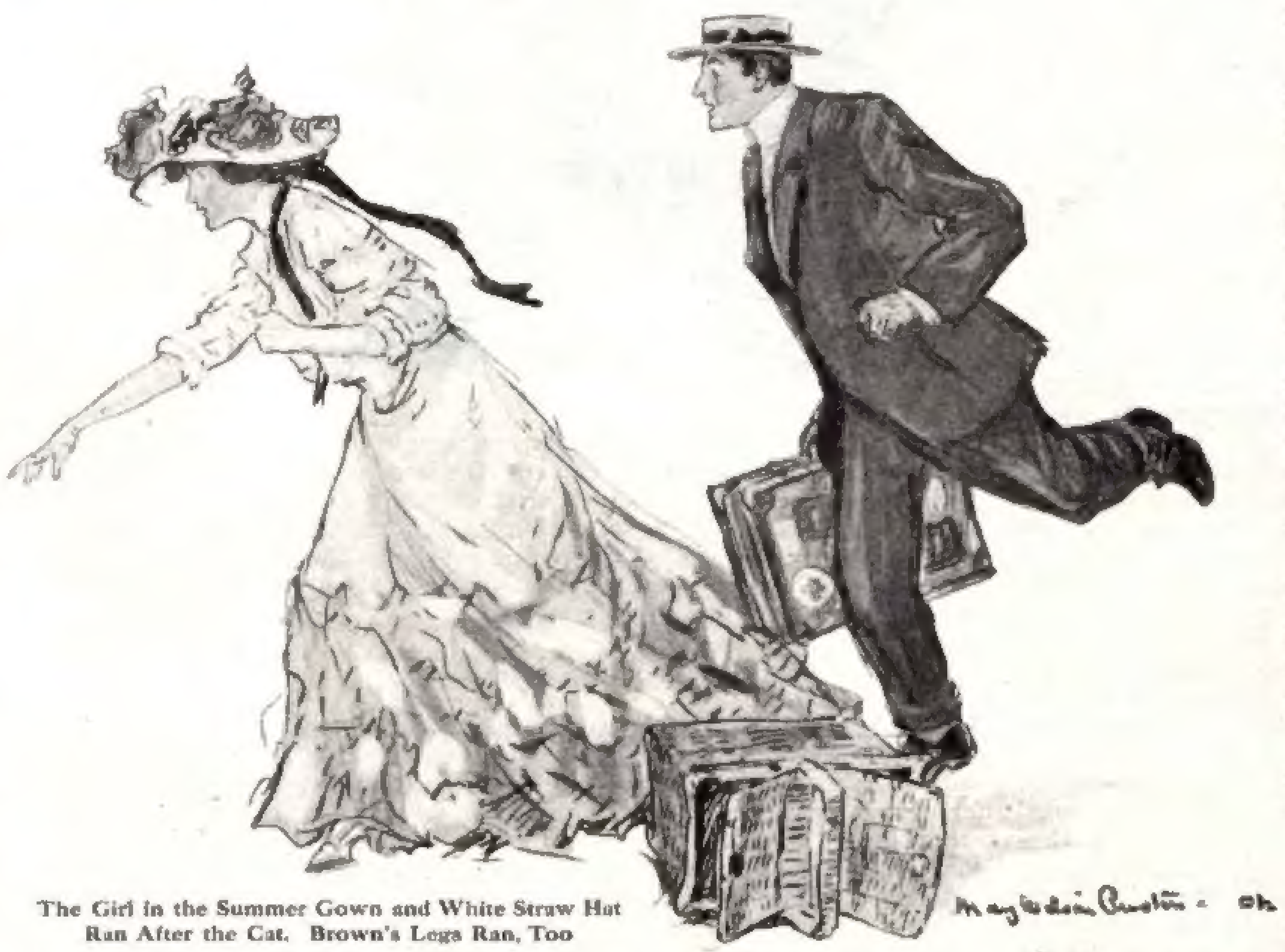
"I'm not—though it looks like it—and I forgive you, Smithy, for losing your temper and using such language."

"Oh, you do?" said Smith, grinning with rage.

"Yes," nodded Brown kindly. "I forgive you, but don't call me that again. You mean well, but I'm going to find out at last what all this maddening, tantalizing, unexplained and mysterious feeling that it all has occurred before really is. I'm going to trace it to its source; I'm going to compare notes with this highly-intelligent girl."

"You're going to *speak* to her?"

"I am. I must. How else can I compare data?"



The Girl in the Summer Gown and White Straw Hat Ran After the Cat. Brown's Legs Ran, Too

"I hope she'll call the police. If she doesn't *I* will."

"Don't worry. She's part of this strange situation. She'll comprehend as soon as I begin to explain. She is intelligent; you only have to look at her to understand that."

Smith, choking with impotent fury, nevertheless ventured a swift glance. Her undeniable beauty only exasperated him. "To think—to *think*," he burst out, "that a modest, decent, law-loving business man like me should suddenly awake to find his boyhood friend had turned into a godless votary of—of Venus!"

"I'm not a votary of Venus!" retorted Brown, turning pink. "I'll punch you if you say it again. I'm as decent and respectable a business man as you are! And my grammar is better. And, thank Heaven! I've intellect enough to recognize a miracle when it happens to me. . . . Do you think I am capable of harboring any sentiments that might bring the blush of coquetry to the cheek of modesty? Do you?"

"Well—well, *I* don't know what you are up to!" Smith raised his voice in bewilderment and despair. "I don't know what possesses you to act this way. People don't experience miracles in New York cross-town cars. The wildest stretch of imagination could only make a coincidence out of this. There are trillions of girls in cross-town cars dressed just like this one."

"But the basket!"

"Another coincidence. There are quadrillions of wicker baskets."

"Not," said Brown, "with the contents of this one."

"Why not?"

"Because—because I—I seem to know *what* is inside that basket."

Smith instinctively turned once more to look at the basket balanced daintily on the girl's knees.

It was not a market basket, that was plain.

He strove to penetrate its wicker exterior with concentrated gaze. He could see nothing but wicker.

"Well," he began wildly, "what is in that basket? And how do you know it—you lunatic?"

"Will you believe me if I tell you?"

"Yes, if you can offer any corroborative evidence to support a—a theoretical assertion which ——"

"Well, then—there's a cat in there."

"A—what?"

"A cat."

"How do you know?"

"I don't know how I know, but there's a big, gray cat in that basket."

"Why a *gray* one?"

"I can't tell, but it *is* gray, and it has six toes on every foot."

Smith truly felt that he was now being trifled with.

"Brown," he said, trying to speak civilly, "if anybody in the five boroughs had come to me with affidavits and told me yesterday how you were going to behave this morning ——"

He beat upon his head in anguish.

"Heaven alone knows whether there's a gray cat in that basket——"

His voice, rising unconsciously as the realization of his outrageous wrongs dawned upon him, rang out above the rattle and grinding of the car, and at the words, "gray cat," the girl turned abruptly and looked straight at him and then at Brown.

The pure, fearless beauty of the gaze, the violet eyes widening a little in surprise, silenced both young men.

She inspected Brown for an instant, the faintest suspicion of a question in her regard, then turned serenely to her calm contemplation of the crowded street once more. Yet her dainty, close-set ears looked as though they were listening.

The young men gazed at one another.

"That girl is well bred," said Smith in a low, agitated voice. "You—you wouldn't think of venturing to speak to her!"

"I'm obliged to, I tell you! This all happened before. I recognize everything as it occurs. . . . Even to your making a general nuisance of yourself."

Smith straightened up.

"I'm going to push you forcibly from this car. Do you remember *that* incident?"

"No," said Brown with cool conviction, "that incident did not happen. You only threatened to do it. I remember now. But you didn't."

In spite of himself Smith felt a slight chill creep up over his neck and inconvenience his spine.

"My conscience!" he said, deeply agitated. "What a terrible position for me to be in—with a friend suddenly gone mad in the streets of New York and running after a basket containing what he believes to be a cat. A *cat!* Good ——"

Brown gripped his arm. "Watch it!" he breathed.

The lid of the basket tilted a little, between lid and rim, a soft, furry, six-toed white paw was thrust out. Then a plaintive voice said, "Meow-w!"

Smith, petrified, looked blankly at the paw. "Anyway, it's a white cat!" he said hoarsely.

The girl bent over the basket.

"Poor Tommy," she murmured, "please, be patient. Betty knows how trying it is for her beautiful, gray puss to be shut up in a basket."

"Did you hear that?" whispered Brown. "She corroborates me! It *is* gray—with white paws!"

Smith for a while remained stupidly incapable of speech or movement—then, as though arousing from a bad dream:

"What are you going to do, anyway?" he asked with an effort. "This car is bound to stop sometime, I suppose, and—and then what?"

"I don't know what I'm going to do. Whatever I do will be the thing that ought to happen to me, to that cat and to that girl—that is the thing which is destined to happen. That's all I know about it."

His friend passed an unsteady hand across his brow.

"This whole proceeding is becoming as logical as a nightmare," he said unsteadily. "Am I awake? Is this Forty-second Street? Hold up some fingers, Brown, and let me guess how many you hold up, and if I guess wrong I'm home in bed asleep and the whole thing is off."

Beekman Brown patted his friend on the shoulder.

"You take a cab, Smithy, and go somewhere—to the train if you like. And if I don't come go on alone to the Carringtons'. There's nothing the matter with either you or me. I've always meant to follow up the first really tangible clew to that mysterious feeling that everything has happened exactly like this before, and I'm trying to; that's all. . . . So far, I seem to recognize everything I say and do as something I've said and done before somewhere, or that I ought to have said and done. What is going to occur I cannot prophesy. . . . Only, I have a persistent though vague idea that the basket and the cat inside of it, and—and that girl, are personally involved. . . . You don't mind going on and fixing things up with the Carringtons, do you?"

"Brown, *do* you believe that The Green Mouse has got hold of you? *Do* you?"

"I don't know and don't care. . . . Smith, I ask you plainly, did you ever before see such a perfectly beautiful girl as that one is?"

"Beekman, do you believe anything queer is going to result? You don't suppose *she* has anything to do with this extraordinary freak of yours?"

"Anything to do with it? How?"

"I mean," he sank his voice to hoarser depths, "how do you know but that this girl, who pretends to pay no attention to us, *might* be a—a—one of those clever, professional mesmerists who force you to follow 'em, and get you into their power, and exhibit you, and make you eat

(Continued on Page 33)

Preparing a Big Criminal Case for Trial

By Arthur Train

WHEN the prosecuting attorney in a great criminal trial arises to open the case to the impaneled jury, very few, if any, of them have the slightest conception of the enormous expenditure of time, thought and labor which has gone into the preparation of the case and made possible his brief and easily-delivered speech. For in this opening address of his there must be no flaw, since a single misstated or overstated fact may prejudice the jury against him and result in his defeat. Upon it also depends the jury's first impression of the case and of the prosecutor himself—no inconsiderable factor in the result—and in a trial of importance its careful construction with due regard to what facts shall be omitted (in order to enhance their dramatic effect when ultimately proven) may well occupy the district attorney every evening for a week. But if the speech itself has involved study and travail, it is as nothing compared with the amount required by that most important feature of every criminal case—the selection of the jury.

For a month before the trial, or whenever it may be that the jury has been drawn, every member upon the panel has been subjected to an unseen inquisitorial process. The prosecutor, through his own or through hired sleuths, has studied with microscopic care the family history, the business standing and methods, the financial responsibility, the political and social affiliations, and the personal habits and "past performances" of each and every talesman. When at the beginning of the trial they one by one take the witness chair (on what is called the *voir dire*) to subject themselves to an examination by both sides as to their fitness to serve as jurors in the case, the district attorney probably has close at hand a rather detailed account of each, and perchance has great difficulty in restraining a smile when some prospective juror, in his eagerness either to serve or to escape, deliberately equivocates in answer to an important question as to his personal history.

"Are you acquainted with the accused or his family?" mildly inquires the assistant prosecutor.

"No—not at all," the talesman may blandly reply.

The answer, perhaps, is literally true, and yet the prosecutor may be pardoned for murmuring "Liar!" to himself as he sees that his memorandum concerning the juror's qualifications states that he belongs to the same "lodge" with the prisoner's uncle by marriage and carries an open account on his books with the defendant's father.

"I think we will excuse Mr. Ananias," politely remarks the prosecutor; then in an undertone he turns to his chief and mutters: "The old rascal! He would have knifed us into a thousand pieces if we'd given him the chance!" And all this time the disgruntled Mr. Ananias is wondering why, if he *didn't* "know the defendant or his family," he was not accepted as a juror.

Finding Good Material for a Jury

OF COURSE, every district attorney has, or should have, pretty good information as to each talesman's actual capabilities as a juror and something of a record as to how he has acted under fire. If he is a member of the "special" panel, it is easy to find out whether he has ever acquitted or convicted in any other *cause célèbre*, and if he has acquitted any plainly-guilty defendant in the past it is not likely that his services will be required. If, however, he has convicted in such a case the district attorney may try to lure the other side into accepting him by making it appear that he himself is doubtful as to the juror's desirability. Sometimes persons accused of crime themselves, and actually under indictment, find their way on to the panels, and more than one ex-convict has appeared there in some inexplicable fashion. But to find them out may well require a double shift of twenty men working day and night for a month before the case is called, and what may appear the most trivial fact discovered may in the end prove the decisive argument for or against accepting the juror.

Panel after panel may be exhausted before a jury in a great murder trial has been selected, for each side in addition to its challenges for "cause" or "bias" has thirty peremptory ones which it may exercise arbitrarily. If the writer's recollection is not at fault, the large original panel drawn in the first Molineux trial was used up and several others had to be drawn until eight hundred talesmen had been interrogated before the jury was finally selected. It is usual to examine at least sixty in the ordinary murder case before a jury is secured.

The Mad Race for Evidence

IT MAY seem to the reader that this scrutiny of talesmen is not strictly preparation for the trial, but, in fact, it is fully as important as getting ready the facts themselves; for a poor jury, either from ignorance or prejudice, will acquit on the same facts which will lead a sound jury to convict. A famous prosecutor used to say, "Get your jury—the case will take care of itself."

But as the examination of the panel and the opening address come last in point of chronology it will be well to begin at the beginning and see what the labors of the prosecutor are in the initial stages of preparation. Let us take, for example, some notorious case, where an unfortunate victim has died from the effects of a poisoned pill or draft of medicine, or has been found dead in his room with a revolver bullet in his heart. Some time before the matter has come into the hands of the prosecutor the press and the police have generally been doing more or less (usually less) effective work upon the case. The yellow journals have evolved some theory of who is the culprit and have "sicked" their respective reporters and "special criminologists" upon him. Each has its own theory and its own methods—often unscrupulous. And each has its own particular victim upon whom it intends to fasten the blame. Heaven save his reputation! Many an innocent man has been ruined for life through the efforts of a newspaper to "make a case," and, of course, the same thing, though happily in a lesser degree, is true of police and of some prosecutors as well.

In every great criminal case there are always four different and frequently antagonistic elements engaged in the work of detection and prosecution—first, the police; second, the district attorney; third, the press; and, lastly, the personal friends and family of the deceased or injured party. Each for its own ends—be it professional pride, personal glorification, hard cash, or revenge—is equally anxious to find the evidence and establish a case. Of course, the police are the first ones notified of the commission of a crime, but as it is now almost universally their duty to inform at once the coroner and also the district attorney thereof, a tripartite race for glory frequently results which adds nothing to the dignity of the administration of criminal justice.

The coroner is at best no more than an appendix to legal anatomy, and frequently he is a disease. The spectacle of a medical man of small learning and less English trying to preside over a court of first instance is enough to make the accused himself chuckle for joy.

Not long ago the coroners of New York discovered that, owing to the fact that the district attorney or his representatives generally arrived first at the scene of any crime, there was nothing left for the "medicos" to do, for the district attorney would thereupon submit the matter at once to the grand jury instead of going through the formality of a hearing in the coroner's court. The legal medicine men felt aggrieved, and determined to be such early birds that no worm should them escape. Accordingly, the next time one of them was notified of a homicide he raced his horse down Madison Avenue at such speed that he collided with a trolley car, and broke his leg.

Another complained to the district attorney that the assistants of the latter, who had arrived at the scene of an asphyxiation before him, had bungled everything.

"Ach, dose young men!" he exclaimed, wringing his hands—"Dose young men, dey come here und dey opened der vindow und let out der gas und *all mine evidence esgaped.*"

The same coroner on another occasion discovered that a murderer had removed the body of his victim to New Jersey, thus depriving him of any corpse upon which to hold his inquest. A sympathetic reporter thereupon suggested that it would be well to have a law prohibiting any such removal by the party committing a homicide.

"Dot vas a good idea!" solemnly replied the medical solon. "It should be made a crime! I will haf it proposed at der next legislature."

It is said that this interesting personage once instructed his jury to find that "der *diseased* came to his death from an *ulster* on the stomach."

These anecdotes are, perhaps, what judges would call *obiter dicta*, yet the coroner's court has more than once been utilized as a field in the actual preparation of a criminal case. When Roland B. Molineux was first suspected of having caused the death of Mrs. Adams by sending the famous poisoned package of patent medicine to Harry Cornish through the mails, the assistant district attorney summoned him as a witness to the coroner's court and attempted to get from him in this way a statement which Molineux would otherwise have refused to make.

When all the first hullabaloo is over and the accused is under arrest and safely locked up, it is usually found that the police have merely run down the obvious witnesses and made a *prima facie* case. All the finer work remains to be done either by the district attorney himself or by the detective bureau working under his immediate direction or in harmony with him. Little order has been observed in the securing of evidence. Every one is fish who runs into the net of the police, and all is grist that comes to their mill. The district attorney sends for the officers who have worked upon the case and for the captain or inspector who has directed their efforts, takes all the papers and tabulates all their information. His practiced eye shows him at once that a large part is valueless, much is contradictory, and all needs careful elaboration. A winnowing process occurs then and there; and the officers probably receive a "special detail" from headquarters and thereafter take their orders from the prosecutor himself. The detective bureau is called in and arrangements made for the running down of particular clews. Then he will take off his coat, clear his desk and get down to work.

Rounding Up the Witnesses

OF COURSE, his first step is to get all the information he can as to the actual facts surrounding the crime itself. He immediately subpœnas all the witnesses, whether previously interrogated by the police or not, who know anything about the matter, and subjects them to a rigorous cross-examination. Then he sends for the police themselves and cross-examines them. If it appears that any witnesses have disappeared he instructs his detectives how and where to look for them. Often this becomes in the end the most important element in the preparation for the trial. Thus in the Nan Patterson case the search for and ultimate discovery of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Smith (the sister and brother-in-law of the accused) was one of its most dramatic features. After they had been found it was necessary to indict and then to extradite them in order to secure their presence within the jurisdiction, and when all this had been accomplished it proved practically valueless.

It frequently happens that an entire case will rest upon the testimony of a single witness whose absence from the jurisdiction would prevent the trial. An instance of such a case was that of Albert T. Patrick, for without the testimony of his alleged accomplice—the valet Jones—he could not have been convicted of murder. The preservation of such a witness and his testimony thus becomes of paramount importance, and rascally witnesses sometimes enjoy considerable ease, if not luxury, at the expense of the public while waiting to testify. Often, too, a case of great interest will arise where the question of the guilt of the accused turns upon the evidence of some one person who, either from mercenary motives or because of "blood and affection," is unwilling to come to the fore and tell the truth. A case of this sort occurred during the first term of the present district attorney of New York County some six years ago. The "black sheep" of a prominent family forged the name of his sister to a draft for thirty thousand dollars. This sister, who was an elderly woman of the highest character and refinement, did not care to pocket the loss herself and declined to have the draft debited to her account at the bank. A lawsuit followed, in which the sister swore that the name signed to the draft was not in her handwriting. She won her case, but some disinterested though officious person laid the matter before the district attorney. The forger was arrested and his sister was summoned before the grand jury. Here was a pleasant predicament. If she testified for the State her brother would undoubtedly go to prison for many years, to say nothing of the notoriety for the entire family which so sensational a case would occasion. She, therefore, slipped out of the city and sailed for Europe the night before she was to appear before the grand jury. Her brother was in due course indicted and held for trial in large bail, but there was and is no prospect of convicting him for his crime so long as his sister remains in the voluntary exile to which she has subjected herself. She can never return to New York to live unless something happens either to the indictment or her brother, neither of which events seems likely in the immediate future.

Elaborate and Costly Detective Work

PERHAPS, if the case is one of shooting, the weapon has vanished. Its discovery may lead to the finding of the murderer. In one instance where a body was found in the woods with a bullet through the heart there was nothing to indicate who had committed the crime. The only scintilla of evidence was an exploded cartridge—a small thing on which to build a case. But the district attorney had the hammer marks upon the cap magnified several hundred times and then set out to find the rifle which bore the hammer which had made them. Thousands of rifles all over the State were examined. At last in a remote lumber camp was found the weapon which had fired the fatal bullet. The owner was arrested, accused of the murder and confessed his crime. In like manner, if it becomes necessary to determine where a typewritten document was prepared the letters may be magnified, and by examining the ribbons of suspected machines the desired fact may be ascertained. The magnifying glass still plays an important part in detecting crime, although usually in ways little suspected by the general public.

On the other hand, where the weapon has not been spirited away the detectives may spend weeks in discovering when and where it was purchased. Every pawnshop, every store where a pistol could be bought, is investigated, and under proper circumstances the requisite evidence to show deliberation and premeditation may be secured.

These investigations are naturally conducted at the very outset of the preparation of the case. The weapon, in seven trials out of ten, is the most important thing in it. By its means it can generally be demonstrated whether the shooting was accidental or intentional—and whether or not the killing was in self-defense.

Where this last plea is interposed it is usually made at once upon the arrest, the accused explaining to the police that he fired only to save his own life. In such a situation, where the killing is admitted, practically the entire preparation will centre upon the most minute tests to determine whether or not the shot was fired as the accused claims that it was. The writer can recall at least a dozen cases in his own experience where the story of the defendant, that the revolver was discharged in a hand-to-hand struggle, was conclusively disproved by experimenting with the weapon before the trial. There was one homicide in which a bullet perforated a felt cap and penetrated the forehead of the deceased. The defendant asserted that he was within three feet of his victim when he fired, and that the other was about to strike him with a bludgeon. A quantity of felt, of weight similar to that of the cap, was procured and the revolver discharged at it from varying distances. A microscopic examination showed that certain discolorations around the bullet-hole (claimed by the defense to be burns made by the powder) were, in fact, grease marks and that the shot must have been fired from a distance of about fifteen feet. The defendant was convicted on his own story, supplemented by the evidence of the witness who made the tests.

The most obvious and first requirement is, as has been said, to find the direct witnesses to the facts surrounding the crime, commit their statements under oath to writing, so that they cannot later be denied or evaded, and make sure that these witnesses will not only hold no intercourse with the other side but will be on hand when wanted. This last is not always an easy task, and many expedients have to be resorted to, such as placing hostile witnesses under police surveillance or in some cases in "houses of detention," and hiding others in out-of-the-way places or supplying them with a bodyguard if violence is to be anticipated. When the proper time comes the favorable witnesses must be duly drilled or coached, which does not imply anything improper, but means merely that they must be instructed how to deliver their testimony, what answers are expected to certain questions, and what facts it is intended to elicit from them. Witnesses are often offended and run amuck because they are not given a chance upon the stand to tell the story of their lives. This must be guarded against and steps taken to have their statements given in such a way that they are audible and intelligible. A few lessons in elementary elocution are always vitally necessary. The man with the bassoon voice must be tamed, and the birdlike, little old lady made to chirp more loudly. But all this is the self-evident preparation which must take place in every case, and while highly important is of far less interest than the development of the circumstantial evidence which is the next consideration of the district attorney.

The discovery and proper proof of minute facts which tend to demonstrate the guilt of an accused are the joy of the natural prosecutor, and he may in his enthusiasm spend many thousands of dollars on what seems, and often is, an immaterial matter. Youthful officials intrusted with the preparation of important cases often become unduly excited and forget that the taxpayers are paying the bills. The writer remembers sitting beside one of these enthusiasts during a celebrated trial. A certain woman witness had incidentally testified to a remote meeting with the deceased at which a certain other woman was alleged to have been present. The matter did not seem of much interest or importance, but the youth in question seized a yellow pad and excitedly wrote in blue pencil, "Find Birdie" (the other lady) "*at any cost!*" This he handed to a detective, who hastened importantly away. Let us hope that "Birdie" was found speedily and in an inexpensive manner.

Weeks of Search for a Missing Letter

WHEN the case against Albert T. Patrick, later convicted of the murder of old Mr. William M. Rice, was in course of preparation it was found desirable to show that Patrick had called up his accomplice on the telephone upon the night of the murder. Accordingly, the telephone company was compelled to examine innumerable telephone slips to determine whether or not this had actually occurred. While the fact was established in the affirmative, the company now destroys its slips in order not to have to repeat the performance a second time.

Likewise, in the preparation of the Molineux case, it became important to demonstrate that the accused had sent a letter under an assumed name ordering certain remedies. As a result, one of the employees of the patent-medicine company spent several weeks going over their old mail orders and comparing them with a certain sample, until at last the letter was unearthed. Of course, the district attorney had to pay for it, and it was probably worth what it cost to the prosecution, although Molineux's conviction was reversed by the Court of Appeals and he was acquitted upon his second trial.

The danger is, however, that a prosecutor who has an unlimited amount of money at his disposal may be led into expenditures which are hardly justified simply because he thinks they may help to secure a conviction. Nothing is easier than to waste money in this fashion, and public officials sometimes spend the county's money with considerably more freedom than they would their own under similar circumstances.

The legitimate expenses connected with the preparation of every important case are naturally large. For example, diagrams must be prepared, photographs taken of the place of the crime, witnesses compensated for their time and their expenses paid, and, most important of all, competent experts must be engaged. This leads us to an interesting aspect of modern jury trial.

When Alienist Meets Alienist

WHEN no other defense to homicide is possible the claim of insanity is frequently interposed. Nothing is more confusing to the ordinary juryman than trying to determine the probative value of evidence touching unsoundness of mind, and the application thereto of the legal test of criminal responsibility. In point of fact, juries are hardly to be blamed for this, since the law itself is antiquated and the subject one abounding in difficulty. Unfortunately the opportunity for vague yet damaging testimony on the part of experts, the ease with which any desired opinion can be defended by a slight alteration in the hypothetical facts, and the practical impossibility of exposure, have been seized upon with avidity by a score or more of unscrupulous alienists who are prepared to sell their services to the highest bidder. These men are all the more dangerous because, clever students of mental disease and thorough masters of their subject as they are, they are able by adroit qualifications and skillful evasions to make half-truths seem as convincing as whole ones. They ask and receive large sums for their services, and their dishonest testimony must be met and refuted by the evidence of honest physicians, who, by virtue of their attainments, have a right to demand substantial fees. Even so, newspaper reports of the expense to the State of notorious trials are grossly exaggerated. The entire cost of the first Thaw trial to the County of New York was considerably less than twenty thousand dollars, and the second trial not more than half that amount. To the defense, however, it was a costly matter, as the recent schedules in bankruptcy of the defendant show. Therein it appears that one of his half-dozen counsel still claims as owing to him for his services on the first trial the modest sum of thirty-five thousand dollars! The cost of the whole defense was probably ten times that sum. Most of the money goes to the lawyers, and the experts take the remainder.

It goes without saying that both prosecutor and attorney for the defense must be masters of the subject involved. A trial for poisoning means an exhaustive study not only of analytic chemistry but of practical medicine on

(Continued on Page 24)

MAKING FRIENDS

By Owen Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"THAT was just before I licked Whitey Brown," said Lazelle, *alias* Gazelle, *alias* the Rocky Mountain Goat and the Gutter Pup. "Cracky, that was a fight!"

"How many rounds?" asked Lovely Mead, disrobing for the night.

"Eleven and a half. Knocked him to the count in the middle of the twelfth with a left jab to the bellows," said the Gutter Pup professionally. "He weighed ten pounds more than me. Ever do any fighting?"

"Sure," said the new arrival instantly.

"How many times?"

"Oh, I can't remember."

"You don't look it."

"Why not?"

"Your complexion's too lovely; and you're only a shaver, you know."

"I'm fifteen, almost sixteen," said Lovely, bridling up and surveying his new roommate with a calculating glance. "How old are you?"

"I've been three years at Lawrenceville, freshman," said the Gutter Pup severely. "That's the difference. What's your longest fight?"

"Twenty-one rounds," said Lovely promptly.

"Oh," said the Gutter Pup in profound disappointment. "He licked you?"

"No."

"You licked him?"

"No."

"What then?"

"They stopped us."

"Huh!"

"We had to let it go over to the next day."

"And then?"

"Then I put him out in the thirteenth."

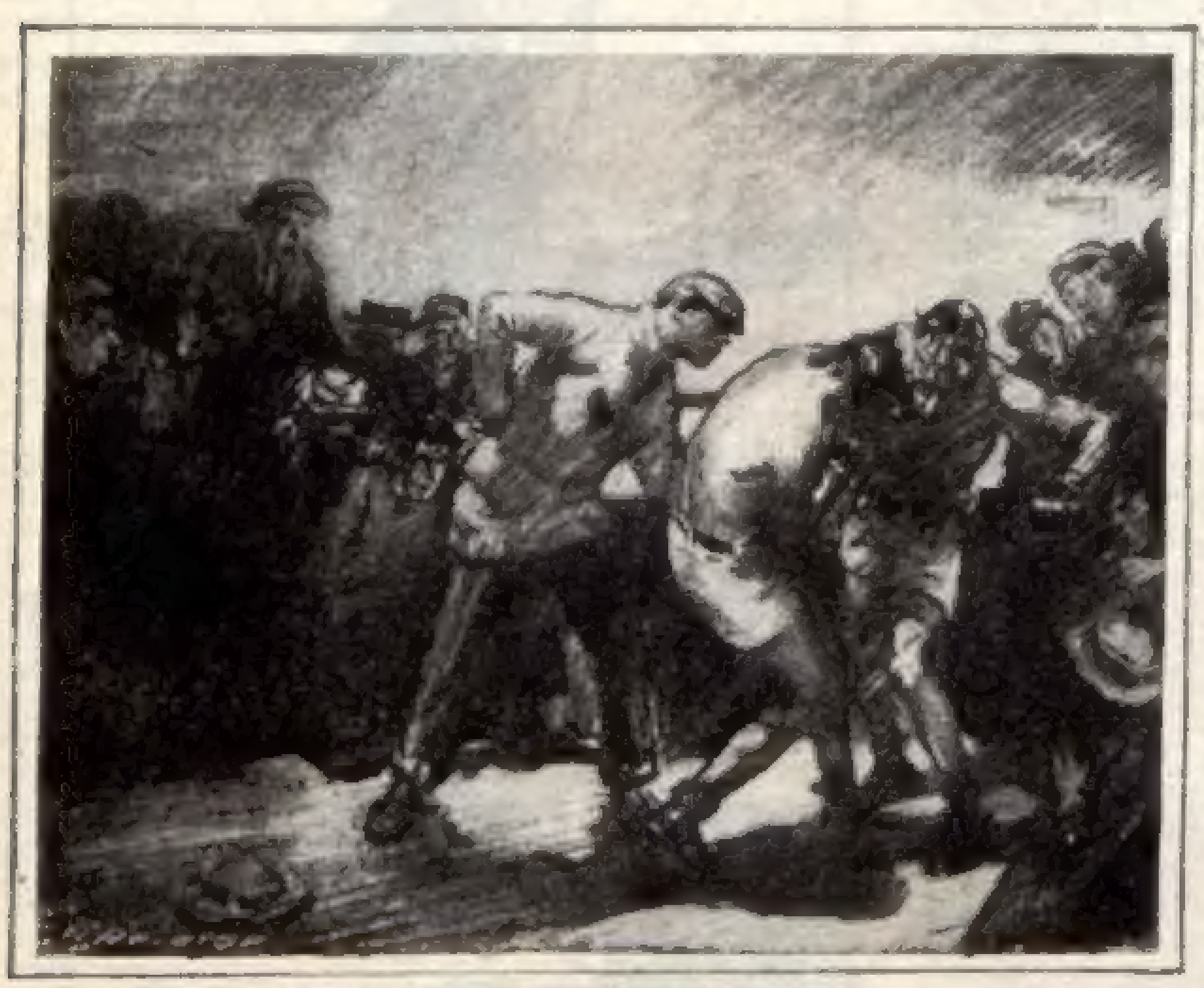
"You did?"

"Yes, I did."

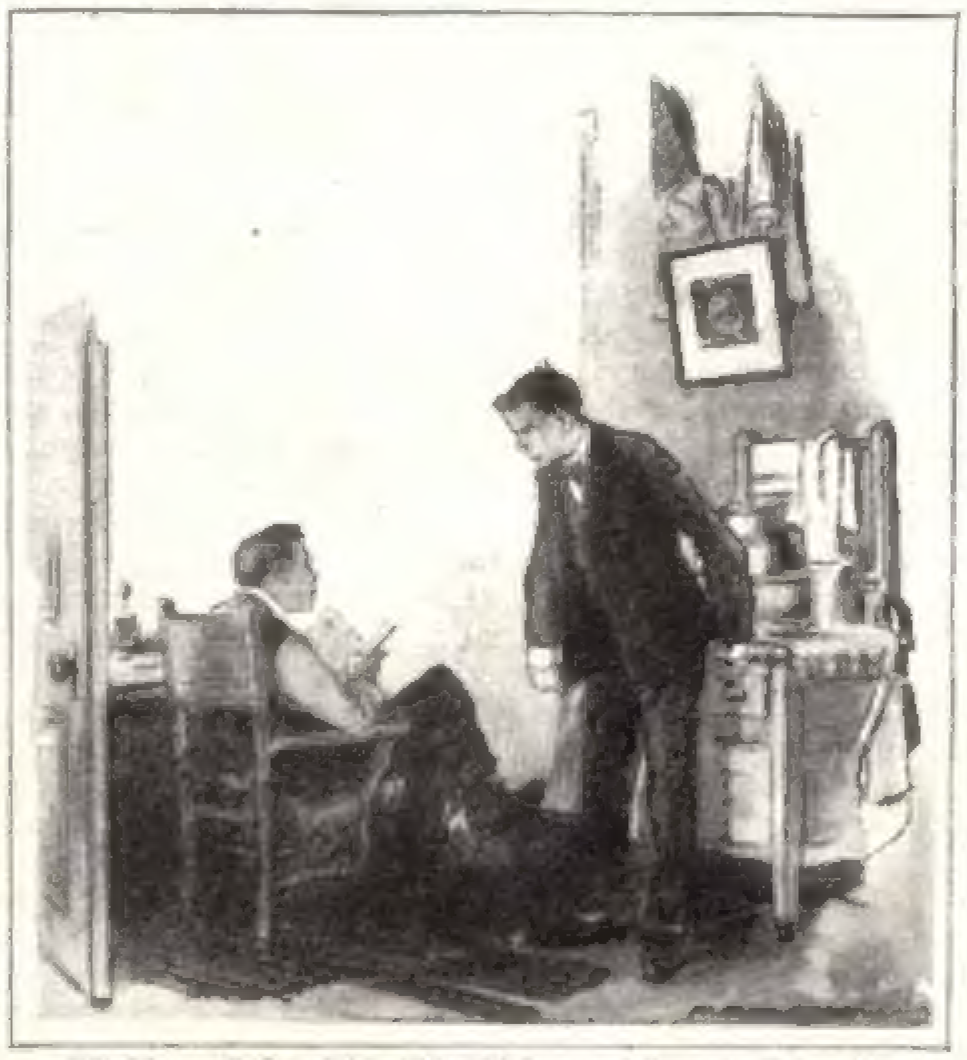
The two fiery-haired champions stood measuring each other with their glances. Lovely Mead ran his eye over the wiry arms and chest opposite him and wondered. The Gutter Pup in veteran disdain was about to remark that Lovely was a cheerful liar when the tolling of the gym bell broke in on a dangerous situation. The Gutter Pup dove into bed and, reaching for a slipper, hurled it across the room, striking the candle fair and square and plunging the room into darkness.

"I learned that trick," he said, "the year I put the Welsh Rarebit to sleep in six." He stopped and ruminated over Lovely's story of his two-day fight, and then spoke scornfully from the dark: "I never fought anybody over eleven rounds. I never *had* to."

Lovely heard and possessed his soul in patience. He was on his second day at the school, his spirit not a whit subdued, though considerably awed, by the sacred dignities of the old boys. He liked the Gutter Pup, with one reservation, and that was an instinctive antagonism for which there was no logical explanation. But at the first fistic reminiscence of the Gutter Pup he had sought in his soul anxiously and asked himself, "Can I lick him?" Each time the question repeated itself he felt an overwhelming impulse to throw down the gage and settle the awful doubt then and there. It was pure instinct, nothing more. The Gutter Pup was really a good sort and had adopted him in quite a decent way without taking an undue advantage. In fact, Lovely was certain that in his roommate he had met the congenial soul, the chum, the best friend among all friends for whom he had waited and yearned. His heart went out to the joyous, friendly Gazelle, but his fingers contracted convulsively. Theirs was to be an enduring friendship, a sacred, Three Musketeer sort of friendship—after one small detail was settled.



Then He Lost Track of the Rounds



"It Means I Can Lick You," Repeated Lovely Doggedly, Advancing and Clenching His Fists

The next morning Lovely Mead bounded up with the rising bell and started nervously to dress. There was a lazy commotion in the opposite bed, and then, after a few languid movements of the covers, the Gutter Pup's reddish head appeared in surprise.

"Why, Lovely, what are you doing?"

"Dressing. Didn't you hear the bell?"

"Jimminy crickets, what a waste, what an awful waste of time," said the Gutter Pup luxuriously, stretching his arms and yawning. "Say, Lovely, I like you. You're a good sort and that was a rattlin' plucky tackle you made yesterday. Say, we're going to get on famously together, only, Lovely, you *are* green, you know."

"I suppose I am."

"You are. Of course, you can't help it, you know. Every one starts that way. Lordy, Lovely, you remind me of the first time I hit this old place, three weeks after I fought Mucker Dennis, of the Seventy-second Street gang."

Lovely Mead's gorge swelled up with indignation. To hide his emotion, he plunged his head into the basin and emerged dripping.

"I say, Lovely, I must give you some pointers," said the Gutter Pup affably. "Everything depends, you know, on the start. You want to stand in with the masters, you know. Study hard the first week and get your lessons down fine, and work up their weak points, and you'll slide through the term with ease and pleasure."

"What are these weak points?" inquired Lovely from the depths of a clean shirt.

"Oh, I mean the side they're most approachable. Now the Roman, you know, when he makes a joke you always want to laugh as though you were going to die."

"Does he make many jokes?" asked Lovely.

"Cracky, yes. Then there's one very important one he makes around Thanksgiving that every one watches for. I'll put you on, but you must be very careful."

"What? The same joke every year?" said Lovely.

"Regular. It's about Volturcius in Cæsar—the 'c' is soft, you know, but you have to pronounce it—Volturk-ious."

"Why so?"

"Then the Roman will say, 'No-o, no-o, not even the near approach of Thanksgiving will justify such a pronunciation.' See? That's the cue to laugh until the tears wet the page. It's most important."

"What about the Doctor?"

"Easy, dead easy; just ask questions, side-path questions that'll lead him away from the lesson and give him a chance to discourse. Say—another thing, Lovely, don't go and buy anything in the village; let me do that for you."

"Thanks."

"I'm on to their games, you know; I'm wise. Oh, say, another pointer—about the Jigger Shop. You want to build up your credit with Al, you know."

"How d'you mean?"

"The best way is to get trusted right off while you've got the chink and then pay up promptly at the end of a week, and repeat the operation a couple of times. Then Al thinks you're conscientious about debts and that sort of thing, and when the hard-up months come he'll let you go the limit."

"I say, Lazelle," said Lovely admiringly, "you've got it down pretty fine, haven't you? It's real white of you to look after me this way."

"You're all right," said the Gutter Pup, still lolling in bed. "All you want is to lay low for a month or so and no one'll bother you. Besides, I'll see to that."

"Thank you."

"You see, Lovely, I've taken a fancy to you: a real, live, fat, young fancy. You remind me of Bozy Walker that was fired for introducing geese into Baldwin's bedroom; dear old Bozy, he stood up to me for seven rounds."

Lovely Mead dropped the hairbrush in his agitation and drew a long breath. How much longer could his weak human nature hold out? Downstairs the gong began to call them to breakfast. With the first sound the Gutter Pup was in the middle of the floor, out of his pajamas and into his clothes before the gong had ceased to ring. He plunged his head into the basin already filled with water, dried himself, parted the moist hair with one sweeping stroke of his comb, snapped a dickey about his neck and struggled into his coat while Lovely was still staring with amazement.

"That's the way it's done," said the Gutter Pup triumphantly. "There's only one fellow in the school can beat me out, and that's Hickey, over in the Dickinson; but I'll beat him yet. Are you ready? Come on!"

The trouble was that the Gutter Pup was absolutely unaware of the disturbance in Lovely's mind, or that his reminiscences provoked such thoughts of combat. He took Lovely to the village and fitted him out, hectoring the tradesmen and smashing prices with debonair impudence that Lovely sneakingly envied. Certainly the Gutter Pup was unusually cordial and did not in the least make him feel the indignities of his position of newcomer, as he had a right to do.

After supper they worked on the arrangement of their room. The Gutter Pup grew ecstatic as Lovely produced his treasures from the bottom of the trunk.

"My aunt's cat's kittens!" he ejaculated as Lovely produced a set of pennants in gaudy arrangement. "We'll have the boss room, though! Lovely, you are a treasure! This will make the Waladoo Bird turn pale and weep for sorrow. Supposin' we ruminate."

They ranged their accumulated possessions on the floor, and sat back to consider.

"Well," said the Gutter Pup, "let's begin by putting the cushions on the window-seat and the rugs on the floor. Now the question is—what's to have the place of honor?"

"What have you got?" asked Lovely, considering.

'I've got a signed photograph of John L. Sullivan," said the Gutter Pup proudly, producing it. "It used to be cleaner, but Butsey White blew up with a root-beer bottle and spattered it."

"Is it his own signature?" inquired Lovely, gazing in awe.

"Sure. Dear old John L. He *was* a fighter. Now, what have *you* got?"

"I've got a picture of an actress."

"Honest?"

"Sure."

"Who is it?"

"Maude Adams."

"You don't say so!"

"Fact."

"It isn't signed, Lovely—it can't be?"

"It is."

"Cracky! That *is* a prize. Maude Adams! Think of it! What will the Waladoo Bird say?"

The Gutter Pup gazed reverently at the priceless photographs and said in a breath:

"Maude Adams and John L.; think of it, Lovely!" He paused and added in a burst of gratitude: "Say, you can call me Gazelle or Razzle-dazzle now, if you want; afterward we'll see about Gutter Pup."

Lovely was too overcome by this advance to voice his feelings, but his heart went out to his new friend, all irritation forgotten. After long discussion it was decided that the two photographs, being of unique and equal value, should be hung side by side on the background of an American flag. The pennants were strung as a border around the walls, but were speedily hidden under an imposing procession of light-weight and middle-weight champions, sporting prints, posters and lithographic reproductions of comic opera favorites, boxing gloves, fencing masks, lacrosse sticks, Japanese swords, bird nests, stolen signs, photographs of athletic teams, cotillon favors and emblems of the school and the Woodhull. They stopped and gazed in awe and admiration, and falling gleefully into each other's arms, executed a dance about the room. Then Lovely Mead, in an unthinking moment, standing before the photograph of the mighty John L., exclaimed: "Say, Gazelle, isn't he a wonder, though! How long have you had it?"

"I got it," said the Gutter Pup, putting his head on one side and reflecting, "right after I fought Whitey Brown—just before my mill with Doggie Shephard—a year and a half ago, I should say."

All the joy of the home-building left Lovely. He sat down on the bed and pulled at his shoestrings so viciously that they broke off in his hand.

"What's the matter?" said the Gutter Pup in surprise.

"Nothing."

"You look sort of put out."

"Oh, no."

"Whitey was a tough one," resumed the Gutter Pup, lolling on the window-seat, "but Doggie was no great shakes. Too fat and overgrown. He did look big, but he had no foot-work and his wind was bad—very bad."

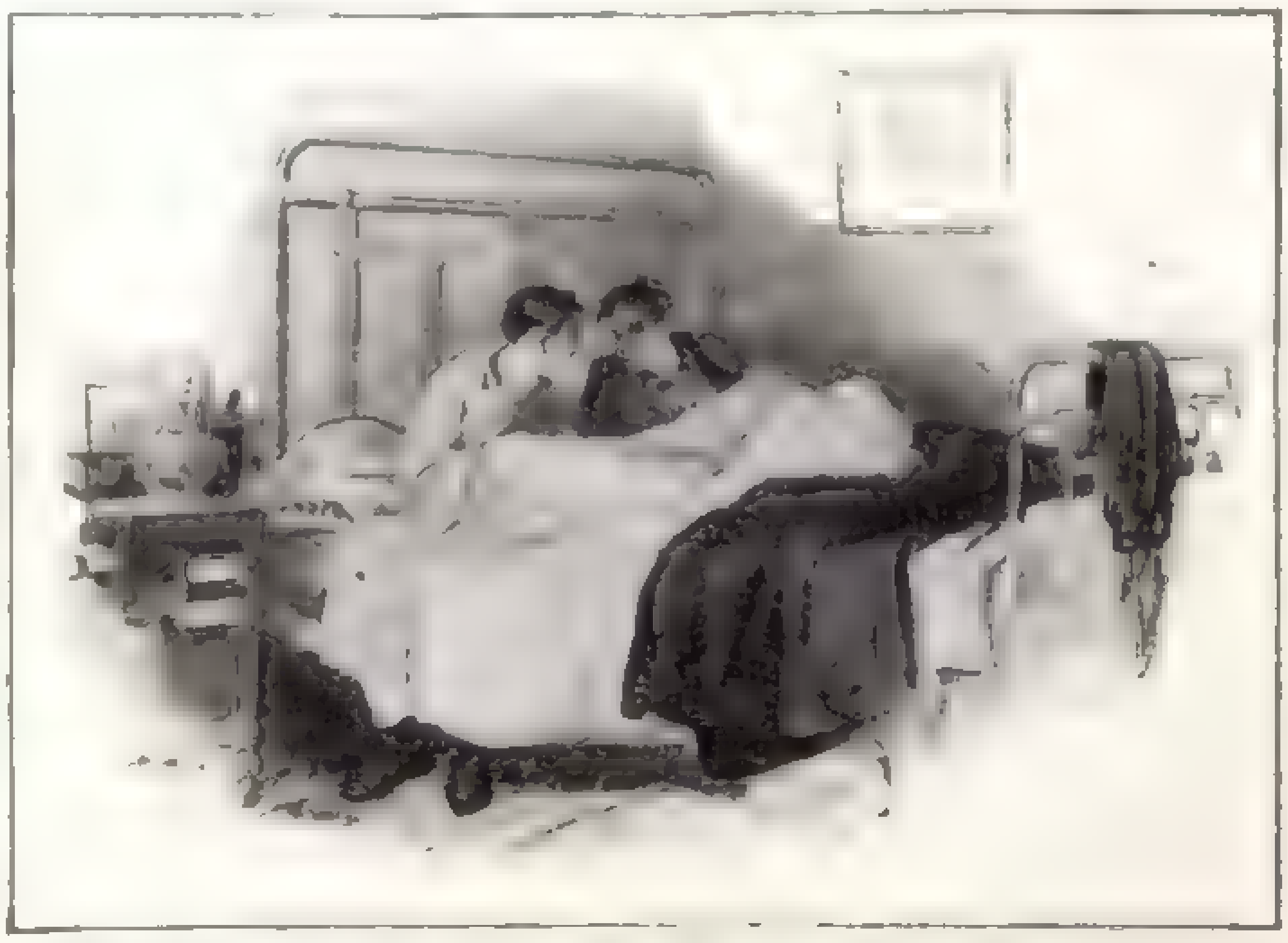
Lovely Mead listened with averted eyes.

If he had only been an old boy he would have thrown down the gauntlet then and there; but he was a freshman and must check the tugging within. Besides, there must be some excuse. He could not openly, out of clear sky, provoke an old boy who had taken him under his protection and had done everything to make him feel at home. Such an act would be fresh, and would bring down on him the condemnation of the whole school.

"Why the deuce should I care, after all?" he asked himself gloomily that night. "What difference does it make how many fellows he's licked? I suppose it's because I'm a coward. That's it: it's because I'm afraid that he would lick me that it rankles so. Am I a coward, after all, I wonder?"

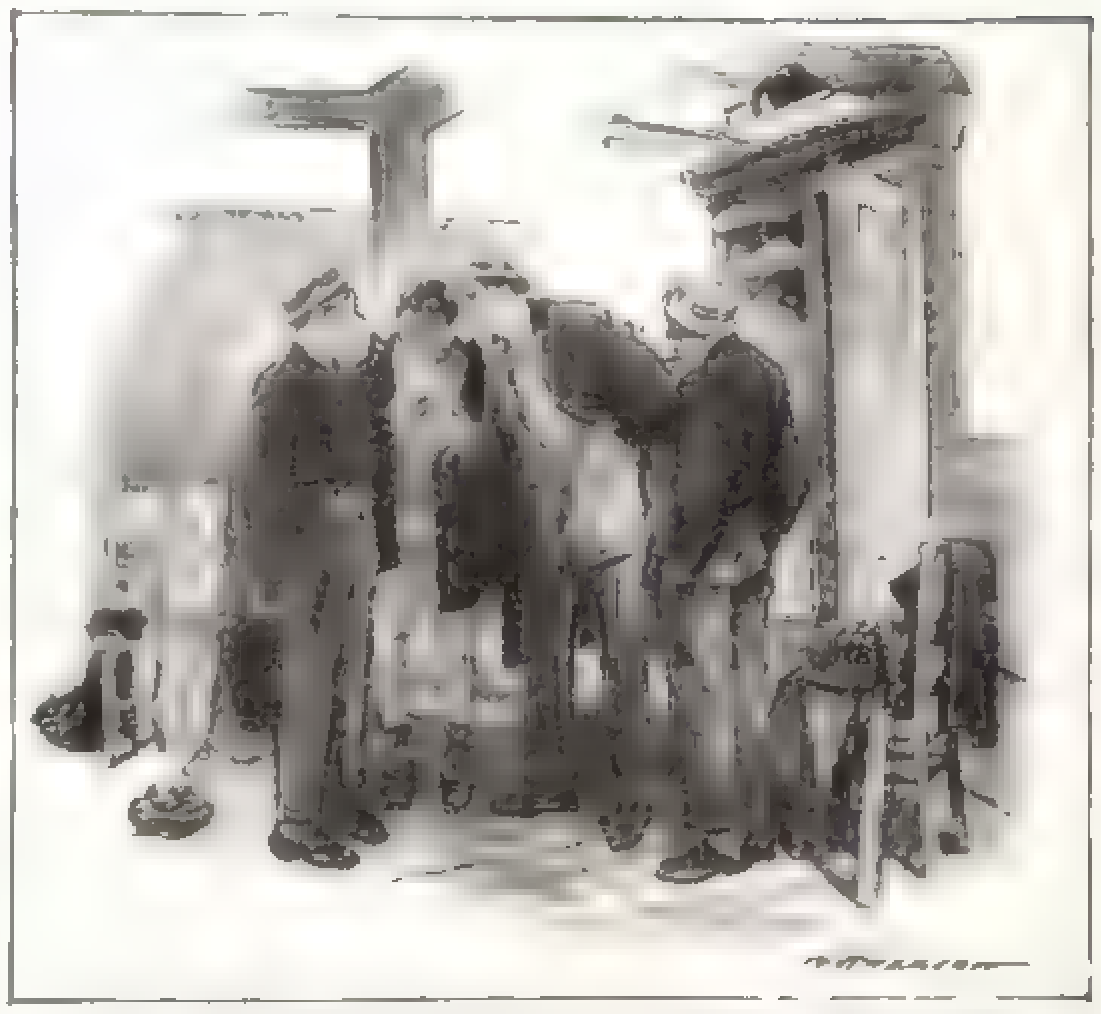
This internal questioning became an obsession. It clouded his days and took the edges from the keen joy of romping over the football field and earning the good word of Jack Hasbrouck for his neat diving tackles. Could the Gutter Pup lick him, after all? He wondered, he debated, he doubted. He began to brood over it until he became perfectly unapproachable, and the Gutter Pup, without a suspicion of the real cause, began to assure Hasbrouck that Lovely was being overtrained.

Meanwhile, matters were approaching a crisis with Lovely. Each morning he calculated the strength of the Gutter Pup's chest and arms, and wondered what was the staying power of his legs. Sometimes he admitted to himself that he wouldn't last three rounds. At others he figured out a whole plan of campaign that must wear down the Gutter Pup and send him to a crashing defeat. Waking, he went through imaginary rounds, received without wincing tremendous, imaginary blows, and sent in sledge-hammer replies that inevitably landed the champion prone on his back. At night his dreams were a long conglomeration of tussling and battle in the most unexpected places. He fought the Gutter Pup at the top of the water-tower and saw him vanish over the edge as the result of a smashing blow on the point of the jaw; he fought him on the football field and in the classroom, while the Roman held the watch and the head master insisted on refereeing



"Razzle-Dazzle," Replied Lovely, "You're the Finest Sport and Gentleman in the Land. I Love You Better Than a Brother"

The worst of it was, he knew he was going to pieces and moping in a way to render himself a nuisance to all his associates; and yet he couldn't help it. Try as he would to skip the mention of any subject that could be tagged to a date, every now and then an opening would come, and the Gutter Pup would begin: "Let me see; that must have been just after I fought —— "



"Good, but Mind This, Youngster: No Funking. I Don't Stand Second to Any Quitter"

At last, one night unable to bear the strain longer, Lovely went to his room resolved to end it. He bided his opportunity, gazing with unseeing eyes at the pages of the divine Virgil. Finally he raised his head and said abruptly: "Say, Lazelle, what do you think of our chances for the football championship?"

"Fair, only fair," said the Gutter Pup, glad for any excuse to stop studying. "The Davis and the Dickinson look better to me."

"How long has it been since we won?" said Lovely, scarcely breathing.

"Let me see," said the Gutter Pup, unsuspecting. "We won the fall I fought Legs Brownell behind the Davis house."

"Lazelle," said Lovely, rising desperately, "I can lick you!"

"What?"

"I can lick you!"

"Hello," said the Gutter Pup, considering him in amazement; "what does this mean?"

"It means I can lick you," repeated Lovely doggedly, advancing and clenching his fists.

"You want a fight?"

"I do."

"Bully for you."

The Gutter Pup considered, joyfully, with a glance at the clock.

"It's too late now to pull it off. We'll let it go until to-morrow night. Besides, you'll be in better condition then, and you can watch your food, which is important. I'll notify Hickey. You don't mind fighting by lamplight?"

"Huh!"

"Of course, we'll fight under the auspices of the Sporting Club, with a ring and sponges and that sort of thing," said the Gutter Pup cheerfully. "You'll like it. It's a secret organization and it's a great honor to belong. Hickey, at the Dickinson, got it up. He's president, and referees. I'm the official timekeeper, but that don't matter. They'll arrange for seconds and all that sort of thing, and Doc Macnooder is always there for medical assistance. You're sure the lights won't bother you?"

"No."

"It's a queer effect, though. First time I fought Snapper Bell ——"

"Lazelle," said Lovely, choking with rage, "I can lick you, right now—here—and I don't believe you ever licked any one in your life!"

"Look here, freshman," said the Gutter Pup, at once on his dignity; "I've stood enough of your impertinence. You'll do just as I say, and you'll act like a gentleman and a sport and not like a member of the Seventy-second Street gang. We'll fight like sportsmen, to-morrow, at midnight, under the auspices of the Sporting Club, in the baseball cage, and until then I'll dispense with your conversation! Do you hear me?"

Lovely Mead felt the justice of the reproof. Yes, he *had* acted like a member of the Seventy-second Street gang! He glanced up at the photograph (slightly spotted) of John L., and he thought of Ivanhoe and the Three Musketeers and Sir Nigel of the White Company, and presently he said, tentatively:

"I say ——"

No answer.

"Lazelle ——"

Still no answer.

"Say, I want to—to apologize. You're right about the Seventy-second Street gang. I'm sorry."

"All right," said the Gutter Pup, not quite appeased. "I'm glad you apologized."

"But we fight to-morrow—to the end—to the limit!"

"You're on!"

They spoke no more that night, undressing in silence, each covertly swelling his muscles and glancing with stolen looks at his opponent's knotted torso. By morning the Gutter Pup's serenity had returned.

"Well, how're you feeling? How did you sleep?" he asked, poking his nose over the coverlets.

"Like a log," returned Lovely, lying gloriously.

"Good. Better take a nap in the afternoon, though, if you're not used to midnight scrapping."

"Thanks."

"Mind the food—no hot biscuits, and that sort of thing. A dish of popovers almost put me to the bad the first time I met Bull Dunham. Fact, and he didn't know enough to counter."

Lovely dressed and hurriedly left the room.

At two o'clock, to his amazement, Charley De Soto, the great quarterback, in person, waited on him in company with the gigantic Turkey Reiter, tackle on the eleven, and informed him that they had been appointed his seconds and anxiously inquired after his welfare.

"I'm—oh, I'm doing pretty well, thank you, sir," said Lovely, overcome with embarrassment and pride.

"Say, Charley," said Turkey, after an approving examination, "I kind of hanker to the looks of this here bantam. He's got the proper color hair and the protruding jaw. Danged if I don't believe he'll give the Gutter Pup the fight of his life."

"Can you lick him?" said De Soto, looking Lovely tensely in the eyes.

"I'll do it or die," said Lovely, with a lump in his throat.

"Good, but mind this, youngster: no funking. I don't stand second to any quitter. If I'm behind you, you've *got* to win."

Lovely thought at that moment that death on the rack would be a delight if it only could win a nod of approbation from Charley De Soto.

"How's your muscles?" asked Turkey. He ran his fingers over him, slapped his chest and punched his hips, saying:

"Hard as a rock, Charley."

"How's your wind?" said De Soto.

"Pretty well, thank you, sir," said Lovely, quite overcome by the august presence.

"Now keep your mind off things. Don't let the Gutter Pup bluff you. Slip over to the Upper, right after lights, and I'll take charge of the rest. By the way, Turk, who's in the corner with the Gutter Pup?"

"Billy Condit and the Triumphant Egghead."

"Good. We'll just saunter over and lay a little bet. So-long, youngster. No jiggers or éclairs. See you later."

"So-long, old Sporting Life," added Turkey, with a friendly tap on the shoulder. "Mind now, keep cheerful."

Lovely's mood was not exactly cheerful. In fact he felt as if the bottom had fallen out of things. He tried his best to follow Charley De Soto's advice and not think of the coming encounter, but, do what he would, his mind slipped ahead to the crowded baseball cage, the small, ill-lighted ring, and the Gutter Pup.

"After all, will he lick me?" he said, almost aloud. His heart sank, or rather it was a depression in the pit of his stomach.

"Supposing he does?" he went on, pressing his knuckles against his teeth. What a humiliation after his boast! There would be only one thing to do—leave school at once, and never, never return!

He had wandered down to the football field where the candidates for the school eleven were passing and falling on the ball under the shouted directions of the veterans. The bulky figure of Turkey Reiter, gigantic with its padded shoulders and voluminous sweater, hove into view, and the tackle's rumbling voice cried out:

"Hi there, old Sockarooster, this won't do! Keep a-laughin'; keep cheerful; tumble down here and shag for me."

Lovely Mead went gratefully to fetch the balls that Turkey booted, far down the field, to the waiting half-backs.

"Feeling a bit serious, eh?" said Turkey.

"Well ——"

"Sure you are. That's nothing. Don't let the Gutter Pup see it, though. He's got to believe we are holding you in, chaining you up, keepin' you under the bars, 'cause you're so wild to get at him. Savvy? Chuck in a bluff, old sport, and – keep cheerful. Better now?"

"Yes, thank you," said Lovely, who was in nowise suffering from an excess of hilarity.

He did not see the Gutter Pup until supper, and then had to undergo again his solicitous inquiries. By a horrible effort he succeeded in telling a funny story at the table, and laughed until his own voice alarmed him. Then he relapsed into silence, smiling furiously at every remark, and chewing endlessly on food that had no flavor for him.

"Lovely," said the Gutter Pup upstairs, shaking his head, "you don't look fit; you're getting nervous."

"Sure," said Lovely, remembering Turkey's injunction. "I'm a high-strung, *vicious* temperament!"

"Your eye acts sort of loose," said the Gutter Pup, unconvinced. "You're new to fighting before a big assemblage. It's no wonder. I don't want any *accidental* advantages. Say the word and we'll put it over."

"No," said Lovely, quite upset by his friendly offer. "I only hope, Lazelle, I can hold myself in. I've got an awful temper; I'm afraid I'll kill a man some day."

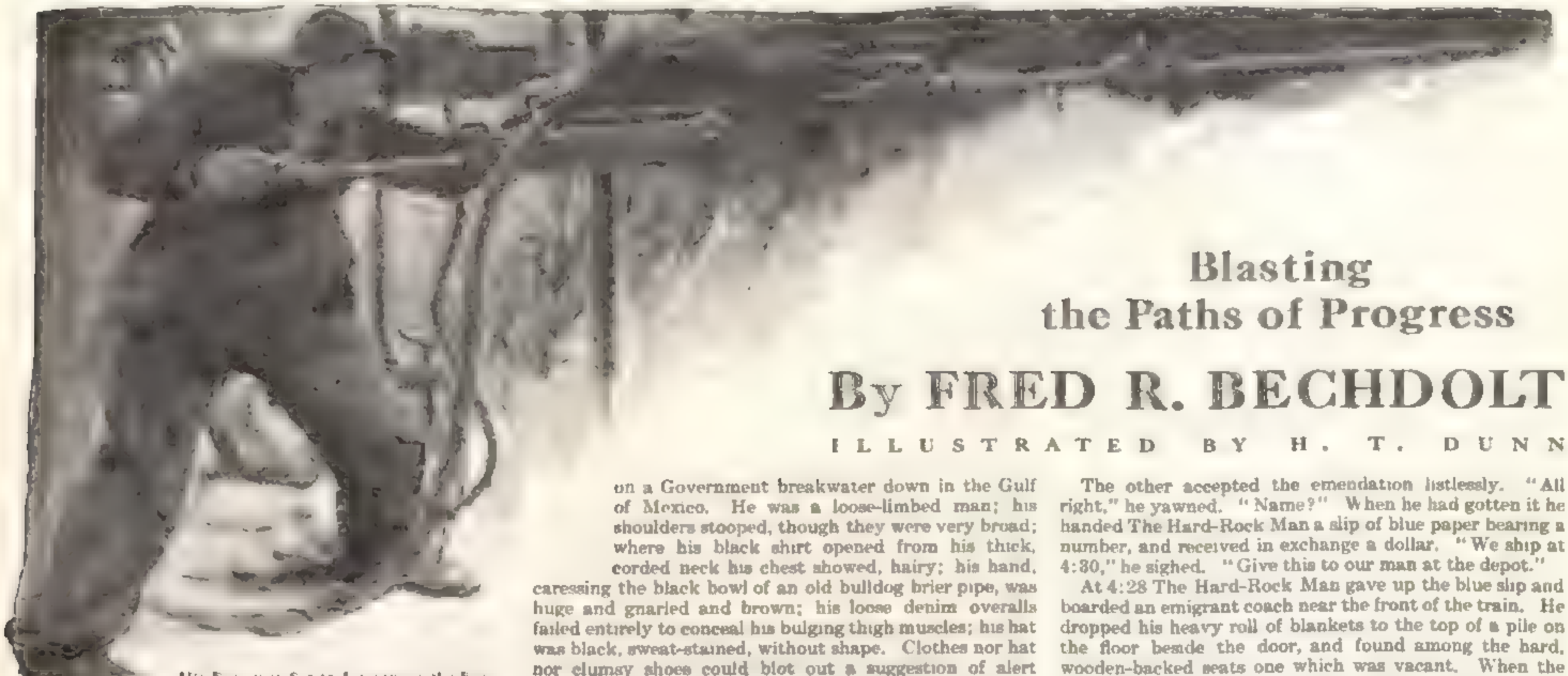
"No, Lovely," said Gutter Pup, shaking his head. "You don't deceive me. You are ill—ill, I tell you, and you might as well own up."

The truth was, Lovely was ill and rapidly getting worse under the insouciance of the veteran of the ring.

"Why, my aunt's cat's pants, Lovely," said the Gutter Pup seriously. "That's nothing to be ashamed of. Didn't

(Continued on Page 29)

THE HARD-ROCK MAN



His Face was Set to Intentness, the Face of a Man Who is Happy in His Work

Blasting the Paths of Progress

By FRED R. BECHDOLT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

THEY were building a new railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific. They had built from both ends; for two years each track had lengthened daily, and daily the unspanned interval had decreased. Thus they had stretched the steel bands across prairies and deserts and mountain ranges until at last, up in the heart of a wilderness of snow-covered peaks, where the waters part their seaward ways in a cloud-hung gorge, there remained to be overcome the last obstacle. Between the track ends a lump of granite rose two thousand feet. Where the climbing cañons boxed, its base was two miles thick; its sheer walls gave no hope for compromise by engineering feat of loop or switchback; it blocked the way, implacable, grim. The road's builders set about the only course, a straight attack, a tunnel through the granite. As soon as they were ready to begin this they cried for help.

The cry was raised in half a dozen cities. It was blazoned in long letters on handbills, which read:

WANTED 200 MEN FOR HARD ROCK WORK
SNOWSLIDE TUNNEL
Drill Runners $3.00 a Day. Muckers $2.00 a Day.
FARE FREE!

These were posted in those parts of the half-dozen cities where their call would meet response. Answering the cry, reckless men with muscles of iron came to rend away the living rock. From time to time, during the next two years, the call was repeated; the handbills were posted at brief intervals

One morning The Hard-Rock Man read the one at the entrance to the ten-cent lodging-house where he had slept, and knew that he had judged rightly when, on the strength of a ten-line Northern newspaper item, he had left his job on a Government breakwater down in the Gulf of Mexico. He was a loose-limbed man; his shoulders stooped, though they were very broad; where his black shirt opened from his thick, corded neck his chest showed, hairy; his hand, caressing the black bowl of an old bulldog brier pipe, was huge and gnarled and brown; his loose denim overalls failed entirely to conceal his bulging thigh muscles; his hat was black, sweat-stained, without shape. Clothes nor hat nor clumsy shoes could blot out a suggestion of alert strength that came from every line in his figure; his jaw was heavy, and above it, like blued smallpox pits, showed powder scars.

He had followed hard-rock work since he was a man grown; he had toiled underground in many different places. He liked it. This handbill summoned him to his calling, confirmed what he had heard and read when he got sick of the soft Gulf breezes. He read it through, then rapped his pipe-bowl on the wall beside it and made his way, though slowly, with the air of one who has a definite purpose, along the crowded sidewalk. It was a mean street, flanked by mean wooden buildings, from many of whose fire-escapes soiled garments hung; open saloon doors gave forth the odor of stale beer on sawdust, dingy signs of cheap lodging-houses overhung the sidewalk, and at intervals the tarnished three balls of a pawnbroker. The people who gave way to the bulk of The Hard-Rock Man as he passed among them were as shabby as the street. He noticed neither men nor surroundings; his eye was on the signs as though he were searching for one among them. Finally he found it—hung over an employment office. He entered the place.

It was a dingy little room, by the side of the door a bench, facing it a counter topped by a wire netting, in the netting an arched window. On the bench a half-dozen men sat, rough-garbed, huge-limbed, silent. He took his place among them and waited his turn at the window. Finally it came, and he stood with his elbow crowded into its aperture, his face on his huge, brown hand looking straight into the eyes of a sallow clerk.

"I want to ship to Snowslide," he said.

The clerk looked at him and guessed wrong—"Laborer?" he asked.

"Naw—runner." The bass voice came scornful from the big chest.

The other accepted the emendation listlessly. "All right," he yawned. "Name?" When he had gotten it he handed The Hard-Rock Man a slip of blue paper bearing a number, and received in exchange a dollar. "We ship at 4:30," he sighed. "Give this to our man at the depot."

At 4:28 The Hard-Rock Man gave up the blue slip and boarded an emigrant coach near the front of the train. He dropped his heavy roll of blankets to the top of a pile on the floor beside the door, and found among the hard, wooden-backed seats one which was vacant. When the train pulled out a few moments later the car was full of men like himself, and the rumble of their deep voices rose with the roar of the wheels. He looked among the hard, rugged faces. Some were flecked, like his, with the blue of burned powder; others were twisted and marked by ragged scars. Stern lines of endurance cut them all, and with these lines on many were the deeper furrows of dissipation.

The majority had the long upper lip and the gray-blurred eyes of the Irish-American who follows "public works." Their bodies were big boned, big muscled, and the hands, gripping the arms of the seats or laid on the seat-backs before them, upraised to tilt back sweat-stained hats from seamed foreheads, or clenched in potent gestures, were heavy, gnarled, marked by great, swelling veins. Searching, he saw a face he knew, a thin face, a grizzle of beard beneath the chin, one eye gone. He rose and made his way down the aisle and, without a word of apology or of warning, he shoved his bulk into the seat which this passenger occupied alone. The one-eyed man whirled upon him, and as quickly moved aside to give him room.

"Where the —— ye been?" he demanded.

"Galveston breakwater," growled The Hard-Rock Man. "What kind av a job is this here?"

"I dunno; the company's doin' the wurrk wit' no contract; Murphy's superintendent, Gunnysack Murphy, an' he has a dozen av his ould gang wit' him frum the Chicago ditch; Tom Ryan's walker at the west portal—the wan we're shippin' fer."

"Tom Ryan? He never pulled hard rock."

"Never that I hear tell of; but he can drive men. An', man, d'ye remember him on that soft-ground job down in Alabama? He could make a steam shovel climb a tree."

The Hard-Rock Man was fumbling in his pocket for his pipe. He brought it forth empty. "Got the makin's av a smoke?" he demanded; "I'm clean." The one-eyed man tossed into his lap a package of black tobacco. "I blowed meself in El Paso," The Hard-Rock Man continued; "had to beat it to Seattle. I bummed enough there to ship on."

The other grinned so that it puckered odd wrinkles around his empty eye-socket. "I come from Denver," he chuckled, "after a lovely week, wit' three dollars an' six bits to start on, an' landed in Seattle wit' two av ut left I lost me hat goin' over Marshall Pass. Man—talk av wind, it like to blowed the hair aff me head."

The train was rocking with speed; around them rose the roar of heavy voices. Some one thrust a quart bottle of whisky between them; they drank, gaspingly, as though it were water and they were parched, and handed it back; they talked of their work, of tunnels long since driven, of jobs on which they had toiled together in far places; the drink began to warm within them, their voices grew louder, they argued

"'Twas the engineer's fault, I tell ye"—the one-eyed man hammered the seat-cushion with his fist—"fifty feet aff, they was, an' the two headin's clost together ——"

"I tell ye, no," growled The Hard-Rock Man. "Wasn't I workin' at the north portal that day—an' had been fer two months. An' fer three days back we'd heard the beat av their drills every shift. An' Old Johnson knew it. What did he care? Him gettin' more a yard than a conthractor iver got. There was men dyin' like flies that winter, frum the bad ground and the lung fever, an' most av the time us goin' a hundred foot ahead av the timbers. What did he care how clost we was? The beat av their drills in our ears, I tell ye! The headin' boss went to the walker that marnin'—I heard him say ut—an' he swore he'd not take in his shift again. Nor did he. They shot the other side just before noon. I was leanin' over the bench for a piece of the fourteen-foot steel, an' I thought some one had come up behind an' kicked me on over—till I come to meself in a dump-car wit' two dead men on top av me. Naw, 'twas "

He whirled, a belligerent fist upraised, as a big hand gripped his shoulder, and paused with the fist in air

"I thought ye was growin' grass a year back," he cried. "Some one tould me ye'd died on that White Pass an' Yukon job."

"Who the —— told ye that?" The newcomer was tall and gaunt and his face was lean, with a skin like leather. He sat on the arm of the seat and took from the hand of the one-eyed man a plug of chewing tobacco. He told of the rock on White Pass where the snow lies deep far into the summer, and of the rock in the Copper River country, where black-fir forests fringe blue-green glaciers, and the ice lies beneath the surface of the earth from year's-end to year's-end. And then the three of them talked of the living rock where palmettos grow and winter breezes are soft and warm.

The train climbed slowly up a steep grade. About them men laughed and sang and cursed; and, now and then, there was a fight; and some slept huddled on the wooden seats. The air was blue with the reek of the black pipes. The window-panes fogged before the haze. Occasionally, a brakeman hurried through, slamming the door behind him. None others came to them, nor did any of them leave the car. It was midnight when they arrived at the last stop, where the cañon boxed at the granite wall of the mountain, and they climbed out into the cool, clean night.

A lean-faced Scotchman sorted them out on the platform and billeted them to their bunk-houses. They picked their ways, through camp litter and among material piles, to a group of long, low buildings on the mountainside. In one of these The Hard-Rock Man paused and looked about him. Its interior was lined on three sides by rows of bunks two high; in the middle of the long, board-walled room stood a heater-stove, about it a number of lines, on these, steaming socks and undergarments; a single incandescent gave dim light near the stove; from the shadows beyond its yellow rays came the gasping breathing of many sleeping men. He found an empty bunk which suited him, threw down his heavy blanket-roll, unwrapped and spread the bedding, kicked off his shoes and outer garments and went at once to his rest, as one who has at last found home.

Rough-Garbed, Huge-Limbed, Silent

The next morning he rose with sixty others. On all sides huge, half-clad bodies lurched from the timbered bunks; great, hairy limbs thrust themselves into coarse garments; about a steaming sink near the stove a dozen giants soused their shaggy heads in running water. The Hard-Rock Man drew on a suit of tattered oilskins and a "squam" hat, stamped his feet into a pair of heavy rubber boots and went to face his shift boss. He found the foreman, in the office off the bunk-room, lowering his shaggy brows over his time-book, which looked as out of place in his thick fingers as did the pencil he held. When The Hard-Rock Man entered he raised his eyes over the edge of the little book; they were the steel-gray eyes of the fighting Irishman.

"Weren't ye on Butcher Preston's shift in that East River job?" he asked. The Hard-Rock Man nodded. "I remember ye," the shift boss went on; "ye was carried up the ladder the afternoon the river come in on ye."

A triangle clanged over at the cook-house; huge feet stamped toward the door of the bunk-room. "Ye'll take a column machine," said the boss; "I'm short av men in the headin'." He bent again to his time-book. The Hard-Rock Man started for the door.

"Say," the other called—The Hard-Rock Man stopped on the threshold—"whatever came of Butcher Preston, annyhow?"

The Hard-Rock Man tilted back his "squam" hat to scratch his head. "Seems to me I remember hearin' of him," he said. "Oh, yes, he's got a gang on that borax road goin' 'into Death Valley—soft-ground work," he added.

They breakfasted in the cook-house, sixty at one long table. They sat on benches; the food lay before them in great tin pans; the coffee steamed in tin cups; the clash of their knives and the champ of their jaws were terrific.

They streamed out into the sunshiny morning. Before them the camp lay—a litter of unpainted, wooden buildings; a tall-stacked, red power-house; a long, gray dump, thrusting itself from the black tunnel-mouth down along the cañon-bed; lumber-piles along the upper dump; among the quarters heaps of tin cans, glistening in the sunshine; on either side the mountains, sheer-walled, black with mantling hemlocks, scarred by snowslides and by granite cliffs, frowned heavily upon the desecration.

The shift picked their way across the dump, a black-clad company of giants. They gathered at the blacksmith-shop platform, where two "nipper-boys" loaded the sharpened steel on a string of muck-cars. The long drills clanged as they fell; within the shop hammers clanked and red flakes flew from beside a flaming forge; on the platform the men lit their pipes; many of the runners carried with them huge monkey-wrenches; here and there a black-garbed giant bore a macelike chuck-wrench. The shift boss hurried up behind them, his watch in his hand. "All in!" he shouted, still at a distance. They clambered into the string of dump-cars, a brake was released, and, as the train started down the grade, an electric locomotive coupled on behind. It lurched forward and rumbled into blackness, then flew through dense gloom; dripping walls echoed with fearful loudness the roar of the wheels; dank air swept by, a steady gale. The Hard-Rock Man, leaning forward where he crouched in the gritty car, took deep breaths and it tasted good to him. Ahead came a glimmer of light; the engine uncoupled; the train hurtled beneath a string of incandescent lamps toward a menacing mass of timbers and a sheer rock wall—near, nearer—there was a jolt of lessened speed—some one had thrown himself upon the brake lever—the sixty men leaped out. Meeting them, as they clambered up the bench, sixty others, oilskin-clad, their faces black with oil, hurried toward the portal—the outgoing shift.

They fell upon their toil in the centre of the mountain; over their heads two thousand feet of living rock. From its seams water dripped upon them; its walls gleamed moist in the lamplight. In this chamber fourteen air drills bellowed and thundered. The granite shook with their reverberations; and men made signs for speech.

It was a cavern, some fifty feet long, filled with madly-toiling men and these plunging, air-driven engines. It menaced—above, beside, beneath with terrible action and terrific din. Down its middle stretched a plank runway and along this, steadily, without ceasing, a line of sweating men wheeled barrows of broken rock—the "muck." From the vents of the drills half-frozen air rose foglike; and through this mist the incandescents on roof and sides showed huge and yellow

Nearest the portal was the "jumbo," a great, movable platform through which the "muckers" dumped their barrow-loads to cars beneath. Then came the bench, a fourteen-foot rock wall, extending half-way from the tunnel floor to its ceiling. On its summit six tripod drills worked in a series of staccato explosions. Here the overhead timbering stopped, and the fifty-foot interval of bare, granite roof began; then the heading, the extreme front of the great bore, the van of the attack upon the mountain.

Clamped on columns of iron, eight great Burley machines pounded the face of the heading. Theirs was the bulk of the mighty roar of the place, the depth of the pulsing thunder. Two on a column, one four feet above the other, the columns a scant three feet apart, they battered the living rock; from their whistling vents the escaping air came in frozen chunks and thick, gray fog. Among them, under the plunging steel drills, so close to the dashing chucks that it seemed these must tear their faces, The Hard-Rock Man and the seven other runners bent and straightened. As they toiled the machines spat oil upon them, and the holes in the heading's breast spurted gritty muck, until their features grew black.

At times a drill stuck obstinately at a slip or fault in the rock, and when this happened the runner fell fiercely upon it, beating it with an iron bar, as though it were a living thing, his face aflame with passion, opening his mouth to curses which fell silent in the din of troubled sounds.

Where he crouched at the foot of his column The Hard-Rock Man was directly beneath the upper machine, less than three feet from the machine beside him, whose frozen exhaust struck his cheek. From the thunder of these engines he picked the bellowing of his own, and segregated this into its thousand sounds, hearkening to each of these to see that it rang true. His face was set to

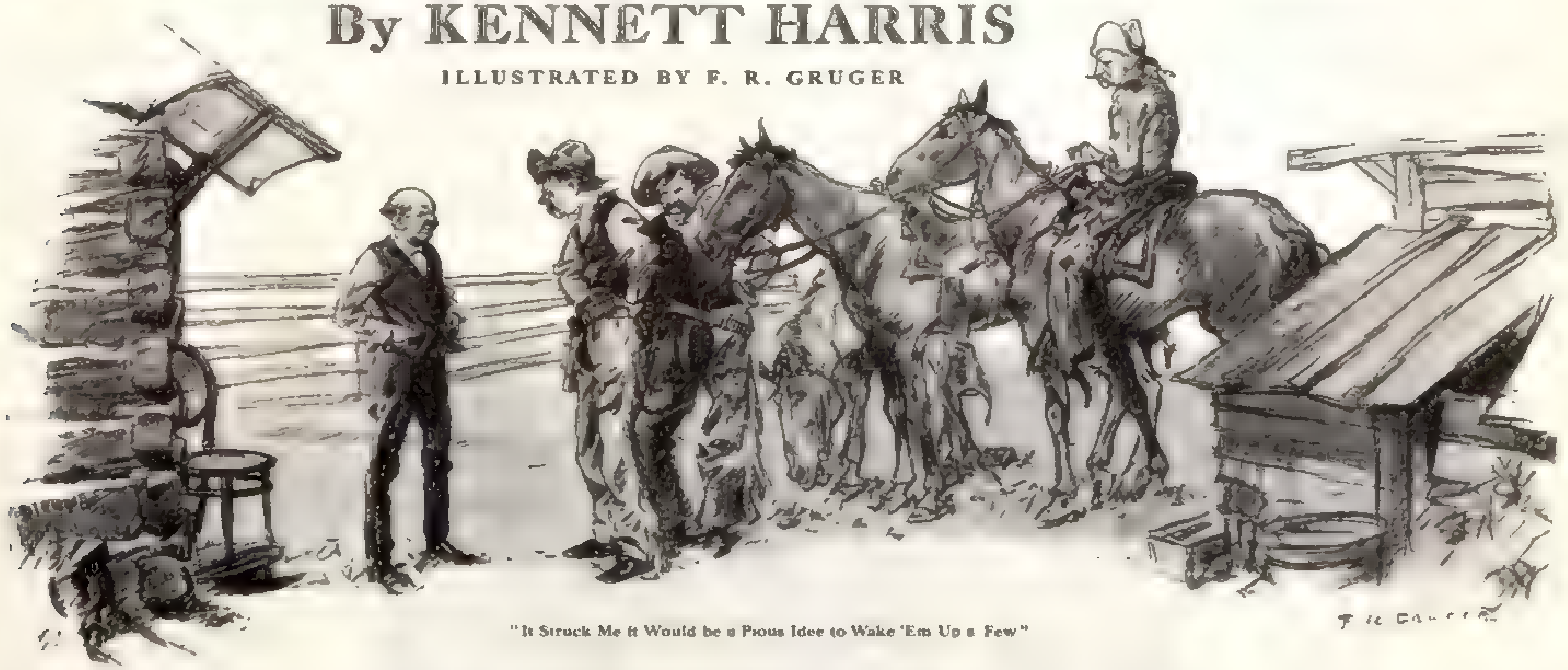
(Continued on Page 26)

A BLOW TO TINTERTON

How a Harmonious Arrangement was Effected With False Notes

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"It Struck Me it Would be a Pious Idee to Wake 'Em Up a Few"

"YOU boys ought to know your own business best," said the stock-tender, "but if I'd been paid off and was wishful for to permeate my system with barbwire budge, and waste lung power and cattridges, I'd pick some other burgerine for the scene of the riot. Fork off to Tow String or Bigby, but let Tinterton sleep on in peace. It's sure injudicious to inaugurate festivities there right now."

"For why, Buddy?" asked Rickey Stevens, leader of the four intending revelers from the Flying V. "It struck me it would be a pious idee to wake 'em up a few."

"Crary was telling me about it," replied the stock-tender. "Seems like they've had a desperate bank robber in jail there and he's got out and dispersed himself in the direction of Omaha. Mr. Marshal Plimsoll has been oiling up his six gun ever since, the city attorney's studying up maximums and *corpus derelicti* all his spare time, and the mayor puts in most of his time in Throop's hardware store biting the heads off tenpenny nails. I don't say that you-all would be in jeopardy as long as you hung together and kept reasonably sober; but if them gazabos do gather you in, you'll get a life sentence at Sioux Falls and no discount off for cash.

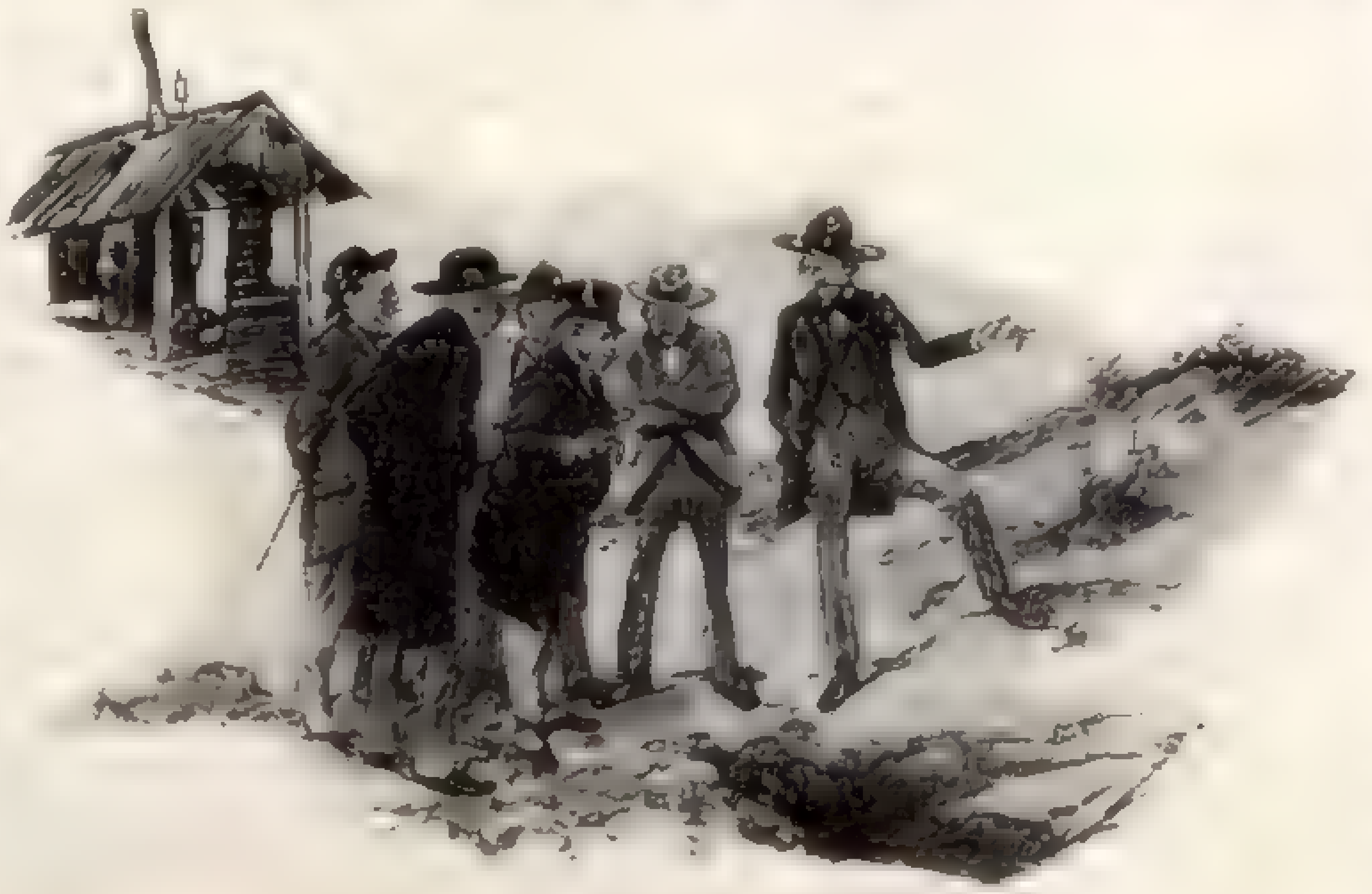
"You see, there was aggravating and disgusting circumstances attending the crime," the stock-tender went on to explain. "When a town like Tinterton gets its hopes resurrected and raised 'way up yander, and then has 'em knocked flat and killed and buried and the grave stomped down and sodded up, it busts the old wounds right open. There ain't no worse deal than a bobtailed flush, to my mind. When you're scraping the bottom of the sugar barrel and somebody fogs along and offers you a gypsum works and a mica mill and a cheese factory and a market for all the sandstone rock you've got, and then fades away on Number 3 East like the mist of the morning, Loreena, it's a heap discouraging.

"It was one of them Eastern capitalists that done it. He floated off the westbound last Thursday week with a gold-mounted suitcase or two and a diamond-studded, alligator-skin bag that he was particular choice of. He wore nice, little, dinky, gray sideboards and a double chin, creases in his panties, yaller gloves and gold-trimmed eyeglasses. He was sure an imposing spectacle, if you want to take Crary's word for it. He went over to the Palace Hotel and Pete gave him the bridal chamber on sight. G. Vinyoop Winterbotham, Omaha, was his registration, and, in the course of some affable conversations with Pete, he let it leak out that he had a bunch of money that had got into idle habits, to say nothing of a forty-ox-team drag on Jimmie Hill, Johnny Rockefeller and Pierp Morgan and a whole lot of them flossy ducks.

"Then he begun inquiring casual into the causes of Tinterton's comatoseness. He allowed that it must be because there wasn't no natural resources beyond buffalo grass and sagebrush for it to fall back upon. Pete explained to him that he was in error and full of misinformation and prunes if he thought that the Tinterton country wasn't the richest section on the face of the globe.

"'How do you mean, rich?' asks Mr. Vinyoop Winterbotham.

"'You come around here with me,' says Pete, and he takes him up to the ladies' parlor where the specimen cabinet is and begun to pelt him with rocks and school of mines language. In ten minutes he had Mr. Winterbotham pulling on his whiskers and avaricious gleams in both eyes. To clinch matters he sent for Colonel Ellwith and Judge Brownlee and Doc Sternett and Billy McCarthy, and they lit in and told about everything in the line of natural resources that Pete had forgot to mention. To prove that it wasn't baseless fabrications they drove him out and showed him spots that was chuck full of gypsum and coal and silver and mineral paint and natural gas anywheres from ten to a hundred foot underground. They showed him dumps and they showed him prospect holes and they showed him official figures and affidavits. They had him trembling with excitement. He tried to hide it, but he just couldn't help letting them see that he thought he had struck the opportunity of a lifetime.



They Had Him Trembling With Excitement

"When he come back from the last trip he went to the bank and had a long talk with President Billy McCarthy. He believed everything, but he couldn't understand why the bank hadn't advanced the necessary capital to develop the resources, taking mortgages on the dumps as security. Billy had to show him how little real money the bank had before his suspicions was removed.

"In the mean time Pete had been hefting the alligator-skin bag and the suitcases, and he gave it out that they was full of gold coin of the United States, and everybody in Tinterton that had a natural resource and no financial resources wanted to meet Mr. Winterbotham.

"Dick Plimsoll, the marshal—same person who's going to crawl your humps, gentlemen, if you give him a show—Dick was introduced to Mr. Winterbotham in the hotel office and went away licking his lips. He met him again in the Stockmen's National.

"The second meeting took place at two-thirty A. M., and was sort of promiscuous and unpremeditated. Mr. Winterbotham was engaged in drilling a hole in the door of the vault when Dick snook up behind him in his stocking feet and poked the open end of his .38 Colt's under his nose and asked him to raise his hands out of harm's way. Dick spoke rather rough, not recognizing Mr. Winterbotham, owing to the fact that the capitalist was attired in greasy overalls and a fatigued-looking hat and had his face covered with a red-spotted handkerchief with peepholes cut in it. 'Hands up!' says Dick.

"'With pleasure,' says G. Vinyoop. 'My feet, too, if you insist. But I would like to ask you to take that piece of ordnance a little farther away from me. The smell of the grease on the cattridges is very disagreeable.'

"Then Dick twitched away the handkerchief and seen who it was.

"'What are you doing here?' he asks.

"'I shall be happy to elucidate, my friend,' says Mr. Winterbotham. 'I am troubled with insomnia and my physician has recommended me to take a little walk—and anything else that I thought would be beneficial—when I had an attack of it. I wandered forth—I never saw such wonderful moonlight. Lovely, ain't it?—and as I passed here it occurred to me that it would be a good idea to test the security of the vault, as I intended making a heavy deposit. I am afraid, I am very much afraid, that there are weak points about it.'

"'There's a few in your story,' says Dick. 'I guess I'll have to deposit you in the cooler and let you test the security of that.'"

"He was sure imprudent," observed Stevens. "Bronk Wimlet cut his way out of that rotten little shoe-box last beef round-up with nothing but his jackknife."

"I know," said the stock-tender. "Well, they started out, Dick with his cannon chafing Mr. G. Vinyoop's spine as they went. As they passed Mayor Colonel President Ellwith's house Mr. Winterbotham got Dick to stop and bring him out for a pow-wow. They woke him up at last and the three of 'em made medicine on the porch in low, hoarse whispers for quite a spell. Finally, Ellwith gives directions to Dick to convey Mr. Winterbotham to the calaboose. 'I'll round up the rest and bring 'em over just as soon as I can get on the necessary garments,' he says. 'I don't think that there ought to be any difficulty.'

"In the course of about half an hour, Judge Brownlee, Billy McCarthy, Doc Sternett, Pete, young Rebeck, the city attorney, Dick Plimsoll, Colonel Ellwith and Mr. G. Vinyoop Winterbotham was gathered together in the cooler. Hizzoner opened the proceedings.

"'Gentlemen,' he says, 'I've called you over here to discuss a little matter of business. Our esteemed friend here, Mr. Winterbotham, has important affairs demanding his instant presence elsewhere, and he is anxious to depart on Number 3, which is due in forty minutes. I don't think I need to say how sorry we shall be to see him go, but Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and half a loaf beats no bread all to thunder. Mr. Winterbotham during his stay in our little hamlet has been greatly impressed by its future prospects and its marvelous natural resources. He has about him what might be termed a "bundle," in yallerback Treasury notes, amounting to twelve hundred dollars. I believe that is correct, Mr. Winterbothum?'

"'Perfectly correct, Colonel Ellwith,' says G. Vinyoop, lighting a cigar and tapping his breast pocket.

"'A large part of that sum Mr. Winterbotham wishes to invest at once in some of our local enterprises,' resumes the Colonel. 'That is his apology, he wishes me to say, for summoning you at this early hour. He is a gentleman who acts promptly and with decision in business matters, and when he sees a glittering chance he grabs it, whether it comes at high noon or darkest midnight. He attributes much of his success in life to the consistent observance of that rule.'

"'Get down to cases, Jim,' says Doc Sternett.

"'I will,' says Ellwith. 'Mr. Winterbotham wishes to put a hundred and fifty into Judge Brownlee's Star of the West Gypsum Company, a hundred and fifty into Doc Sternett's Consolidated Mineral Paint Association, a hundred and fifty dollars into the Billy McCarthy Mica Mine, a hundred and fifty into Pete's Palace Hotel stock, a hundred and fifty into Dick's oil well, a hundred and fifty into Mr. Rebeck's sandstone quarry, and he desires to purchase an option on a block in the Ellwith Addition to the City of Tinterton for the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars to me in hand paid. I repeat that this is to be a spot cash deal, and Mr. Winterbotham agrees to leave the details of the transfers to us, being in haste. Now, what do you gentlemen say?'

"They all looked at one another and grinned like a pack of coyotes around a dying cow.

"'There was a little circumstance occurred in the bank a while ago which might be misconstrued by the ungenerous and suspicious,' says the Colonel; 'but I am of the opinion that we might accept Mr. Winterbotham's explanation of that. What do you think?'

"They all thought so, and G. Vinyoop got up and pulled a wad of nice, crisp, new bills on them. 'My friends,' he says, 'it gives me much pleasure to testify even in this trivial way to my faith in your beautiful and progressive city and to express my appreciation of the sterling character and up-to-date broad-mindedness of its citizens and public officials. We will now proceed to what is technically called the whack-up. I would like to leave this all with you, but I have to reserve an equal proportion for traveling expenses.'

"So they whacked up, following which Mr. Winterbotham climbed aboard the train with his baggage and was wafted away."

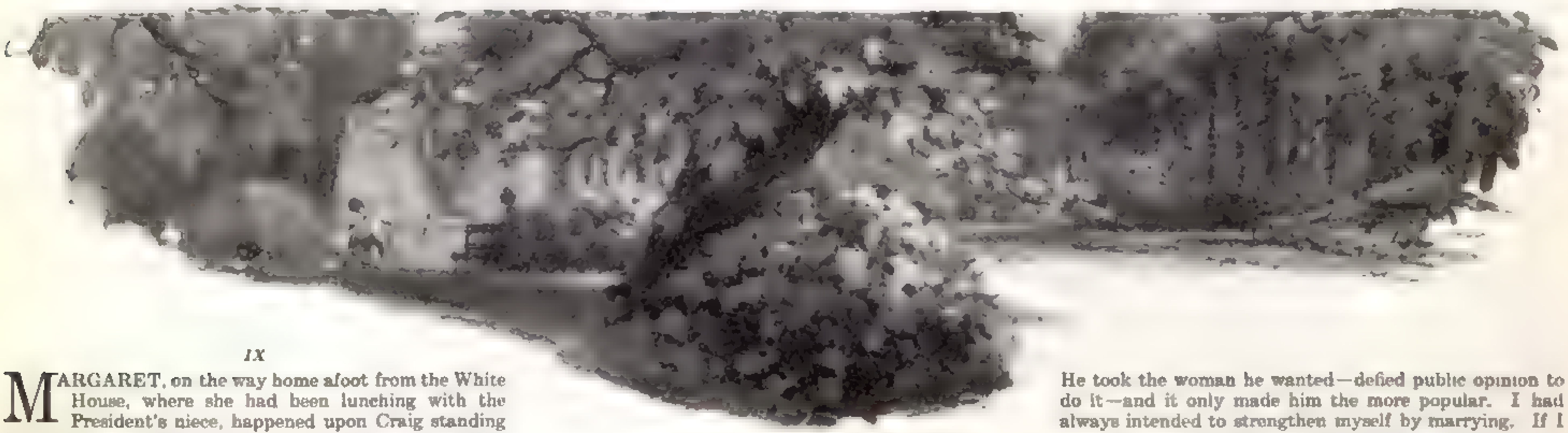
"Then where does their kick come in?" asked Stevens. "Seems to me that was a tidal wave o' prosperity."

"Not excessively," explained the stock-tender blandly "You see, them bills was in hundreds, and in making the divvy they dug up fifty dollars in real, genuine money that there wasn't no doubt about, and let G. Vinyoop Winterbotham have it with one of his own hundred-dollar bills."

The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL AND H. C. WALL



IX

MARGARET, on the way home afoot from the White House, where she had been lunching with the President's niece, happened upon Craig standing with his hands behind his back before the statue of Jackson. He was gazing up at the fierce old face with an expression so animated that passers-by were smiling broadly. She thought he was wholly absorbed; but when she was about half-way across his range of vision he hailed her. "I say, Miss Severence!" he cried loudly.

She flushed with annoyance. But she halted, for she knew that if she did not he would only shout at her and make a scene.

"I'll walk with you," said he, joining her when he saw that she had no intention of moving toward him.

"Don't let me draw you from your devotions," protested she. "I'm just taking a car, anyhow."

"Then I'll ride home with you and walk back. I want to talk with a woman—a sensible woman—not easy to find in this town."

Margaret was disliking him, his manner was so offensively familiar and patronizing—and her plans concerning him made her contemptuous of herself, and therefore resentful against him. "I'm greatly flattered," said she.

"No, you're not. But you ought to be. I suppose if you,had met that old chap on the pedestal there when he was my age you'd have felt toward him much as you do toward me."

"And I suppose he'd have been just about as much affected by it as you are."

"Just about. It was a good idea, planting his statue there to warn the fellow that happens to be in the White House not to get too cultured. You know it was because the gang that was in got too refined and forgot whom this country belonged to that old Jackson was put in office. The same thing will happen again."

"And you'll be the person?" suggested Margaret with a smile of raillery.

"If I show I'm fit for the job," replied Craig soberly. It was the first time she had ever heard him admit a doubt about himself. "The question is," he went on, "have I got the strength of character and the courage? . . . What do you think?"

"I don't know anything about it," said Margaret with polite indifference. "There comes my car. I'll not trouble you to accompany me." She put out her hand. "Good-by." She did not realize it, or intend it, but she had appealed to one of his powerful instincts, a powerful instinct in all predatory natures—the instinct to pursue whatever seems to be flying.

He shook his head at the motorman, who was bringing the car to a halt; the car went on. He stood in front of her. Her color was high, but she could not resist the steady compulsion of his eyes. "I told you I wanted to talk with you," said he. "Do you know why I was standing before that statue?"

"I do not," Margaret answered coldly.

"I was trying to get the courage to ask you to be my wife."

She gave a queer laugh. "Well, you seem to have got what you sought," said she. He had, as usual, taken her wholly unawares.

"Not so fast," replied Craig. "I haven't asked you yet."

Margaret did not know whether she most wished to laugh or to burst out in anger. "I'm sure I don't care anything about it one way or the other," said she.

"Why say those insincere things—to *me?*" he urged. She had begun to walk and he was keeping pace with her. "Jackson," he proceeded, "was a man of absolute courage. He took the woman he wanted—defied public opinion to do it—and it only made him the more popular. I had always intended to strengthen myself by marrying. If I married you I'd weaken myself politically, while if I married some Western girl, some daughter of the people, I'd make a great popular stroke."

"Well—do it, then," said Margaret. "By all means."

"Oh, but there's you," exclaimed Craig. "What'd I do about you?"

"That's true," said Margaret mockingly. "But what am I to stand between a man and ambition?"

"I say that to myself," replied Craig. "But it's no use." His eyes thrilled her, his voice seemed to melt her dislike, her resolve, as he said: "There you are, and there you stay, Margaret. And you're not at all fit to be my wife. You haven't been brought up right. You ought to marry some man like Grant. He's just the man for you. Why did you ever fall in love with me?"

She stopped short, stared at him in sheer amazement. "I!" exclaimed she. "I—in love with *you!*"

He halted before her. "Margaret," he said tenderly, "can you deny it?"

She flushed; hung her head. The indignant denial died upon her lips.

He sighed. "You see, it is fate," said he. "But I'll manage it somehow. I'll win out in spite of any, of every handicap."

She eyed him furtively. Yes, if she wished to make a marriage of ambition she could not do better. All Washington was laughing at him, but she felt she had penetrated beneath the surface that excited their mirth—had seen qualities that would carry him wherever he wished to go—wherever she, with her own will, wished him to go.

"And," pursued he, "I'm far too rough and coarse for you—you, the quintessence of aristocracy."

She flushed with double delight—delight at this flattery and the deeper delight a woman feels when a man shows her the weakness in himself by which she can reach and rule him.

"I'm always afraid of offending your delicacy," he went fatuously on. "You're the only person I ever felt that way about. Absolutely the only one. But you've got to expect that sort of thing in a man who prevails in such a world as this. When men get too high-toned and aristocratic, too fussy about manners and dress, along come real men to ride them down and under. But I'll try to be everything you wish—to you. Not to the others. That would defeat our object; for I'm going to take my wife high—very high."

Yes, he would indeed take her high—very high. Now that what she wanted, what she must have, was offering, how could she refuse? They were crossing another square of green. He drew—almost dragged—her into one of the by-paths, seized her in his arms, kissed her passionately. "I can't resist you—I can't!" he cried.

"Don't—don't!" she murmured, violently agitated. "Some one might see!"

"Some one is seeing, no doubt," he said. And, despite her protests and struggles, she was again in those savage arms of his, was again shrinking and burning and trembling under his caresses. She flung herself away, sank upon a bench, burst out crying.

"What is it, Margaret?" he begged, alarmed, yet still looking as if he would seize her again.

"I don't know—I don't know," she replied.

Once more she tried to tell him that she did not love him, but the words would not come. She felt that he would not believe her; indeed, she was not sure of her own heart, of the meaning of those unprecedented emotions that had risen under his caresses, and that stirred at the memory of them. "Perhaps I am trying to love him," she said to herself. "Anyhow, I must marry him. I can trifle with my future no longer. I must be free of this slavery to grandmother. I must be free. He can free me, and I can manage him, for he is afraid of me."

"Did I hurt you?" Craig was asking.

She nodded.

"I am so sorry," he exclaimed. "But when I touched you I forgot—everything!"

She smiled gently at him. "I didn't dream you cared for me," she said.

He laughed with a boisterousness that irritated her. "I'd never have dared tell you," replied he, "if I hadn't seen that you cared for me."

Her nerves winced, but she contrived to make her tone passable as she inquired: "Why do you say that?"

"Oh—the day in the garden—the day I came pleading for Grant. I saw it in your eyes —— You remember."

Margaret could not imagine what he had misinterpreted so flatteringly to himself. But what did it matter? How like ironic fate, to pierce him with a chance shaft when all the shafts she had aimed had gone astray!

She was startled by his seizing her again. At his touch she flamed. "Don't!" she cried imperiously. "I don't like it!"

He laughed, held her the more tightly, kissed her half a dozen times squarely upon the lips. "Not that tone to me," said he. "I shall kiss you when I please."

She was furiously angry; but again her nerves were trembling, were responding to those caresses, and, even as she hated him for violating her lips, she longed for him to continue to violate them. She started up. "Let us go," she cried.

He glanced at his watch. "I'll have to put you in a car," said he. "I forgot all about my appointment." And he fumed with impatience while she was adjusting her hat and veil, pushed awry by his boisterous love-making. "It's the same old story," he went on. "Woman weakens man. You are a weakness with me—one that will cost me dear."

She burned with a sense of insult. She hated him, longed to pour out denunciations, to tell him just what she thought of him. She felt a contempt for herself deeper than her revulsion against him. In silence she let him hurry her along to a car, she scarcely heard what he was saying—his tactless, angry outburst against himself and her for his tardiness at that important appointment. She dropped into the seat with a gasp of relief. She felt she must—for form's sake—merely for form's sake—glance out of the window for the farewell he would be certain to expect; she must do her part, now that she had committed herself. She glanced; he was rushing away, with never a backward look—or thought. It was her crowning humiliation. "I'll make him pay for all this, some day!" she said to herself, shaking with anger, her grandmother's own temper raging cyclonically within her.

X

HER mood, outraged against Craig, sullenly determined to marry him, angry with her relatives, her mother no less than her grandmother, because they were driving her to these desperate measures—this mood persisted, became intenser, more imperious in its demand for a sacrifice as the afternoon wore on. When Grant Arkwright came, toward six o'clock, she welcomed him, the first comer bringing her the longed-for chance to discharge the vials of her wrath. And she noted with pleasure that he, too, was in a black humor. Before she could begin he burst forth.

"What's this that Josh Craig has been telling me? He seems to have gone stark mad!"

Margaret eyed him with icy disdain. "If there is any quality that can be called the most repulsive," said she, "it is treachery. You've fallen into a way of talking of your friend Craig behind his back that's most unworthy—perhaps not of you, but certainly of the person you pose as being."

"Did you propose to him this afternoon?" demanded Grant.

Margaret grew cold from head to foot. "Does he say I did?" she succeeded in articulating.

"He does. He was so excited that he jumped off a car and held me an hour telling me, though he was late for one of those important conferences he's always talking about."

Margaret had chosen her course. "Did he ask you to run and tell me he had told you?" inquired she, with the vicious gleam of a vicious temper in her fine hazel eyes.

"No," admitted Grant. "I suppose I've no right to tell you. But it was such an *infernal* lie."

"Did you tell him so?"

Arkwright grew red.

"I see you did not," said Margaret. "I knew you did not. Now, let me tell you, I don't believe Craig said anything of the kind. A man who'd betray a friend is quite capable of lying about him."

"Margaret! Rita Severence!" Grant started up, set down his teacup, stood looking down at her, his face white to the lips. "Your tone is not jest; it is insult."

"It was so intended." Margaret's eyes were upon him, her grandmother's own favorite expression in them. Now that she was no longer a matrimonial offering she felt profoundly indifferent to eligible men, rejoiced in her freedom to act toward them as she wished. "I do not permit any one to lie to me about the man I have engaged to marry."

"What!" shouted Grant. "It was *true?*"

"Go out into the garden and try to calm yourself, Grant," said the girl haughtily. "And if you can't, why—take yourself off home. And don't come back until you are ready to apologize."

"Rita, why didn't you give me a hint? I'd have married you myself. I'm willing to do it. . . . Rita, will you marry me?"

Margaret leaned back upon the sofa and laughed until his blood began to run alternately hot and cold.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I did not realize how it sounded. Only—you know how things are with our sort of people. And, as men go, I can't help knowing I'm what's called a catch, and that you're looking for a suitable husband. . . . As it's apparently a question of him or me, and as you've admitted you got him by practically proposing . . . Hang it all, Rita, I want you, and I'm not going to let such a man as he is have you. I never dreamed you'd bother with him seriously or I'd not have been so slow."

Margaret was leaning back, looking up at him. "I've sunk even lower than I thought," she said, bringing to an end the painful silence which followed this speech.

"What do you mean, Rita?"

She laughed cynically, shrugged her shoulders. First, Craig's impudent assumption that she loved him, and his rude violation of her lips; now this frank insolence of insult, the more savage that it was unconscious—and from the oldest and closest of her men friends.

If one did not die under such outrages, but continued to live and let live, one could save the situation only by laughing. So, Margaret laughed—and Arkwright shivered.

"Don't, Rita!" he cried. "I'd not have believed that lips so young and fresh as yours could utter such a cynical sound."

She looked at him with disdainful, derisive eyes. "It's fortunate for me that I have a sense of humor," said she. "And for you," she added.

"But I am in earnest, I mean it—every word I said."

"That's just it," replied she. "You meant it—every word."

"You will marry me?"

"I will not."

"Why?"

"For several reasons. For instance, I happen to be engaged to another man."

"That is—nothing." He snapped his fingers.

She elevated her brows. "Nothing?"

"He'd not keep his promise to you if —— In fact, he was debating with me whether or not he'd back down."

"Either what you say is false," said she evenly, "or you are betraying the confidence of a friend who trusted in your honor."

"Oh, he said it, all right. You know how he is about confidences."

"No matter."

Margaret rose slowly, a gradual lifting of her long, supple figure. Grant, watching, wondered why he had never before realized that the charm of her beauty was irresistible. "Where were my eyes?" he asked himself. "She's beyond any of the women I've wasted so much time on."

She was saying with quiet deliberateness: "A few days ago, Grant, I'd have jumped at your offer—to be perfectly frank. Why shouldn't I be frank! I'm sick of cowardly pretenses and lies. I purpose henceforth to be myself—almost." A look within and a slightly derisive smile. "Almost. I shall hesitate and trifle no longer. I shall marry your friend Craig."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," raged Arkwright. "If you make it necessary I'll tell him why you're marrying him."

"You may do as you like about that," replied she. "He'll probably understand why you are trying to break off our engagement."

"You're very confident of your power over him," taunted he.

She saw again Craig's face as he was kissing her. "Very," replied she.

"You'll see. It's a mere physical attraction."

She smiled tantalizingly, her long body displayed against the window-casing, her long, round arms bare below the elbows, her hazel eyes and sensuous lips alluring. "You, yourself, never thought of proposing to me until I had made myself physically attractive to you," said she. "Now—have I power over you, or not?"

She laughed as his color mounted, and the look she had seen in Craig's eyes blazed out in his.

"How little physical charm you have for me," she went on. "Beside Craig you're like an electric fan in competition with a storm-wind. Now, Craig ——" She closed her eyes and drew a long breath.

Arkwright gnawed his lip. "What a—a *devil you are!*" he exclaimed.

"I wonder why it is a woman never becomes desirable to some men until they find she's desired elsewhere," she went on reflectively. "What a lack of initiative. What timidity. What an absence of originality. If I had nothing else against you, Grant, I'd never forgive you for having been so long blind to my charms—you and these other men of our set who'll doubtless be clamorous now."

"If you'd been less anxious to please," suggested he bitterly, "and more courageous about being your own real self, you'd not have got yourself into this mess."

"Ah—but that wasn't my fault," replied she absently. "It was the fault of my training. Ever since I can remember I've been taught to be on my guard, lest the men shouldn't like me." In her new freedom she looked back tranquilly upon the struggle she was at last emancipated from, and philosophized about it. "What a mistake mothers make in putting worry about getting a husband into their daughters' heads. Believe me, Grant, that dread makes wretched what ought to be the happiest time of a girl's life."

"Rita," he pleaded, "stop this nonsense, and say you'll marry me."

"No, thanks," said she. "I've chosen. And I'm well content."

She gave him a last tantalizing look and went out on the veranda, to go along it to the outdoor stairway. Arkwright gazed after her through a fierce conflict of emotions. Was she really in earnest? Could it be possible that Josh Craig had somehow got a hold over her? "Or, is it that she doesn't trust me, thinks I'd back down if she were to throw him over and rely on me?" No, there was something positively for Craig in her tone and expression. She was really intending to marry him. Grant shuddered. "If she only realized what marrying a man of that sort means!" he exclaimed, half aloud. "But she doesn't. Only a woman who has been married can appreciate what sort of a hell for sensitive nerves and refined tastes marriage can be made."

"Ah—Mr. Arkwright!"

At this interruption in a woman's voice—the voice he disliked and dreaded above all others—he startled and turned to face old Madam Bowker in rustling black silk, with haughty casque of gray-white hair and ebon staff carried firmly well forward. Grant bowed. "How d'ye do, Mrs. Bowker?" said he with respectful deference. What he would have thought was the impossible had come to pass. He was glad to see her. "She'll put an end to this nonsense—this nightmare," said he to himself.

Madam Bowker had Williams, the butler, and a maidservant in her train. She halted, gazed round the room; she pointed with the staff to the floor a few feet from the window and a little back. "Place my chair there," commanded she.

The butler and the maid hastened to move a large carved and gilded chair to the indicated spot. Madam Bowker seated herself with much ceremony.

"Now," said she, "we will rearrange the room. Bring that sofa from the far corner to the other side of this window, and put the tea-table in front of it. Put two chairs where the sofa was; arrange the other chairs —— ' And she indicated the places with her staff.

While the room was still in confusion Mrs. Severence entered. "What is it, Mamma?" she asked.

"Simply trying to make this frightful room a little less frightful."

"Don't you think the pictures should be rehung to suit the new arrangement, ma'am?" suggested Arkwright.

Madam Bowker, suspicious of jest, looked sharply at him. He seemed serious.

"You are right," said she.

"But people will be coming in a few minutes," pleaded Roxana.

"Then to-morrow," said Madam Bowker reluctantly. "That will do, Williams—that will do, Betty. And Betty, you must go at once and make yourself neat. You've had on that cap two days."

"No, indeed, ma'am!" protested Betty.

"Then it must have been badly done up. Roxana, how can you bear to live in such a slovenly way?"

"Will you have tea now, Mamma?" was Roxana's diplomatic reply.

"Yes," answered the old lady.

"Tea, Mr. Arkwright?"

"Thanks, no, Mrs Severence. I'm just going. I merely looked in to—to congratulate Rita."

Madam Bowker clutched her staff. "To congratulate my granddaughter? Upon what, pray?"

Arkwright simulated a look of surprise. "Upon her engagement "

"Her *what?*" demanded the old lady, while Roxana sat holding a lump of sugar suspended between bowl and cup.

"Her engagement to Josh Craig."

"No such thing!" declared the old lady instantly. "Really, sir, it is disgraceful that *my* granddaughter's name should be associated in *any* connection with such a person."

Here Margaret entered the room by the French windows by which she had left.

She advanced, slowly and gracefully, amid a profound silence. Just as she reached the tea-table her grandmother said in a terrible voice: "Margaret!"

"Yes, Grandmother," responded Margaret smoothly, without looking at her.

"Mr. Arkwright here has brought in a scandalous story about your being engaged to that—that Josh person—the clerk in one of the departments. Do you know him?"

"Yes, Grandma. But not very well."

Madam Bowker glanced triumphantly at Arkwright; he was gazing amazedly at Margaret.

"You see, Grant," said Roxana, with her foolish, pleasant laugh, "there is nothing in it."

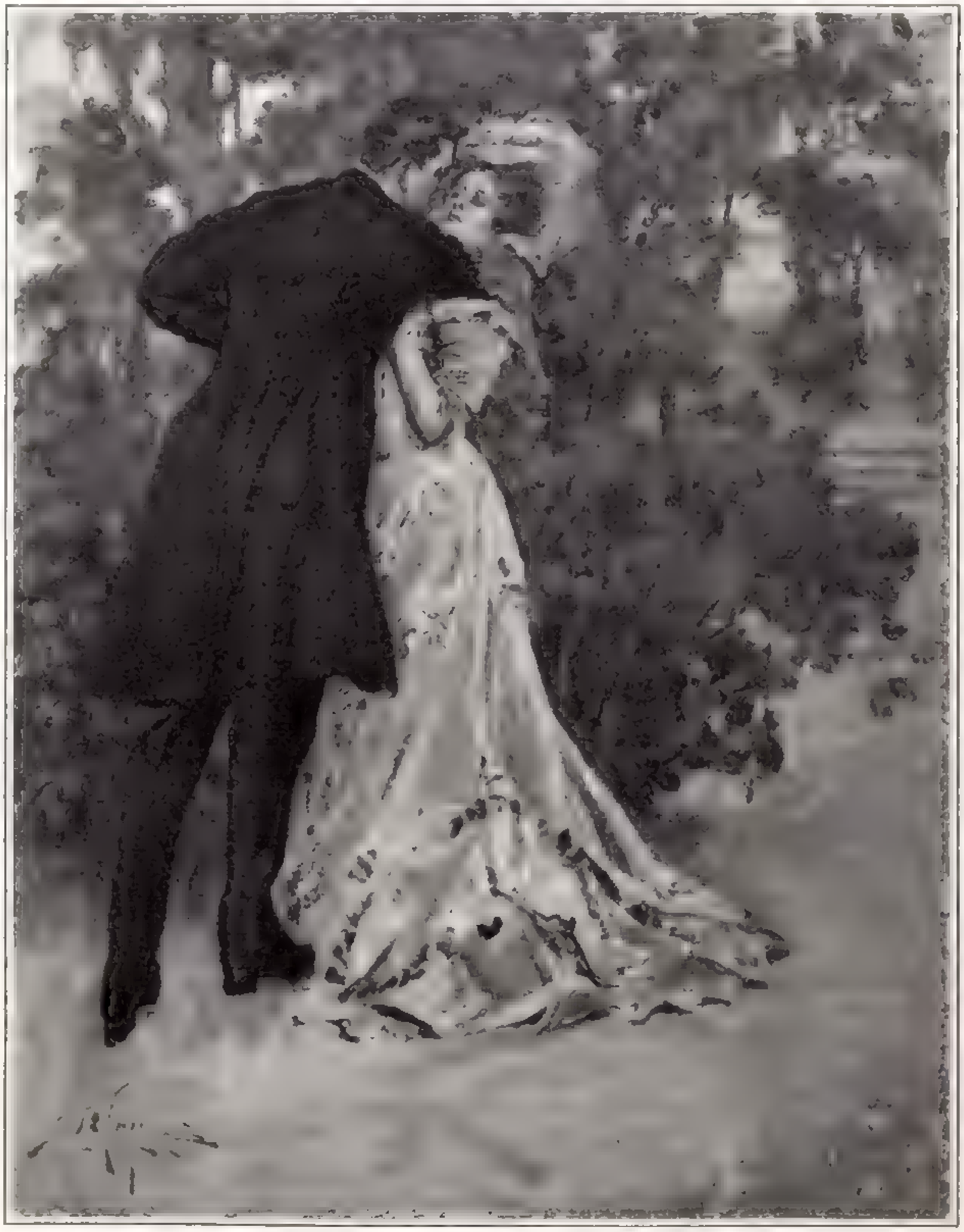
"In what?" asked Margaret innocently, emptying the hot water from her cup.

"In the story of your engagement, dear," said her mother.

"Oh, yes, there is," replied Margaret with a smiling lift of her brows.

"It's quite true."

Then, suddenly drawing herself up, she wheeled on Grant with a frown as terrible as her grandmother's own. "Be off!" she said imperiously.



"Don't—Don't!" She Murmured. "Some One Might See!"

Arkwright literally shrank from the room. As he reached the door he saw her shiver and heard her mutter, "Reptile!"

XI

IN THE midst of profound hush Madam Bowker was charging her heavy artillery, to train it upon and demolish the engagement certainly, and probably Margaret, too. Just as she was about to open fire, callers were ushered in. As luck had it they were the three Stillwater girls, hastily made-over Westerners, dressed with great show of fashion in what purported to be imported French hats and gowns. An expert eye, however, would instantly have pierced the secret of this formidable array of plumes and furbelows. The Stillwaters fancied they had exquisite taste and real genius in the art of dress. Those hats were made at home, were adaptations of the imported hats—adaptations of the kind that "see" the original and "go it a few better." As for the dresses, the Stillwaters had found one of those treasures dear to a certain kind of woman, had found a "woman just round the corner, and not established yet"—"I assure you, my dear, she takes a mental picture of the most difficult dress to copy, and you'd never know hers from the original—and so reasonable!"

In advance came Molly Stillwater, the youngest and prettiest and the most aggressively dressed because her position as family beauty made it incumbent upon her to lead the way in fashion. As soon as the greetings were over—cold, indeed, from Madam Bowker, hysterical from Roxana—Molly gushed out: "Just as we left home, Josh Craig came tearing in, if possible, madder than a hatter—yes—really ——" Molly was still too young to have learned to control the mechanism of her mouth; thus, her confused syntax seemed the result of the alarming and fascinating contortions of her lips and tongue—"and, when we told him where we were going he shouted out, 'Give Rita my love.'"

Margaret penetrated the purpose to anger her against Craig. Was not Craig intended by Mrs. Stillwater for Jessie, the eldest and only serious one of the three? And was not his conduct, his hanging about Margaret and his shying off from Jessie, thoroughly up on public questions and competent to discuss them with anybody—was not his conduct most menacing to her plans? Mrs. Stillwater, arranging for matrimony for all her daughters, had decided that Jess was hopeless except as a "serious woman," since she had neither figure nor face, nor even abundant hair, which alone is enough to entangle some men. So, Jess had been set to work at political economy, finance, at studying up the political situations; and, if started right and not interfered with, she could give as good account of her teaching as any phonograph.

Margaret welcomed Molly's message from Craig with a sweet smile. An amused glance at the thunderous face of her grandmother, and she said, "Perhaps it would interest you, dear, to know that he and I are engaged."

What could Madam Bowker say? What could she do? Obviously nothing. The three Stillwaters became hysterical. Their comments and congratulations were scraps of disjointed nonsense, and they got away under cover of more arrivals, in as great disorder as if the heavy guns Madam Bowker had stacked to the brim for Margaret had been accidentally discharged into them. Madam Bowker could wait no longer. "Margaret," said she, "help me to my carriage."

Mrs. Severence gave her difficult daughter an appealing glance, as if she feared the girl would cap the climax of rebellion by flatly refusing; but Margaret said sweetly, "Yes, Grandma."

The two left the room, the old lady leaning heavily on her granddaughter and wielding her ebony staff as if getting her arm limbered to use it. In the hall, she said fiercely:

"To your room," and waved her staff toward the stairway.

Margaret hesitated, shrugged her shoulders. She, preceding, and Madam Bowker ascending statelily afterward, they went up and were presently alone in Margaret's pretty rose-and-gold boudoir, with the outer door closed.

"Now!" exclaimed Madam Bowker.

"Not so loud, please," suggested the tranquil Margaret, "unless you wish Selina to hear." She pointed to the door ajar. "She's sewing in there."

"Send the woman away," commanded the old lady.

But Margaret merely closed the door. "Well, Grandmother?"

"Sit at this desk," ordered the old lady, pointing with the ebony staff, "and write a note to that man Craig, breaking the engagement. Say you have thought it over and have decided it is quite impossible. And to-morrow morning you go to New York with me."

(Continued on Page 31)

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST

REG U S PAT OFF
FOUNDED A: D: 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $2.25 the Year. Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions $2.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 7, 1908

The Borrowing Business

"SIXTEEN years ago," said Mr. Cannon, of the Fourth National Bank of New York, addressing the Illinois Bankers' Association, "I made careful investigation among the banks of the country, and there were not more than a half-dozen credit departments in as many banks of the United States."

He was discussing the great change in the method of borrowing wrought in the last dozen years. Formerly, in the main, the commercial borrower looked to his own bank for accommodations, and the bank's commercial loans were mostly to its own depositors. Every bank was, in this respect, practically a detached concern, dealing with its own particular set of patrons.

Nowadays, the "commercial paper" business is of immense proportions. The larger borrowers place their notes in the hands of brokers who sell them to banks nearly all over the country. Thus, for one thing, the risk is distributed.

When an important commercial failure occurs, the loss, if a loss results, falls upon a great many banks, and the share of each bank that holds the commercial paper of the concern which has failed is slight.

The proper safeguarding and handling of this paper has become, for the banks, a question of the first importance, which they discuss and attempt to deal with unitedly. It is an interesting phase of the steady trend toward coördination and solidarity—not only in the banking business, but in all business. That this constant tendency will yet find expression in a mutual guaranty, or insurance, of deposits seems to us by no means improbable—now that the shouting is over and the question is open to unprejudiced consideration.

Imported Road-Making Knowledge

WE HAVE been going to France, also, to learn something about good roads—that being one of the things they sometimes do better abroad. Of the twenty-three nations sending delegations to the first international road congress in Paris this fall, the United States sent the largest and, we hope, the most enthusiastic.

"The remarkable success of the French road system," says the last report of the Secretary of Agriculture, "is largely due to the fact that the Government maintains a school of roads and bridges, from the graduates of which is recruited a thoroughly-efficient corps of highway engineers."

That this is a national interest has been well realized in the United States only recently. The Department of Agriculture does now, however, give some limited instruction in highway engineering. It appointed six students last year, and in other ways is reaching toward that leadership in road improvement which really belongs to it. Its most useful service is represented by the Bulletins which it distributes, giving practical advice upon road-building and upon the conservation of good roads by treatment of their surface with oil or coal-tar products, and by planting shade trees upon each side.

The task in this country is as big as the country itself. We have over two million miles of public roads, upon the improvement of which in 1904 was spent approximately eighty million dollars. Some of the money undoubtedly was laid out to poor advantage. Again, surprisingly good results were often obtained at small cost. In one instance a competent engineer, assigned by the Department, saved probably three-quarters of the cost of a proposed improvement and produced a road meeting the requirements of traffic practically as well.

The immense economic importance of good roads we have tried, heretofore, to suggest. The total problem, however, is beyond the reach of the township path-master.

The Sinews of Peace

THE outlook in Europe is somewhat discouraging. For a generation the grand effort of the leading nations of the Old World has been to insure peace by "preparedness for war." This effort has proved quite burdensome. Austria-Hungary, France, Germany and England, with less than a quarter the area of the United States and two and a half times the population, have, according to the Statistical Abstract's latest figures, fourteen times the debt and three and a half times the annual expenditure. Owing to differences in the structure of government the comparison, of course, is not strictly exact, but it will answer for present purpose.

Debt and expenditure represent, partly, the premiums on peace insurance by the popular Dreadnaught System; and the unhappy little squabble in the Balkans discloses the melancholy fact that peace hasn't even begun to be insured. The nations haven't even got a fair start yet. All that they have accomplished, at such enormous expense, has amounted merely to a few preliminary warming-up exercises.

It is a common opinion that the nations must now abandon all thought of a reduction of armament, and engage, with right hearty zest, in a real and energetic attempt to out-arm one another—until, at some period indefinitely in the future, every adult inhabitant has a Krupp gun, and peace will really be insured. In the chancelleries this prospect evokes vigorous and inspiriting thoughts; but the hundred and ninety million people who pay the freight may find it a trifle depressing.

The Swindler as an Idiot

EXPERIMENTAL psychology ought to make a scientific investigation of swindling. It would find, we think, that as a rule the rogue—contrary to common opinion and to a tradition that is very dear to literature—is an exceedingly stupid person, with little imagination and practically no power of invention. The history of rascaldom is really one long, melancholy record of plagiarism. It may be doubted whether any intentional rascal ever had the intellectual ability to conceive an idea. Being, in fact, unable to live by his wits, he lives by somebody else's.

To illustrate. The other day a promising young man discovered that he could circumvent a loan shark by the simple expedient of filing a petition in bankruptcy; so he took to selling that recipe for beating loan sharks. Many, if not most, of the big swindles had an innocent origin. The out-and-out rascal has to steal his ideas, too. In this fact the psychologist would probably find an explanation of the most puzzling phenomenon of swindling—namely, the willingness of the victims. People at large continue to be swindled in the same old way, over and over again, in spite of all exposures, because they have a subconscious sense of the swindler's utter inability to think up a new scheme. Probably, in fact, a new swindling scheme wouldn't go at all. It would fail to touch the old responsive chord—a kind of psychological vermiform appendix inherited from the forebears of the cave man.

The swindler should be studied as a sort of idiot, mysteriously attached to some aboriginal sympathy in the race.

A Year After the Panic

TWELVE months have passed since the panic. We haven't really caught up yet, but, by virtue of lapse of time, we have reached a period (encouraging to sentiment) when comparisons will be made with a worse condition instead of a better the figures matched against those of the preceding year will show increase instead of decrease.

In 1905, it may be recalled, bank clearings increased twenty-eight per cent., and railroad gross earnings a hundred and fifty million dollars (on top of consecutive increases for eight years aggregating nine hundred millions). We made twenty-three million tons of pig iron against sixteen and a half million in 1904. In 1906, bank clearings increased eleven per cent., and railroad earnings two hundred and forty million dollars. We made nearly twenty-five and a half million tons of pig iron. The total foreign trade exceeded three billion, and was one-fourth larger than in 1904. In 1907, notwithstanding the October panic, bank clearings increased nine per cent., and railroad earnings two hundred and twenty millions.

The gains, in short, from the beginning of 1905 to the panic, were colossal. In September, this year, bank clearings were five per cent. ahead of 1907 (or five behind, if New York City be omitted). The latest reports now available show decreases in railroad earnings at a rate not sufficient to wipe out the gains of 1906 and 1907; while the make of pig iron in September was at the rate of seventeen million tons a year, or above that of 1904.

The Nation's Voting Strength

INDIFFERENCE to the opportunities and responsibilities of citizenship is really not so prevalent a crime in this country as some well-meaning people think. Generally speaking, people vote when there is anything to vote for that interests them and they are given a chance; and the amount of thinking that they do about it is shown by the decline of hidebound party allegiance.

All males above twenty-one, including negroes in the South and unnaturalized foreigners, as well as the many who lose the right to vote by moving from one locality to another, amount to twenty-eight per cent. of the total population. In 1896, when the issue did touch the interest of practically every one, the total vote amounted to about twenty per cent. of the total population. Relatively to population, that was the largest vote ever cast, and it approximately represents, no doubt, the practical voting strength of the country.

The same ratio this year would give a total vote of some seventeen millions. But the total vote in 1904 was positively smaller than in 1896, and amounted to only about sixteen and a half per cent. of the population. The campaign, simply, was less interesting.

A total vote this year of seventeen millions would astonish everybody. The extent to which the vote falls below that mark will about give the degrees to which the campaign failed to interest people.

Want of Work the Weak Point

PRICES, generally speaking, have been advancing. Bradstreet's "index number," being a compound of the prices of over a hundred leading commodities, was $8.0139 for October against $7.7227 for June, the low point of the year. The October number was higher than that for October, 1904, and pretty nearly as high as that for October, 1905. It was much higher than any number for 1901, which was a boom year. The highest point was March, 1907, and the prices of breadstuffs and livestock in October, 1908, were higher than then, arguing well for the state of Western agriculture. Bank deposits, of course, are the largest ever reported.

Judging by the leading indices, that is, the present state of business in the United States would have been considered very satisfactory at any time prior to 1905, and in several very important respects it would have been called phenomenal. The record of commercial failures is not to be taken at its face value.

Gross liabilities of insolvents have been swollen by the bankruptcy of several extensive and more or less rotten concerns whose troubles had practically no relationship to current business conditions.

One great factor, however, remains to be considered. Labor is not yet fully employed; and with breadstuffs higher than at the top of the boom it is not good to be out of work.

Upon industrial labor the real brunt of the reaction fell. Its status is improving, but it still feels the effect of last fall's disturbance.

Bachelors of Brokerage

"PROFESSOR of Brokerage" is, we think, a rather new academic title. The University of Pennsylvania, at least, now has a chair whose occupant supports that designation. The course includes: "Terminology used in the stock and produce market; extent of speculative buying and selling; full explanation of system of dealing on margin; various kinds of manipulation, such as corners, wash sales; analyzing of a large number of speculative accounts with a view of ascertaining the difficulties encountered in speculation."

This seems to us a promising move. The census, unfortunately, does not distinguish between brokers and private banks, but of both it gives 73,384. This is seven times the number of architects, and we all know that higher education pays considerable attention to architecture. Of authors, there are only 5836, and of artists (whom the census wisely differentiates from authors) there are 24,902. The trade of these people gets a tremendous lot of consideration at the hands of the universities. The brokers are not only much more numerous, but their financial importance is to that of the authors as 8,397,465 is to 0.0087.

The academy is beneficently invading all walks of life nowadays. We expect the time is coming when a man cannot get a job chalking up quotations on the blackboard unless he shows a degree of Bachelor of Brokerage, and the more important houses will attach to their staffs a Doctor of Dope, who can discuss the probability of a rise in Union Pacific in a learned manner.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Good Old Luke

THEN, there's another way to do it. Simple, too. All we need to escape this hurly-burly of election we've just worried through is to enlarge the Cabinet sufficiently and keep President Roosevelt in the White House. If he had the time and there were enough Cabinet jobs there wouldn't be any Democrats. They would all be secretaries of something-or-other, and all good Roosevelt men.

Look them over! There's Strauss, Commerce and Labor, who was a Democrat, and they do say Attorney-General Bonaparte had leanings that way in the old days, and there was Paul Morton, and, recently, the President has made another dent in the Democracy by annexing Luke Wright as Secretary of War. Any one can see, with that beginning, what the President would do to the Opposition if he had a chance.

Of course, Strauss and Bonaparte and Morton had reformed, or backslid, according to your view of it, before entering the official family, but not Luke Wright. No reform for his. He's a Democrat yet, but, to get at the nubbin of it, he isn't working at it now. He has sort of laid his Democracy away in moth-balls, so to speak, put it in a cedar chest so it will be all fresh and whole when he needs it again. Some day or other, you know, he'll go back to Memphis, Tennessee, to live.

Every time the President refers to his present Secretary of War, and every time he referred to Wright before he was Secretary of War, while he was Ambassador to Japan and in the Philippines, the President called him "Good old Luke Wright," until we all thought they were old college chums. As a matter of fact, the man who lifted Wright out of Memphis and started him on his way toward his present job was William Howard Taft. President Roosevelt never met Wright until after Wright had returned to this country from the Philippines on a leave of absence. However, as soon as the President did meet Wright he took out a patent on him, and has held him as his exclusive property ever since. "Good old Luke Wright" is the trade-mark. Infringers will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. None genuine without the T. R. brand.

It is, as has often been stated, quite difficult to keep a squirrel on the ground. Likewise, it is futile to think that Colonel Theodore Roosevelt will ever overlook a proposition like Luke. The Colonel has an exact knowledge of the value of the remarkable as a contributing factor for additional paragraphs of history to be written. Thus, coming students of affairs of our day will find, alongside the statements, "Acted as peacemaker between Japan and Russia," and, "Sent sixteen battleships around the world," this nifty little fact: "Appointed a former Confederate soldier to a Cabinet position, the same being a Southern Democrat also." Selah!

Still, that wasn't the only reason, for Luke Wright is very much of a man, fit to be in anybody's Cabinet, by right of strength of mind and character. When he was practicing law in Memphis he had several cases before Mr. Taft, then a Federal judge in Cincinnati. Taft and Wright grew to be good friends. President McKinley appointed Taft to the Philippine Commission. Taft wanted help. He asked for the appointment of Wright, and Wright was appointed. When Taft came back to this country Wright succeeded him, and, later, President Roosevelt made Wright the first American Ambassador to Japan, and followed that by giving him Taft's place when Taft resigned as Secretary of War to accept the Republican nomination for President.

Some Good Stories Spoiled

WE HAVE excellent authority for the claim that there are incidents in every man's life as dramatic and as tragic as ever were imagined. Truth, as you will remember, is stranger than fiction, which is a dear, delightful, favorite bromide, and should be amended by the words "and rarer," as will be shown.

Luke Wright was a Confederate soldier when he was a boy of fifteen. He was an artilleryman, attached to Maben's battery. At Stone River the Confederates made an artillery charge on the Union forces. Wright's battery was in it. Wright was working a gun. A messenger dashed up and said: "Luke, your brother Eldridge has just been killed!"

Without betraying his sorrow, young Wright replied: "Have his body taken to the rear. You continue to work that gun and I will keep on with this one."

Again: There was a man in Memphis named Jules J. D. Dubose. He became a judge of the Criminal Court when young Wright was prosecuting attorney. Dubose was a tyrant. One day Wright, in making an argument before him, said something that offended Dubose.

The President Took Out a Patent on Him

Dubose leaned over the bench, livid with rage. "I will put you in irons, Luke Wright," he said

Wright straightened up, reached to his hip-pocket and replied, in tense tones: "If you attempt to put me in irons, Jules Dubose, one of us will die."

Dubose hesitated. The young lawyer stood defiantly before him. Finally Dubose weakened. "Proceed with your argument," he said.

Now those are good stories to tell about a man. They show a lot of things. The only trouble with them is that Wright says they are not true. He says he saw his brother killed, that no messenger was needed to tell him, and that there was nothing dramatic about it. A man died doing his duty. And he says he never had a personal altercation with a judge, or anybody else, in his life.

Still, Wright doesn't need stories like that to prove his courage and his high appreciation of his duty as a citizen. Always he has been on the square-toed side. When, in 1880, his party tried to scale the State debt by fifty per cent., go half-way in repudiation, Wright, while in full knowledge that a good deal of the debt had been fastened on his State by the carpet-baggers, stood with the wing of his party on the platform that an obligation is an obligation to be paid, no matter how incurred. He was for full payment with three per cent. interest, and supported John V. Wright, no relative of his, or, at least, no near kin, for Governor. The Democrats split about evenly, and Hawkins, the Republican candidate, was elected.

Before that Wright had shown his mettle. In the yellow-fever epidemic of thirty years ago Memphis was infected. Hundreds died. Thousands fled. The city was panic-stricken, disorganized, there was looting and robbery, death on every side. Wright was made chairman of the Citizens' Committee. He became the executive of the place. It was decided to establish a camp for the frightened people on high ground some distance from the city. In a month about all the other committeemen were dead, and Wright did the work. With three hundred bodies waiting for burial in the morgue the city undertaker got drunk. Wright took charge of the burials himself, first ordering the arrest of the man. After the frosts came Wright went ahead, without warrant of law, but backed by public sentiment, tore down rookeries, drilled artesian wells and made Memphis a healthful place.

Really, you see, it doesn't make much difference whether he let go those heroics on the battlefield or whether he dared and double-dared Jules Dubose or not. What he did in Memphis, during the plague, rather firmly fixes his reputation for courage and high sense of duty.

Now that Wright is at the head of the War Department he is as enthusiastically for building up the army as he was for shooting it full of holes in the old days. He agrees with President Roosevelt in all his plans for strengthening that arm of the service, and he does his work with little fuss and much modesty. He is a pleasant, genial, hearty man, serious-minded when at work, but an excellent companion when he unbends, a good story-teller, but more of a cogent, logical talker than an orator. He was one of the leading lawyers of Tennessee before he went to the Philippines. Also, he is "dear old Luke." Do not forget that. And the patent will not expire until noon of March fourth next. Meantime, all associations of Confederate veterans will please govern themselves accordingly.

The Bakery Test of Greatness

CHARLES L. JEWETT, the Indiana lawyer, James Kerr, the big Pennsylvania Democrat, and Jay Durham, the theatrical man, were on the same ship coming from England to this country.

One night in the smokeroom they had an argument over the comparative merits of England and the United States. Durham took up cudgels for England and Jewett was for his own country.

Durham was getting the better of it when Jewett stopped all argument by saying: "No matter about all that. You never can impress me with the idea that a country is any good where they call a pie a tart."

The Magnate and the Milkman

E. H. HARRIMAN, the railroad magnate, has a big country place in Virginia—a hunting-box, he calls it, but it is more like a hunting Waldorf-Astoria. One morning Mr. Harriman arose early and was sitting on one of the porches.

A milkman drove up and got out to bring in some milk. The milkman started in the front door.

"Here, you," snapped Harriman. "Take that milk around the back way. What do you mean by bringing it in this way?"

"Mean?" said the milkman. "I mean that I am a Virginia gentleman, and I am not accustomed to be talked to in this manner, suh. I shall deliver this milk where I please, suh. If you do not like it you have a means of obtaining satisfaction, suh. No No'therner like you can talk to me like that, suh."

Harriman retired. Next morning, when the same milkman arrived, Harriman greeted him with a low bow. "You are right, sir," he said. "Take the milk in the front way and leave it on the piano."

Out of a Full Heart

WELL-INFORMED men at Washington have now come to understand that the White House "Dee-lighted" is capable of many literal translations. It may be a variation on the popular and meaningless "Glad to know you." Under some circumstances it may even be a groan, accompanied by a mental reservation such as, "I wonder what that bore wants now?" or, "Does he want a consular position or a post-office?"

Franklin Head, who has been president of almost every club in Chicago, helped to build the Auditorium Theatre and was one of the Paris Exposition commissioners, has added to his laurels by causing Mr. Roosevelt to forget both "Dee-lighted" and "Bully."

It seems a New York friend of both the President and Mr. Head had been given an urgent invitation to enter the President's private office without the formality of sending in his card. On one occasion, when he was to make a hurried visit, he took along Mr. Head and the two entered the room where sat some score of hungry office-seekers. One whining old fellow was so eager for an appointment that he refused to be satisfied with a definite promise, and suggested several times that he "guessed he'd better stay over and watch things for a few days."

It was then time for the Chicago man to renew his acquaintance and this was done in a perfunctory way. Anxious to remove any possible cloud which might have arisen in the President's mind, Mr. Head remarked, in his hearty way:

"I want you to know, Mr. President, that I don't want a thing. I would not take an office if you urged me."

Quicker than a flash the President turned, and, extending his hand with an unusually warm grasp, exclaimed:

"God bless you."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Secretary Cortelyou, of the Treasury Department, is getting plump, to be polite about it.

¶ Robert Rose, William J. Bryan's private secretary, is a brother of Mayor David Rose, of Milwaukee.

¶ T. J. Talty, who runs the Raleigh Hotel in Washington, gets his fun by collecting pictures, china and rugs.

The Kind of Cleanliness

The kind of cl
prevents disease is the kind
itable societies, settlement houses an
among the poor and ignorant of our large
It is the kind practiced by physicians, surgeons
It is the kind enforced in local, state and national hea
It is the kind that has abolished plagues and epide
in New York City the lowest death rate during
the history of the department.
It is the kind that is distinguished from simple s
action on germ life, germ poisons and the filth
It is the kind that prevents simple disorders from
Everybody in a vague way knows its impor
it applies to him or her as well as to the o

There is no better agent for producing this kind of cleanliness than

Dioxogen

It is theoretically and practically correct.

It is theoretically correct because its only active ingredient is oxygen, the greatest purifying, cleansing force in the world.

It is practically correct because it works; there is no doubt, no uncertainty when Dioxogen works. The eyes can see, the tongue can taste and flesh can feel the bubbling and foaming which always occurs when Dioxogen is brought in contact with decaying, decomposing, disease producing substances.

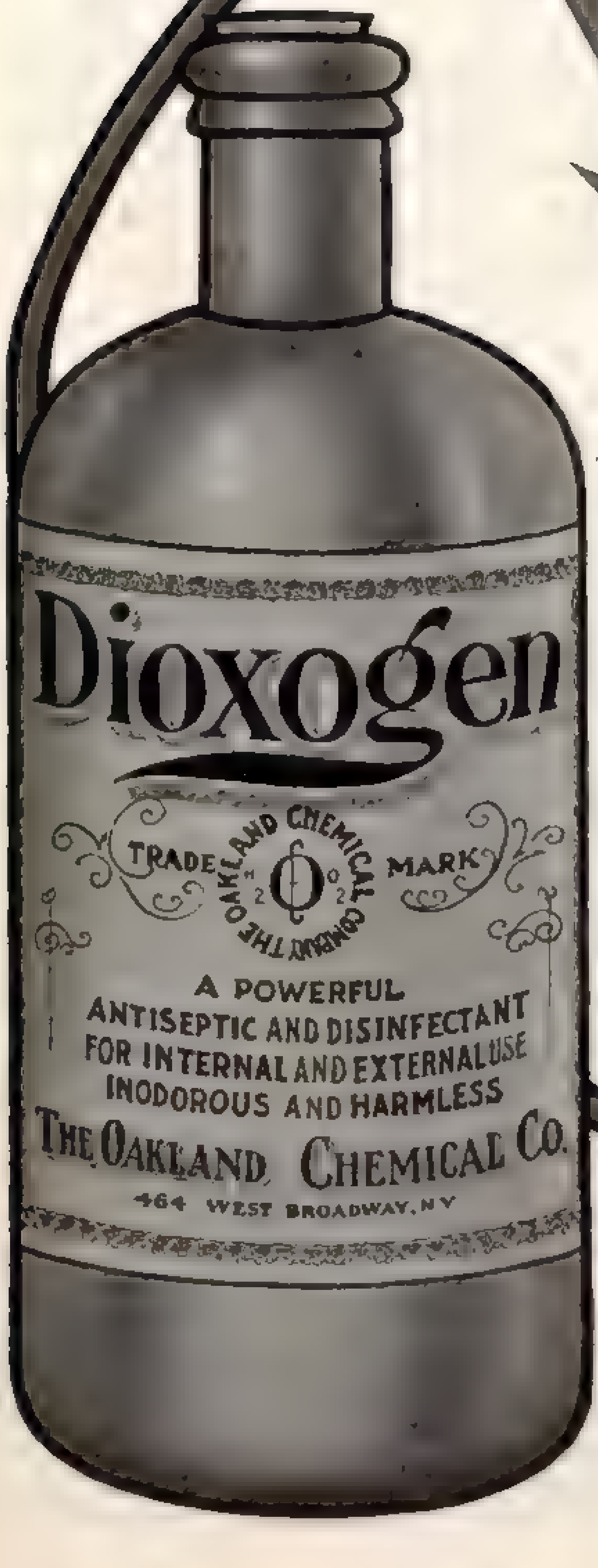
Dioxogen is harmless.

Dioxogen is effective.

Dioxogen is as powerful as Bichloride of Mercury 1 to 1000.

Dioxogen is safe because it only attacks decomposing, decaying matter and does not affect sound tissues.

Dioxogen produces hygienic, prophylactic cleanliness, the kind that prevents disease.


Dioxogen
TRADE
THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL COMPANY
O
MARK
A POWERFUL
ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT
FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE
INODOROUS AND HARMLESS
THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO.
464 WEST BROADWAY, N.Y.

The Many Uses of Dioxogen, what it is,
described in a little booklet which will be
upon receipt of the coupon b

The Oakland Chemi

that Prevents Infection

leanliness that
l taught by the great char-
d civic associations in their work
cities.
and trained nurses in hospitals and sick rooms.
lth departments.
emics in civilized countries and has produced
g the summer just past of any summer in

oap and water cleanliness by its destructive
n in which these enemies of health thrive.
n becoming serious, that prevents infection.
rtance, but most everybody forgets that
ther fellow.

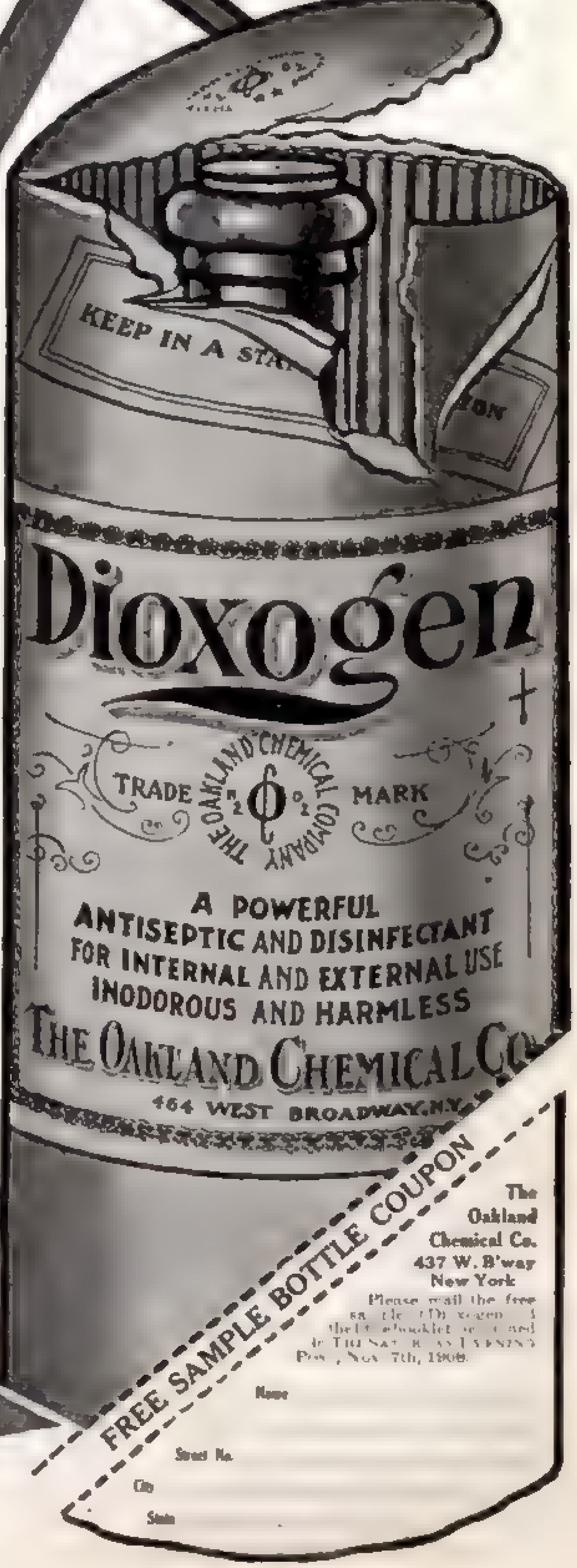
Tests for Dioxogen

Take a little diluted Dioxogen in the mouth, see how it bubbles and foams as it cleanses the decaying food particles from the teeth and gums. Repeat several times and note how the foaming and bubbling becomes less and less as the mouth becomes cleaner and cleaner, until finally, when the mouth is aseptically clean, there is no further bubbling or foaming.

Pour a little pure Dioxogen on the palm of the hand, or on any sound surface of the skin; there will be no foaming or bubbling; then pour a little on a sore, cut, wound, burn, or any injured skin surface; see how it foams and bubbles. Repeat this and note how, as the sore or affected surface becomes aseptically cleaner, the bubbling and foaming gradually grows less until it finally stops; then the injured surfaces are clean, free from disease germs or their products and in most cases a simple covering or bandage, to guard against reinfection, is all the treatment necessary to insure prompt healing.

how it works, and why it works, are
gladly sent with a Free Sample Bottle
elow package at the right.

cal Co., New York


KEEP IN A STA
Dioxogen
TRADE
MARK
THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL COMPANY
A POWERFUL
ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT
FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE
INODOROUS AND HARMLESS
THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO.
464 WEST BROADWAY, N.Y.
Cut off and Mail Today

FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE COUPON

The
Oakland
Chemical Co.
437 W. B'way
New York

Please mail the free sample of Dioxogen and the booklet as offered in The Saturday Evening Post, Nov. 7th, 1908.

Name
Street No.
City
State

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CHAUFFEUR

By Ralph H. Korn

IF YOU own an automobile and run it, or if you are going to buy one and drive it yourself, this is not for you. If you own an automobile or intend owning one, and you feel that you must have a chauffeur to run the car for you, then, once again, this is not for you. Push it aside; read something else—this would teach you too much.

I'm out of a job. The last I had was too good to keep—the one before that was too good to lose—but I didn't learn that until now. You see, it was this way:

The first man for whom I worked kept his machine at a public garage, paid good wages, and paid his bills without asking any questions. I bought all the tubes and tires, and got all the discounts; the garage paid a commission of twenty per cent. on all gasoline, oil, sundries and repairs—and that just about doubled my wages. If this is to be any sort of confession, then I must admit, right here, that more than half the repair work charged for was never really done; that was just part of the graft game. I must also say that I ran up the bill on oil and gasoline—slowly, at first, to sort of feel my way, and then, having learned that my boss had confidence in me—well, I just opened wide out and let her rip.

Joy rides? Every time I got a night off. And that, by the way, was why I lost my job, after having held it down for more than a year. It was all because of a letter that I was fool enough to lose before I had torn it up. It was from Mamie, thanking me for that last joy ride, when we ran into the fence and smashed the machine so it really had to be repaired. I put that letter in the top pocket of my duster, because I wanted to read it again. The ungrateful girl had written that she wouldn't speak to me again—because I jumped when I saw the fence ahead, without offering to wait for her!

My boss was one of those busy men who never seem to have any time for anything else but the office. I'd run him down in the morning, I'd run him home at night, and if it didn't rain on Sunday I'd take him for a spin. The rest of the week was mine, and I had it easy—until I lost that letter.

It was a Friday morning, and I hate that day and always will! I was up at the house to tell the boss that it would be two or three days more before he could have the machine, and I had read the letter while on board the trolley car, on my way up. While waiting for the boss I pulled out my cigarette-case, and must have dropped the letter, and that tom-fool, James, the butler, didn't tell me about it—for which I hope somebody'll take a look at his wine bill!

Well, I got the sack—got it good and plenty, and when I least expected it. And then I made up my mind to reform. I'd learned my lesson, and this was what I learned: If you've done anything that would get you the bounce, and you think your boss'll find it out, go to him and tell him you want to leave. It'll make him twice as angry, and, since your place is gone, you might just as well have some fun for the money you've been fool enough to lose!

However, it was lucky, in a way, that I got the bounce when I did, for I fell right into a job that looked pretty, but turned out a tough proposition. This man kept his machine in his own private garage, bought his gasoline and oil by the barrel, got his waste by the bale, his polish, soap and grease by the can—and, what was worse, he knew just how long things should last. He had every kind of a tool to keep the driver of his car from a garage, and he always looked in the tool-case to see that we had them with us on every trip. I had to carry a full set of tires; I had to carry a half-dozen good tubes. Oh! it was enough to make a fellow take to booze!

And then came the climax: no chauffeur's discounts on tires or tubes! The owner could buy the stuff as cheaply as his driver!

But soon I had my thinker going. I mustn't buy tubes or tires—that I knew; but how about getting them repaired? That started me thinking, and I kept on thinking until I had found a way—a way that would have fooled anybody but the daughter of my new boss. What I'd like to know is, what relation is she to Sherlock Holmes?

The telephone bell in the little garage sounded (that boss certainly had it in for his man—he even had a private 'phone from the house to the garage) and I got the word to bring out the car. "In a minute," I says. Then I tried it. I took off the unlikeliest-looking shoe and squirted a couple of grease-gunfuls of gasoline into it, putting the shoe back as quickly as possible. Then I went to the house, where I was told to go on an errand. I certainly was glad to go alone—it would give me a chance to see how things worked, and whether I was right or wrong.

Off I started, and ran for about three miles—with nothing doing. I felt like swearing—it looked as if my theory was away off. I had been making about ten miles an hour, but now I saw my chance to speed her up. We went by our neighbor's car, and scooted after a roadster—when it happened! Bang! went the tire—just as I had hoped it would, for I had figured that just as soon as the shoe got real hot, and a little air in the tire got mixing with the heated gasoline that hadn't had any chance to evaporate—why, that gasoline would just naturally have to find its way out—wouldn't it?

But I had succeeded even beyond my hopes, for the shock of the exploding shoe, at the speed that I was making, let the car down with a smash that twisted the steering-knuckle all ways at once. "Now," I says—and I was that pleased I says it loud—"there'll be the devil to pay," meaning the nearest garage man, and yours truly with his rake-off later. You see, being alone at the time let me in where I could have some of my old-time fun!

Did I telephone? Not much! I just sat on the curb and waited until I saw a car coming—then I looked sad, and pretended to be working hard. After about two hours, our neighbor's car came along, and I asked the driver to get word of the smash-up to my boss.

My man comes down, an hour later, in my neighbor's car, and hands the driver a fiver. But would he go to a garage? Not he! "Get the expressman," he says, "and tell him to come here—we'll take the machine home." "Durn his picture," says I, "why can't I make anything out of this here?" Well, we waited about two more hours, and I didn't even have a cigarette; but the boss just smoked away at his cigar and looked happy!

"Pardon me, sir," I says, "but don't this discourage you?" You see, I wanted to make him see how badly I felt—he wouldn't know my real reason for feeling that way, anyhow. No—he wouldn't; but his daughter would—but I didn't know that at the time!

"Oh!" he says, quiet and even, "anybody who's tom-fool enough to own an automobile and not run it himself" (that's just exactly what he says) "deserves all he gets—and I'm not kicking." Now, what do you know about that?

Well, we got back to the garage, and he telegraphed for a steering-knuckle—and when it came I had to put it on! And before he would let them tie up the machine to the express-wagon he made me put on a shoe!

"Well," says I, "I'll get the shoe repaired."

"No," says he. "I don't believe in repairing shoes when I can get new ones at almost the same cost."

And there you are!

But my thinker kept going, and I says to myself: "I'll soon have you talking from the other side of your head. A few more blowouts—and then you'll begin to repair," I says.

Well, I waited about a week, and then I tried the same stunt again. This time I put the gasoline into two shoes—one in front and one in the rear. But I wish I

Let Others Tell You

J. L. Pratt, General Claim Agent Chicago-Western Ry., St. Paul, Minn., writes: I have been wearing French non-elastic Suspenders, but like the Gordon sliding back better, as it gives more shoulder freedom.

H. C. Patterson, Cashier Siskiyou Bank, Yreka, Cal.: Gordon non-elastic suspenders fit me fine, and are the easiest to wear of any I know.

Dr. F. O. Young, Lexington, Ky.: I have worn Gordon Suspenders for many months and I am delighted with them. They are much more comfortable than all-elastic suspenders. The sliding back is a good thing.

W. N. Bailey, Newport, Ark.: I have been wearing the non-elastic French Suspenders for 20 years, but like Gordons better. I like the sliding back.

W. M. Buchanan, Odell, Ill.: I weigh 235 pounds and am actively engaged all the time. Gordon Suspenders satisfy me better than elastic suspenders.

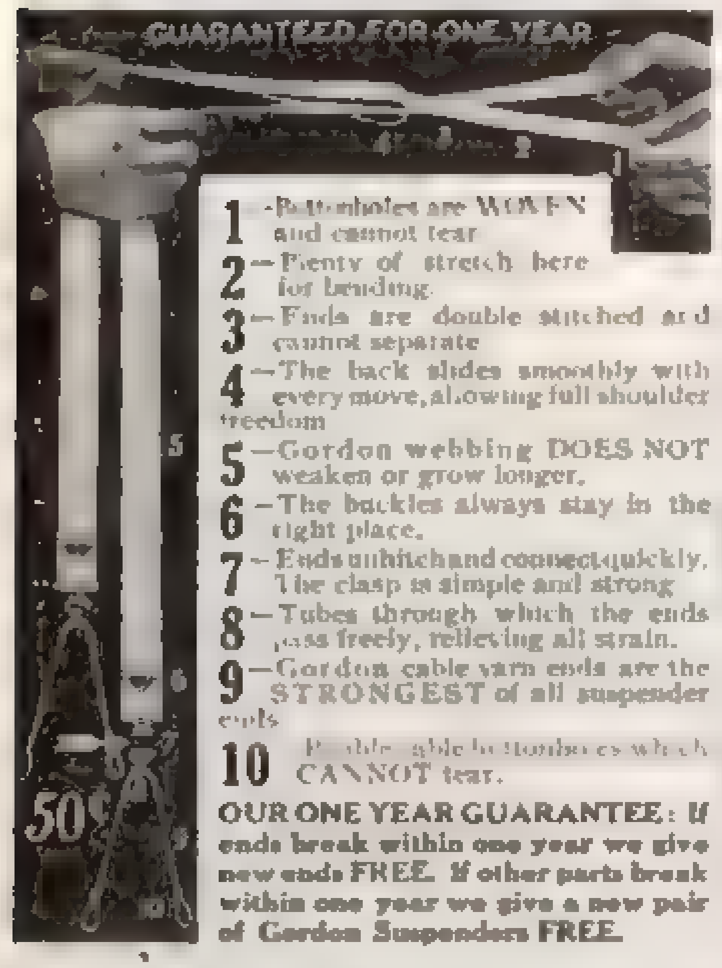
Dr. Walter Howard, Portland, Ore.: I have always worn elastic suspenders but like Gordons better because they are comfortable in every position and require no constant readjustment. Their length always remains the same.

W. P. Pratt, Mgr. Hamilton College Athletic Assn., Clinton, N. Y.: I consider Gordon non-elastic sliding back suspenders the most comfortable and durable suspenders I have ever worn.

W. E. Wheeler, Lumber Merchant, Williamsville, Vt.: I have worn Gordons for months and find them in every way superior to elastic suspenders.

P. E. Hackette, Sec'y Empire Hardware Co., Moscow, Idaho: I have always worn elastic suspenders and thought I would try Gordons. Now it's Gordons—no more elastic suspenders for me.

GORDON SUSPENDERS
THEY NEVER GROW LONGER



1—Buttonholes are WOVEN and cannot tear
2—Plenty of stretch here for bending.
3—Ends are double stitched and cannot separate
4—The back slides smoothly with every move, allowing full shoulder freedom
5—Gordon webbing DOES NOT weaken or grow longer.
6—The buckles always stay in the right place.
7—Ends unhitch and connect quickly. The clasp is simple and strong
8—Tubes through which the ends pass freely, relieving all strain.
9—Gordon cable yarn ends are the STRONGEST of all suspender ends
10 Pliable cable buttonholes which CANNOT tear.

OUR ONE YEAR GUARANTEE: If ends break within one year we give new ends FREE. If other parts break within one year we give a new pair of Gordon Suspenders FREE.

Compare the above 10 parts with the suspenders you now wear—then try Gordons with the sliding back that takes the place of rubber and you'll never go back to rubber again.

Gordon Suspenders never grow longer. They keep your trousers well up in place, preventing sagging and bagging at the knees and keep the edges from brushing the ground.

Most suspenders are too long or too short for many men. Suspender buckles should be in the position shown by Number 6 in the above illustration—NOT on your shoulders.

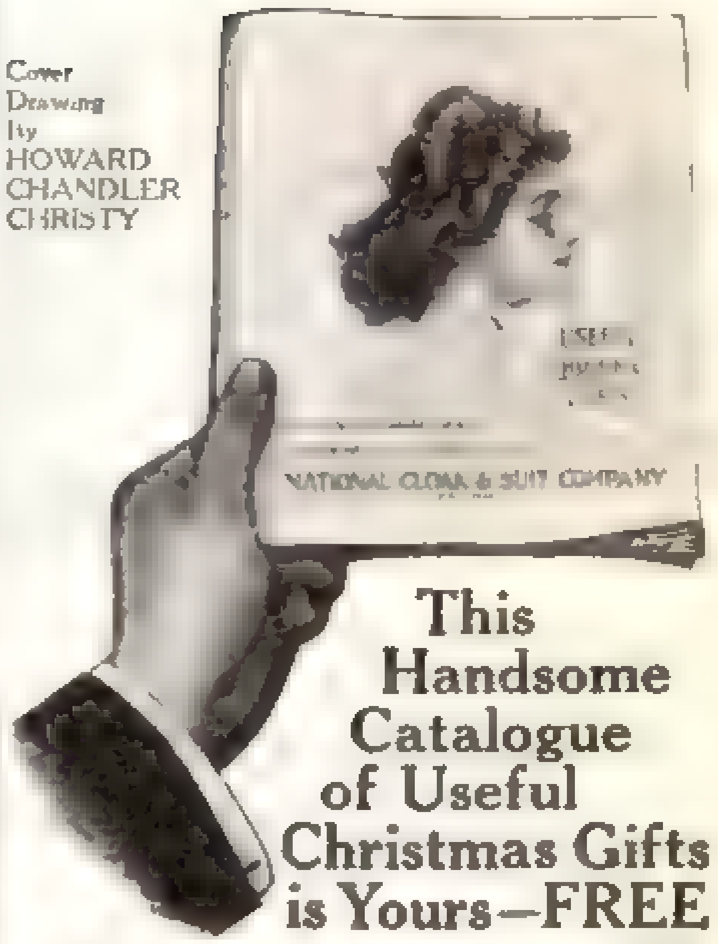
Gordons are made in four sizes—33 for men 5 foot 6 and shorter. 35 and 37 for medium sized men. 40 for tall men. Size is on every pair.

If your dealer has no Gordons he should be willing to get them for you. If not, then buy of us by mail, 50c a Pair Postpaid.

If you're not satisfied with Gordons after a week's wear we will return your money. Please try your home stores first.

When ordering mention length from back suspender button over shoulder to front suspender button.

GORDON MFG. CO., 261 Main St., New Rochelle, N. Y.


Cover Drawing by HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY
USEFUL
NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT COMPANY

This Handsome Catalogue of Useful Christmas Gifts is Yours—FREE

All you need to do is to write NOW for your FREE copy of the "NATIONAL" Catalogue of USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFTS. It will be sent you FREE postpaid, just as soon as we get your letter.

The "NATIONAL" Christmas Book completely answers the Christmas Question. It is full from cover to cover with pleasing Gifts—the kind every woman would like to buy for herself—Gifts of Beauty and Usefulness.

This Christmas let us solve the question of "What to Give" by enabling you to make your selection from New York's choicest stocks. Let us send you this Christmas Book FREE—write for it TO-DAY.

It shows in full variety the newest, choicest offerings in

Waists	Furs	Skirts
Sweaters	Underwear	Handkerchiefs
Gift Hosiery	Plumes	Neckwear
Feather Boas	Kimonos	Belts

Fur and Cloth Coats Cloth and Voile Costumes
Gift Apparel for Women, Misses and Children

The "NATIONAL" Policy.

Every "NATIONAL" Garment has the "NATIONAL GUARANTEE TAG" attached—a signed guarantee to refund your money if you are not satisfied.

We prepay all express charges on "NATIONAL" Garments to any part of the United States.

Doubtless you have been reading our Ads for years and have often been on the point of writing, but have ended by laying the magazine down and forgetting about it.

Won't you, this time, write NOW before you lay the magazine down? Just say, "Send me my free copy of the 'NATIONAL' Christmas Book." Don't do it to-morrow, or next week, but NOW—TO-DAY.

National Cloak & Suit Co.
214 W. 24th Street, New York City.
Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World.
Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branches.

GORDON SUSPENDERS
THEY NEVER GROW LONGER

50c Including Auto Girl Box

For Christmas Presents

In one of these beautiful to-color Auto Girl Boxes, Gordons make the best suspender present—and Gordons are the best suspenders in every way for all men.

Ask your dealer to get Gordons in an Auto Girl Box for you if he has none—if he won't, then buy of us by mail. 50c postpaid. No extra charge for the Auto Girl Box. Say whether for short, medium or tall man.

Gordon Mfg. Co., 261 Main St., New Rochelle, N.Y.

AGENTS My Sanitary Coffee Maker produces pure, sweet coffee, needs no settler, and never wears out. Saves coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight; new article; exclusive territory. Send 15c. for 50c. size, postpaid.

DR. LYONS, 182 Day St., Pekin, Ill.

Added Pleasure

In all sorts of dusty outdoor trips, is the absolute knowledge that your collar is immaculate whatever the weather conditions may be. You are never in doubt as to your appearance when you wear

CHALLENGE
WATERPROOF
COLLARS & CUFFS

They [illegible] the careful dresser because they [illegible] the [illegible] of maintaining a nobby, stylish appearance under conditions impossible for a linen collar.

Challenge Collars are made in all the latest, most up to date models. They have the perfect fit, [illegible] look of the best linen collars. Our new "Slip Easy" [illegible] permits easy, correct adjustment of the tie.

Challenge Collars and Cuffs are absolutely waterproof, never turn yellow, can be cleaned with soap and water. You can't tell them from linen.

Sold by first-class haberdashers everywhere. If your dealer [illegible] Challenge Brand Collars and Cuffs send [illegible] style of collar [illegible] are [illegible] able pointers about New York customs—what to wear and when to wear it. Let us send it to you.

The Arlington Company, Dept. "A"
725-727 Broadway, New York
Boston, 65 Bedford St., Philadelphia, 909 Chestnut St., Chicago, 161 Market St. San Francisco, 718 Mission St. St. Louis, Mills Bldg. Toronto, 58-64 Fraser Ave.

"Whew! It's Hot"
and
"Boo! It's Cold"
are expressions never heard in houses equipped with the

Minneapolis Heat Regulator

Set the indicator at the desired degree, put on coal and this regulator will keep the temperature uniform, insuring comfort, health and economy of fuel.

With Time Attachment
the temperature can be changed at any pre-determined time to the degree desired

Sold by the Wholesale and Retail Heating Trade everywhere on a positive guarantee of satisfaction.

Illustrated booklet on request

WM. R. SWEATT, Secy.,
402 Phoenix, Minneapolis, Minn.
144 High St., Boston, Mass.
606 Court St., Syracuse, N Y

Build Furniture for Xmas Gifts

By our patterns you can build furniture at the bare cost of the [illegible] wonderful Xmas [illegible] working patterns sent with each [illegible]

The [illegible] are simple and easy to follow [illegible] tools you already have [illegible]

Send [illegible] for three [illegible] explains everything. Send [illegible] stamp to cover postage.

THE ROLFSMAN SYSTEM
407 The Arcade, Cleveland, Ohio

30 DAYS' TRIAL of any violin or other musical instrument [illegible]. We pay all express [illegible] goods are [illegible] to you. We [illegible] shops and give you the benefit of the [illegible]. WRITE for free catalog and Violinist's Handbook.

WM. P. LEWIS & SON Est. 1869 Makers and Importers
230 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill
Our Specialties: Strings for professional musicians; also imported woods, varnishes and tools for violin makers.

hadn't been such a hog. If you try the game—take it easy, and one shoe at a time'll do.

That daughter was taking out her young man for a spin and we were making good time until that front shoe went off. I didn't want to put on another steering-knuckle—I tell you that's no joke—so I let her down easy. But my troubles started right there—you bet!

Out jumps the daughter from the automobile, comes around in front, and starts in to see just how I go to work. Now, I never knew that she knew all about a car—how should I know? Any chauffeur that lets his people in on how to manage an automobile is the very worst kind of a traitor to the boys. Why, he's just as much as taking the bread away from us! To those who think they know—but who really don't know, except little things like the names of a few parts—it's like taking honey from the comb when the bees are on a spree; but once you let them in on the real, ground floor—and then it's a different story!

She looks around and then it comes. "Why," she says, "just look at the bubbles! Wait a minute—what a funny odor for a tire—just like gasoline," she says, and keeps on whiffing at the shoe.

"I'll put on another shoe, miss," I says, scared a good bit, you can bet, "and we'll be off in no time." Then I started unstrapping the extra front shoe from the tire irons on the side.

"Wait a minute," she says. "First we'll take a look at *all* the shoes."

Now—wouldn't *that* anger you?

There I stood, either having to own up at once, or to be caught a little later—so I up and tells a story about repairing the tube and using a coat of gasoline to keep it airtight. Meantime, wanting to make her believe me, and not knowing that she knew, I started to take off the shoes, after first getting out the extra jack. Never—*never* drive for a man who makes you take along *two* jacks. That's the last straw! If you have a chisel that'll do the work (if a garage is near), pretend it isn't sharp enough; you can always plead that the piece of wood or bit of stone doesn't work like the hammer you "forgot" to bring—and no sensible chauffeur *ever* carries a saw! If you are driving a chain-driven car *never* carry more than *one* extra link with you—you'll invariably need *two*.

Well, I took off the other front tire and laid it up against the curb—but *she* never moved! Then I went to the back of the car and started to take off one of the shoes—but to save my life I couldn't remember *which* shoe I had "treated"—so I couldn't do a thing but pray. Here's a tip: if you "treat" a shoe, you want to remember the one you fix—that's why I advise you to only treat one shoe at a time.

When I had the other shoe off—it was the right rear—around comes that woman, trundling the shoe I had laid up against the curb, and asks me if I could smell any gasoline there. I was that flustered I just couldn't talk, and she says, "All right, go ahead"—and I did. When the last shoe came off she smelt the durned stuff, and she pushed it aside—"till it evaporates," she says. Then she makes me put on the two good shoes, and unstrap the extra rear from the tire-irons, and that made two shoes instead of one that I had to put on. Next, she makes me put the cover-cases on the front shoe that had gone, and the rear one that I had treated, and I had to strap them on the tire-irons! When I had done all this, and was just going to open the tool-box to get out the clothes-brush (that's all a chauffeur ought to carry in his tool-kit, anyway), that female gives me the short-arm jab that makes me go through the ropes! Oh!—but you'll win if you bet I was mad!

"You can drive a car, can't you, dear?" she says, nice and sweetly, to her young man. "Anyway, I can run this car, and I haven't run it since this man came." Then she turns to me: "Here you," she says, "you're done—come to the house this afternoon and papa'll give you what's due; give me the garage key."

"Here you," she says, and "this man," she says—and not one word like chauffeur—wasn't that rough, to say the least?

Well, I did it—that is, I gave her the key—but I didn't go to the house for my week's pay—not on your life! "Why?" you'll ask—"Why?" Because when they don't call you chauffeur—they *know!* And that young man is a pretty smart lawyer, I've heard—and, well, they had me *scared!*

These Styles $15 to $35
Collegian

Adler's Collegian Clothes

are not of that exaggerated—freakish type which good dressers rightly avoid. These suits and overcoats are distinctly up to the hour in every feature, but at the same time lack all indication of anything a well-bred man would not admire. Collegian Clothes are for a particular set of people—the class who shrink from conspicuous extremes and demand our kind of refined looking clothes. The quality of the materials and the standard of the workmanship are in keeping with the "cut" of the clothes. Latest fall fashions are now shown by all leading clothiers. Our fashion Suggester is a twenty-four page illustrated book of advice on correct apparel—a postal card brings it free of cost to you.

David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.
Nobby Clothes Makers Milwaukee

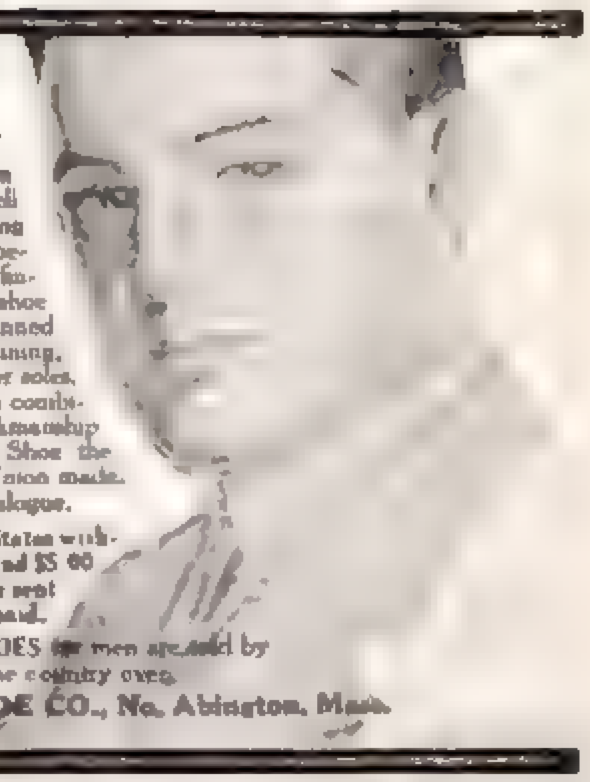
KING QUALITY

King Quality
TRADE MARK

The "Shoe of Shoes"
FOR MEN

The principal factors in the shoe question are style and quality. You cannot be well dressed if either element is lacking. King Quality Shoes are masterpieces of the shoeman's craft and every detail of cut and finish reflects the highest art of the skilled shoe designer. From the sole of oak bark tanned leather to the finest grade of linen lining, quality is there. Inside and out, inner soles, welts, counters, box, etc. It is the combination of style, quality and workmanship that makes the King Quality Shoe the "Shoe of Shoes" for men. Union made. Let us send you our catalogue.

Any dealer in the United States wishing to control the $4.00 and $5.00 men's shoe trade will be sent a sample line express paid.



KING QUALITY SHOES for men are sold by first class retailers the country over.

ARNOLD SHOE CO., No. Abington, Mass.

Resident Manager
New York Real Estate and Financial Corporation
Will allot exclusive territory for sale of guaranteed profit-sharing gold bonds. Attractive financial arrangements. Liberal long term contract.
CITY OF NEW YORK REALTY COMPANY
170 Broadway, New York

The Battle Creek Sanitarium
The world's foremost Health Resort in physiological and dietetic [illegible] of baths, large [illegible] Palm garden [illegible] massage [illegible] ments, mechanical vibration, [illegible] unequaled health cuisine, trained nurses. Delightful dining room on top floor. Luxurious modern appointments. Perfect warmth. Invigorating Michigan climate, 800 feet above sea level. The ideal place [illegible] permanent health. Beautiful Souvenir Portfolio FREE. Box [illegible] Battle Creek, Mich.

Well, that settles it. I'll sweep the streets—but I won't be a chauffeur any more. People are learning the tricks of the game too fast to suit this business.

But before I quit I want to give the boys a couple of small hints. Be mighty careful of your methods and your actions while you're driving for the peculiar kind of chap that pays each and every week, promptly, and right up to the hour. That kind of man usually has his own garage, and is running his car with brains—don't blame him, and don't get excited. Take it easy, and some day, maybe, your chance will come to fool him. You can catch more flies with syrup than with vinegar—don't forget that old saying. It's been my experience that the man who pays promptly "bounces" just as promptly; and once in a while you'll find that that kind of a man will "bounce" even quicker than he'll pay.

"Mike," the cop, used to be a steady friend of mine, till he got sent to the outskirts. Many's the time he's marched me up to the boss and said he had to pinch me for speeding—and the boss'd hand him a fiver, or a tener, sometimes, and chuck in a cigar—and then we'd divide. Never drive for a man who won't pay you back when you're fined for speeding. When you're alone—always speed. There are some automobile owners who are cranks on this subject. They won't pay your fine if you are caught alone in the machine. Bosh!

Don't drive for the man who puts a speedometer or odometer on the car. The owner of an automobile should *never* know how fast you are driving the automobile it's absolutely none of his business. He is there to pay you; and if you've had a little fun overspeeding, he's there to pay your fine.

Don't use a gasoline-tester; you shouldn't care whether the stuff is poor or not—you're not paying for it. Don't use any water or gas strainer; suppose the engine does get full of grit and dirt—there's your chance to get her to the garage.

The good old days for the chauffeur are passing. By and by everybody'll own an automobile, run his own car, and have his own garage. Competition will drive the bottom out of the gasoline and oil concerns, and they'll give no chauffeur's discounts—exactly what happened to the tire and tube people. The garages will stop paying rake-offs—yes, the good old days for chauffeurs are passing. But airships are coming—the best time to get into a game is when it's young! Me for an airship—yes, sirree—*me* for an *aviator!*

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers giving the experiences of a chauffeur. The second will be printed in an early issue.

YOUR SAVINGS

The Investments of Trustees and Institutions

THERE is, perhaps, no more helpful guide for the average investor who seeks security in the employment of his savings or other funds than some of the investments made by trustees and institutions. Most of the former are restricted by law and thus a real safeguard is placed about them.

Most States have laws regulating the investment of trust funds. Some are more rigid than others. In New York, for example, the statutes practically limit the investments to those of savings-banks. There is a little more latitude, however, as in the case of loans on real estate. A New York savings-bank can lend only sixty per cent. of the value of the property, while a trustee may lend sixty-six and two-thirds of the value. The legal investments summed up are these: Government bonds, which include the bonds of States, cities, towns, school districts; real-estate mortgages and railroad bonds, mostly first mortgage. The New York Court of Appeals has held that the franchise of a street railway is not such real-estate security as to make the bonds, secured by it, legal investments for trust funds. This ruling has been applied to the bonds of gas, electric light and telephone companies, save in those instances in which the bonds are secured by mortgage of real estate other than the franchises.

In Massachusetts a trustee may invest in securities "not speculative or hazardous." State and municipal bonds are deemed the best medium. The Supreme Court of that State once laid down the following rule, which is of interest and value to every investor:

"All that can be required of a trustee to invest is that he shall conduct himself faithfully and exercise a sound discretion. He is to observe how men of prudence, discretion and intelligence manage their own affairs, not in regard to speculation but in regard to the permanent disposition of their funds, considering the probable income as well as the probable safety of the capital to be invested."

The New Hampshire laws do not permit of so much latitude. The employment of trust funds is restricted to the following: 1. Notes secured by mortgage on real estate at least double the face of the note. 2. Deposits in savings-banks of the State of New Hampshire. 3. Bonds or loans of the State of New Hampshire or towns, cities and counties of that State. 4. Bonds of the United States.

In Maine, trustees may invest in Government, State or municipal bonds, and in the stocks and bonds of successful railroad and other corporations. If a trustee is in doubt he may apply to a Judge of the Probate Court or to the Supreme Judicial Court for advice as to investments.

Trustees in Connecticut may invest in the legal investments for savings-banks of that State, which are practically the same as in New York and Massachusetts.

In New Jersey a trustee, when not otherwise instructed by will, may invest in the following: Bonds of the State of New Jersey; bonds of the United States; loans secured by mortgage on unincumbered real estate lying within the State and worth at least twice the amount of the loan. These laws have been enlarged so as to include investments in the bonds of any county, city, town or township in the State where the total indebtedness does not exceed in the aggregate fifteen per cent. of the assessed valuation of taxable property. The trustee may apply to the Orphans' Court for advice.

Legal investments for trustees in Pennsylvania include United States Government bonds, State bonds and the bonds of counties, cities and school districts of Pennsylvania. Ground rents, a form of perpetual mortgage secured by real estate, and confined almost exclusively to Pennsylvania, are also legal. The investment of trust funds in the stocks and bonds of private corporations is forbidden.

There is greater variety in the investments of institutions. Frequently these investments reflect the character and judgment of the trustees. For example, you can see the hand of Major H. L. Higginson in the investments of Harvard, just as you can observe the conservative influence of Mr. George Foster Peabody in the investments of Tuskegee Institute. Such investments include bonds of the highest type and real-estate mortgages.

But sometimes you find speculative securities in the lists of investments of dignified and conservative institutions. How do they get there? The explanation is that, in nearly every case, they are gifts. A concrete example will explain. Not long ago a wealthy man of advanced years who lived in one of the New York up-State towns wrote to the chairman of the finance committee of a big New York school, saying: "I am very much interested in your institution and want to do something for it. I will give you a block of stock in a land company. Some day it will be valuable. I am too old to watch the investment, but you can." Thus many institutions have acquired speculative stocks that have become valuable assets.

The investments of scores of big institutions might be cited, but only one of them, the greatest, perhaps, in the extent of its endowment, will be quoted. This is the General Education Board, to which Mr. John D. Rockefeller gave the largest gift ever made for education. Its total investments aggregate fifty million dollars. In the choice of its investments it had the aid of the whole financial organization of Mr. Rockefeller.

The board's list of railroad bonds includes: Lake Shore and Michigan Southern

Opportunities for Investment

are constantly [illegible] for those who keep in touch with [illegible]. We are qualified, both by experience and organization, to keep our customers so posted. If you contemplate an investment, let us know what income you wish to derive [illegible] from a knowledge of the nature of the funds to be invested.

Also, conditions are continually arising making it advantageous [illegible] from one security to another. We have a department whose sole business it is to watch investments of all customers, advising them immediately of any and all such opportunities, and having no securities of our own to sell our advice is without prejudice.

Write for booklet [illegible] list of investment securities to meet your requirements.

SCHMIDT & GALLATIN
Members of the New York Stock Exchange
111 Broadway New York City

PUBLIC SERVICE CORPORATION BONDS
Yielding About 5¼%

Amply secured by mortgage. Earnings more than double the fixed charges.

Public Service Corporations have greater stability of earnings through periods of adversity than have steam railroads or industrial corporations.

This is demonstrated conclusively by the fact that during the past general depression the earnings of steam railroads and industrials showed marked decreases, while earnings of public service corporations showed almost universal increases.

Send for special circular

LEE, HIGGINSON & CO.
43 Exchange Place, New York City
44 State St., Boston
The Rookery, Chicago

Investigation
Assures Knowledge as to Safety

Our investigating department has had 32 years' experience, and has the services of technical engineers and thoroughly competent lawyers.

We only offer you bonds, which we have bought outright after the investigating department has approved every feature of the issue.

Send for circular No. 906-H describing carefully selected bonds yielding good rates.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS
(Refer to any Bank or Trust Company)
21 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.
CHICAGO DENVER SAN FRANCISCO

How To Invest

It is important to the investor to be informed as to the conditions affecting the securities he has bought or intends to buy.

"The WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW"

is a small, four-page editorial sheet, which treats broadly and without prejudice, current events in the financial, commercial and political world as they bear upon securities and other investments and is of interest and value to investors and business men.

THE REVIEW WILL ON APPLICATION BE MAILED REGULARLY WITHOUT CHARGE TO THOSE INTERESTED.

J. S. BACHE & CO. (Members New York Stock Exchange)
Bankers, 42 Broadway, New York

HOW WE PAY 5% WITHOUT RISK

We [illegible] real estate, interest and part of principal payable monthly. [illegible]

We have proven our [illegible] the past fifteen years [illegible] under the regular [illegible] New York Banking Department. Let us give you complete information.

Write us to-day

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO. NEW YORK CITY

Industrial Savings and Loan Co.
1 Times Bldg. Broadway & 42d St. New York

What the Investment Banker Does for His Clients

INVESTMENT banking houses are the [illegible] through which practically all of the [illegible] and other corporations find a market for their bonds, short term notes and other securities.

Before a responsible banking firm offers for sale [illegible] the securities of a railroad or other corporation, it thoroughly investigates every detail of the business, not only [illegible] to existing conditions but [illegible] from the viewpoint of future possibilities.

Based upon our many years of wide and successful experience as Investment Bankers, we shall be glad to send you a copy of our circular describing an issue of sound investment bonds, yielding a liberal rate of income and giving every reasonable promise of growing value. *(Write for Bond Circular No. 26.)*

Spencer Trask & Co.
Investment Bankers
William and Pine Streets, New York
Members New York Stock Exchange

Guaranteed Investment
Paying 5¾%

We offer bonds secured by mortgage on the property of an Interurban Traction Company having over 400 miles of track. Its location in the centre of Ohio, one of the richest agricultural and industrial sections of the country, insures a stable and profitable business.

An increase of 12% in net earnings for the first six months of this year in spite of the hard times, emphasizes the strength of this investment. INTEREST ON THE BONDS IS GUARANTEED BY A STRONG OPERATING COMPANY. These bonds are now selling below their real value and will advance in price.

Descriptive circular and map on application to

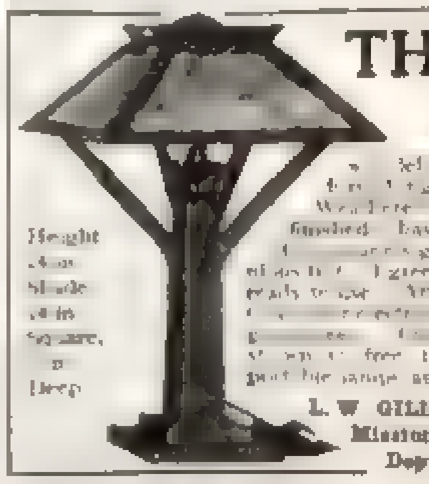
Adams & Company Investment Bankers
13 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

STATESMAN
WEATHERPROOF SIGNS
Wear Well

Weather Won't Faze 'Em

[illegible] that work all hours, *all weathers* [illegible] on wire fences, [illegible] less than metal or wood, [illegible] Almost impossible to tear down. Attractively printed in any size and variety of fast colors to order. Say anything you want or we furnish snappy phrases. Big trade pullers. A persistent, economical way to advertise. Any quantity you order shipped in 10 days, freight paid. Write for prices, samples. High-grade salesmen wanted.

The STATESMAN COMPANY, 18 Jefferson Ave., Marshall, Mich.



THIS ARTISTIC PORTABLE LAMP

[illegible] HANDSOME SHADE [illegible] Complete, ready to use. Attractive and substantial. [illegible]

Height [illegible] Shade [illegible] Square, [illegible] Deep

Special Price [illegible] $2.00
Order one now [illegible]

L. W. GILLESPIE
Mission Fixtures [illegible] Lamps
Dept. B. Marion, Indiana

Financing An Enterprise

A practical book by Francis Cooper, telling how money is secured for enterprises. Capitalization, prospectus writing, methods of presenting, etc., discussed fully. The only successful work on promotion. Endorsed by best business men. 540 pages. Buckram binding, prepaid $4. Send for pamphlet and list of business books.

The Ronald Press, Rooms 29-31, 229 Broadway, N.Y.

6% INVESTMENTS 6%

If You Have Saved a Little Money, you should write for our booklet "E" and descriptive list of first farm mortgage securities.

E. J. LANDER & COMPANY
GRAND FORKS, N. D.

ELECTRICITY

FOR BOYS. A 2c stamp sent today will bring you [illegible] 50-Page Catalog [illegible] description of all manner of electrical novelties, Motors, Dynamos, Telephones, Telegraph Instruments, Wireless, Lamps, Flashlights, Miniature Electrical Railways, etc. Every boy should have this book. It's the greatest electrical educational emporium ever produced—just in time for the Holidays—contains hundreds of suitable suggestions for Xmas gifts. [illegible]

Voltamp Electric Mfg. Co.
Post Building Baltimore, Md.

Running Water in Zero Weather

There is no longer any necessity for inconvenience and repairs due to frozen tanks and pipes. No matter how cold it may be, you can have a constant supply of fresh running water delivered at a useable temperature to all fixtures, if you install the

Kewanee System of Water Supply

No elevated tank exposed to all extremes in weather conditions. No freeze-ups in winter and no warm stagnant water in summer. The steel **Kewanee Pneumatic Tank** is located in the cellar, or buried in the ground. It cannot leak, freeze [illegible]

Water [illegible] fixtures [illegible] in the [illegible]

Over [illegible] Kewanee Systems in operation supplying water [illegible] homes, [illegible] schools, public and private institutions, etc.

The Kewanee System is the original water supply system [illegible] the use of air pressure instead of gravity pressure. There are imitations [illegible] them. Get the genuine and you will [illegible] we guarantee that. Look for our trade-mark and name plates on tank and pumping machinery.

No charge for expert engineering service. Let us help you solve your water [illegible] problem. Write for our 64-page illustrated catalog No. 38. It is free.

Kewanee Water Supply Company
Kewanee, Illinois
1566 Hudson-Terminal Bldg., 50 Church St., New York City
1212 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
[illegible] Bank Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

Write at the Top

of your list for winter needs

Superior
A PERFECT UNION SUIT

Union Suits

¶ They are the embodiment of underwear comfort. Every suit carries FIT, FINISH and DURABILITY. That is why men who wear Superior Union Suits are enthusiastic about them. Men who have never worn them have yet to learn of complete underwear satisfaction and comfort. ¶ Superior Union Suits have "the Lap without the Gap" and "the Crotch that Covers." Buttons that are sewed on to stay that you can find without a lantern; Never-rip seams; Cuffs that do not get baggy and crawl up. Perfect Sitting and Laps that positively stay closed. All this and more at popular prices that fit the purse.

At the Better Stores.
Ask your dealer—if he will not supply you, write

***The* Superior Underwear Co.**
132 Downing Street, Piqua, Ohio.

The
TEN-YEAR PEN

is guaranteed to write for ten years without leaking, flooding, [illegible], or scratching. It fills itself and cleans itself, always writes and never scratches.

PRICE, $2.50

Money refunded if pen is not perfectly satisfactory, or to responsible persons with references we will send six pens for a week's trial and examination. Try it.

GEORGE B. GRAFF, Manager
616 Tremont Temple, BOSTON, MASS

WEDDING INVITATIONS 100 for $3.50
Announcements, etc., engraved and printed
Latest styles, best quality, sent prepaid anywhere [illegible]
Visiting Cards [illegible]
THE ESTABROOK PRESS, 151 S. Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

4s; Northern Pacific-Great Northern Joint 4s; Wisconsin Central First 4s; Atlantic Coast Line 4s; New York, New Haven and Hartford Debenture 4s; Missouri Pacific 4s; Chicago and Alton 3s and 3½s; Rock Island 4s; Western Pacific 5s; Pennsylvania Convertibles; Lehigh Valley 4s; Chicago and Eastern Illinois Equipment 4½s; Chesapeake and Ohio Equipment 4s; Atlantic Coast Line 5 per cent. notes; Norfolk and Western Convertible 4s; Southern Railway 5 per cent. notes; Louisville and Nashville 5 per cent. notes; Colorado and Southern Equipment 5s, Interborough Rapid Transit 5 per cent notes, St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Refunding 4s, and Morris and Essex 3½s.

The industrial bonds include nearly five million dollars in United States Steel Sinking Fund 5s; American Cigar Company 4 per cent. notes; Colorado Industrial Company 5s, American Telephone and Telegraph Convertible 4s; Central Leather First 5s; Western Union 5s, and Westinghouse Convertible 5s. The board also has half a million in Imperial Japanese Government bonds.

The board's railroad stocks embrace 21,645 shares New York Central; 31,034 shares Manhattan Railway stock; 21,695 shares Missouri Pacific; 10,000 shares Pennsylvania Railroad; and 1000 shares Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul common, and 400 shares St. Paul preferred.

There is great similarity in the investments of our big universities. Yale, for example, has more money invested in railroad bonds than in any other kind of security. Her holdings include: Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe 4s; Chicago, Burlington and Quincy 3½s; Illinois Central 4s; Lake Shore 4s, New York Central 3½s; New York, New Haven and Hartford Convertible 6s and other standard railroad bonds of this type. Yale has more than $3,000,000 invested in real-estate mortgages. It also owns a big quantity of New York City corporate stock, which is extremely desirable for investment. Yale's average yield is 4.88 per cent.

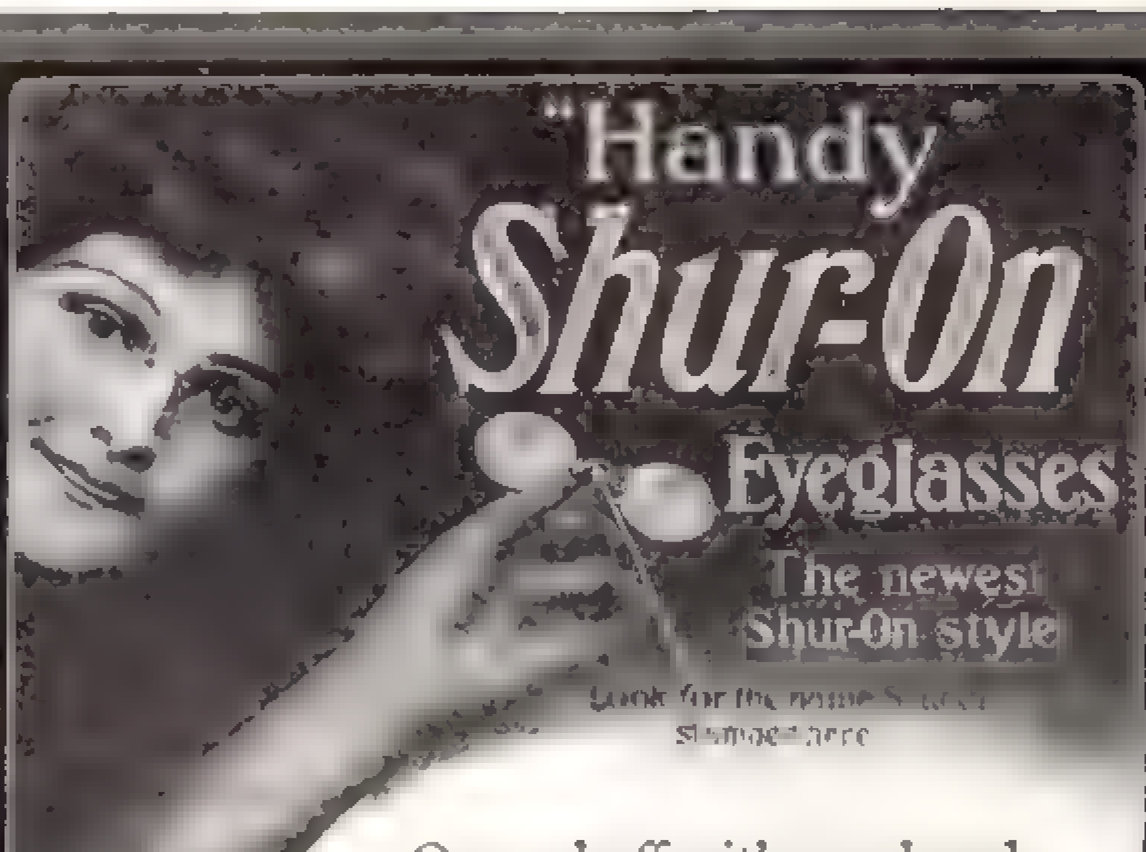
Harvard has more than $5,000,000 in standard railroad and municipal bonds. Its investments also include a large quantity of traction bonds. As in the case of all other colleges a goodly portion of the University's funds is in real-estate mortgages. The net income from the Harvard investments averages 4.91 per cent.

The University of Chicago, whose investments aggregate $14,000,000, has more money in real-estate loans than any other college. It is one of the few colleges having money in farm mortgages.

There is a peculiar interest in the investments of life-insurance companies for the reason that the future prosperity and welfare of many homes depend upon the safety of these funds. Many States, especially New York, have laws regulating the investments of the companies' assets. The New York laws grew out of the late insurance scandals, which showed such reckless expenditure of money in favored corporations. Now the companies there can only invest in real-estate mortgages and mortgage bonds. They are not permitted to buy stocks. No investments can be made in collateral trust bonds where the deposit of stocks as collateral is more than one-third of the total amount of collateral deposited. In the main, the big companies prefer long-term to short-term investments.

The assets of the "Big Three" companies—the Equitable, Mutual Life and New York Life—show that the bulk of the investments is now in real-estate mortgages and bonds. The average interest earned by the Equitable will show what the yields are. Its average return on all mortgage loans is 4.53 per cent., while the yield on the loans made last year has averaged 5.17 per cent. The companies are buying less real estate than formerly. One interesting feature of life-insurance investments is the large number of foreign bonds, which range from British Consols to Brazilian State loans.

The investments of life-insurance companies outside New York, and especially those with home offices in the Middle West, include many farm mortgages, which, when well selected, afford a safe and profitable investment. More than $400,000,000 is invested by life companies in farm mortgages. The company having the largest sum employed this way has from three to ten millions in each of the following States: Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Minnesota, Ohio, Maryland, Wisconsin, South Dakota, Michigan and Kansas.



On and off with one hand.

No coil springs to break or loosen. A *great thing* and its extreme simplicity makes it all the more wonderful. If any eyeglass can be made to fit you, *a Shur-On can.* If other kinds cannot—*a Shur-On may.*

Improve the looks as well as the sight

Your present lenses can be put into a Shur-On mounting.

Beware of Imitations

Consider an effort to substitute an imposition. At the better opticians everywhere

Free
for a postal

Valuable Book, "Styles and Innovations in Eyeglasses" which explains how the effect of the finest lenses may be ruined by ill fitting frames and mountings.

Send for it today

Every wearer of glasses should have a copy of this book

E. Kirstein Sons Co., Dept. B,
Established 1864 **Rochester, N.Y.**

Banish Ignition Trouble

You can make certain of the perfect firing of your engine by having your motor car equipped with the Remy High Tension Magneto—

The *simplest* magneto on the market. For instance, the Remy is the magneto without brushes. No brushes to give you trouble, wear out and be replaced. The little attention that the Remy needs can be understood by any motorist at a glance.

With this magneto the horse-power of any car is increased from 5 to 20 per cent *by actual brake test.*

More Remy Magnetos have already been sold for 1909 cars than all our competitors combined can sell. The total number to date exceeds 15,000. And more Remy Magnetos are now in use on American-built cars than all others put together.

If the most experienced motorists of the country think so much of it you certainly take no chances with the Remy.

We Are the Oldest Manufacturers of Magnetos in America

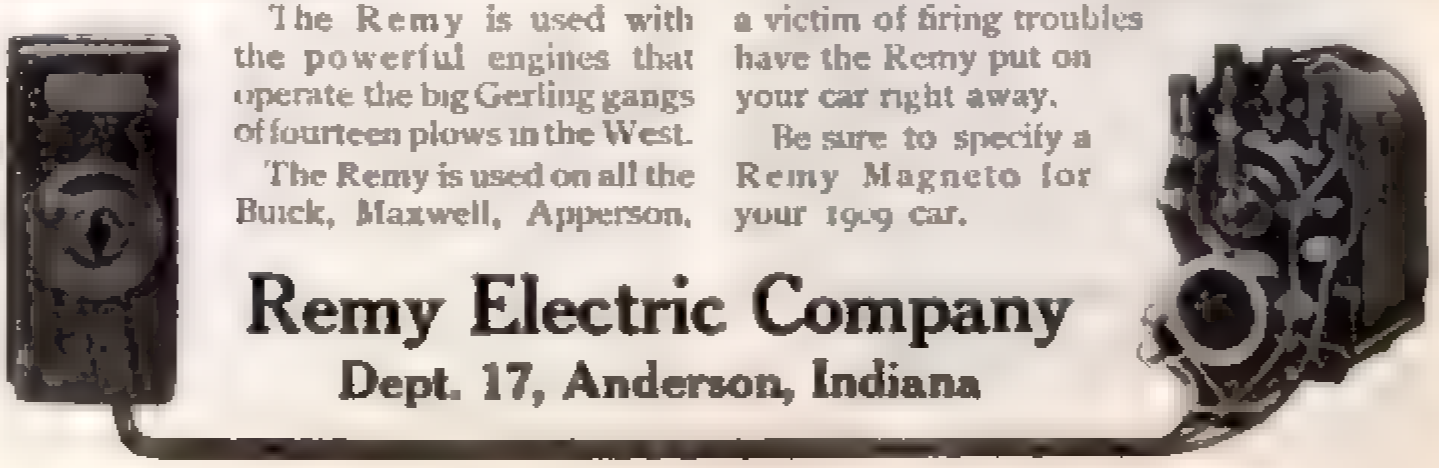
Our magnetos were giving splendid service before the automobile became practicable. The Remy is used in the 200 h. p. gasoline electric steel cars manufactured for the Union Pacific by the McKeen Motor Car Company.

The Remy is used with the powerful engines that operate the big Gerling gangs of fourteen plows in the West.

The Remy is used on all the Buick, Maxwell, Apperson, Overland, Cameron, Midland, Nordyke & Marmon, and Haynes cars—and more Remys are being specified every day for the cars of other makers.

Write us for illustration and full description of our new magneto. If you are a victim of firing troubles have the Remy put on your car right away.

Be sure to specify a Remy Magneto for your 1909 car.



Remy Electric Company
Dept. 17, Anderson, Indiana

"Lightweight Peerless" Table Open

The Folding Table That Won't Wobble

Where the "Lightweight" Peerless Folding Table is far superior to ordinary folding tables is in its strength and rigidity and its unusually handsome appearance. It is the only folding table with a veneered top showing the natural beauty and grain of the wood. Doesn't look like a folding table. The legs of the

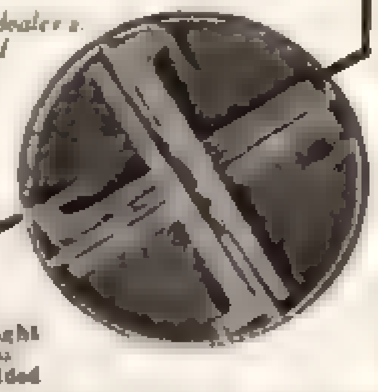
Lightweight PEERLESS Folding Table

lock automatically a touch unlocks it. The unusual rigidity is due to the unique construction of the cross-work which upholds the panel. A 30 inch table weighs but ten pounds and will carry a thousand. Ideal for games or luncheons. Our **Round Folding Dining Table,** 48 inches in diameter, seats eight persons. Very thing for small rooms. Also 24 inch square table, with round corners, legs fold flush with rim.

"Lightweight" Peerless Tables are made in all sizes—round and square—cloth, leatherette or natural wood three-ply veneered tops. *All tables fully guaranteed*

Examine them at your dealer's. If he doesn't handle, send for illustrated booklet telling how we supply you direct

CARROM-ARCHARENA CO.,
Ludington, Mich.


"Lightweight Peerless" Table Folded

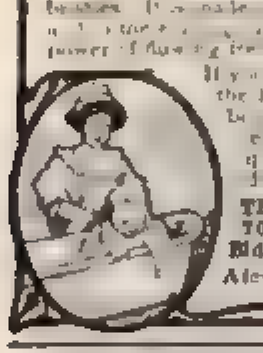
Knickerbocker

SPRAYBRUSH
For Bath, Massage and Shampoo

The only bathing appliance that sends [illegible] Knickerbocker Spraybrush [illegible] a gentle and thorough massage [illegible] vigor and beauty. It offers [illegible] delightfully quick and [illegible] completely satisfactory manner.

Will Not Scratch or Irritate the Tenderest Skin

The Knickerbocker is unlike any other brush [illegible] with flexible back, [illegible] cleansing power [illegible]



If your dealer doesn't handle the Knickerbocker [illegible] for booklet [illegible] and [illegible] prices for [illegible]

THE PROGRESS CO.
707 Rand-McNally Bldg Chicago Illinois
A few good agents wanted.

PATENTS that PROTECT
Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6cts. stamps
R. S. & A. B. LACEY Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

PREPARING A BIG CRIMINAL CASE FOR TRIAL

(Continued from Page 7)

the part of all the lawyers in the case, while a plea of insanity requires that, for the time being, the district attorney shall become an alienist, familiar with every aspect of paranoia, *dementia præcox,* and all other forms of mania. He must also reduce his knowledge to concrete, workable form, and be able to defeat opposing experts on their own ground. William Travers Jerome accomplished both these feats in the trial of Carlisle W. Harris, where he appeared for the defense, and of Harry K. Thaw, where he acted as prosecutor. But such knowledge comes only by prayer and fasting—or, perhaps, rather by months of hard and remorseless grind.

Getting Ready for the Experts

The writer once prosecuted a druggist who had, by mistake, filled a prescription for a one-fourth-grain pill of calomel with a one-fourth-grain pill of morphine. The baby for whom the pill was intended died in consequence. The defense was that the prescription had been properly filled, but that the child was the victim of various diseases, from acute gastritis to cerebrospinal meningitis.

In preparation the writer was compelled to spend four hours every evening for a week with three specialists, and became temporarily a minor expert on children's diseases. To-day he is forced to admit that he would not know a case of acute gastritis from one of mumps. But the druggist was convicted.

Yet it is not enough to prepare for the defense you *believe* the accused is going to interpose. A conscientious preparation means getting ready for *any* defense he may endeavor to put in. Just as the prudent general has an eye to every possible turn of the battle and has, if he can, reënforcements on the march, so the prosecutor must be ready for anything, and readiest of all for the unexpected. He must not rest upon the belief that the other side will concede any fact, however clear it may seem. Some cases are lost simply because it never occurs to the district attorney that the accused will deny something which the State has twenty witnesses to prove. The twenty witnesses are, therefore, not summoned on the day of trial, the defendant *does* deny it, and as it is a case of word against word the accused gets the benefit of the doubt and, perhaps, is acquitted.

No case is properly prepared unless there is in the courtroom every witness who knows anything about any aspect of the case. No one can foretell when the unimportant will become the vital. Most cases turn on an unconsidered point. A prosecutor once lost what seemed to him the clearest sort of a case. When it was all over, and the defendant had passed out of the courtroom rejoicing, he turned to the foreman and asked the reason for the verdict.

"Did you hear your chief witness say he was a carpenter?" inquired the foreman.

"Why, certainly," answered the district attorney.

"Did you hear me ask him what he paid for that ready-made, pine door he claimed to be working on when he saw the assault?"

The prosecutor recalled the incident and nodded.

"Well, he said ten dollars—and I knew he was a liar. A door like that don't cost but four-fifty!"

It is, perhaps, too much to require a knowledge of carpentry on the part of a lawyer trying an assault case. Yet the juror was undoubtedly right in his deduction.

The Defense of Insanity

In a case where insanity is the defense, the State must dig up and have at hand every person it can find who knew the accused at any period of his career. He will probably claim that in his youth he was kicked in a game of football and fractured his skull, that later he fell into an elevator shaft and had concussion of the brain, or that he was hit on the head by a burglar. It is usually difficult, if not impossible, to disprove such assertions, but the prosecutor must be ready, if he can, to show that football was not invented until after the defendant had attained maturity, that it was some other man who fell down the elevator shaft, and to produce the burglar to deny that the assault occurred. Naturally, complete preparation for an important trial demands the presence of many witnesses who ultimately are not needed and who are never called. Probably in most such cases only about half the witnesses testify at all.

Most of what has been said has related to the preparation for trial of cases where the accused is already under arrest when the district attorney is called into the case. If this stage has not been reached the prosecutor may well be called upon to exercise some of the functions of a detective in the first instance.

Almost three years ago it was brought to the attention of the New York authorities that many blackmailing letters were being received bearing the name of "Lewis Jarvis."

These were of a character to render the apprehension of the writer of them a matter of much importance. The letters directed that the replies be sent to a certain box in the New York post-office, but as the boxes are numerous and close together it seemed doubtful if "Lewis Jarvis" could be detected when he called for his mail. The district attorney, the police and the post-office officials finally evolved the scheme of plugging the key of "Lewis Jarvis'" box with a match. The scheme worked, for "Jarvis," finding that he could not use his key, went to the delivery window and asked for his mail. The very instant the letters reached his hand the gyves were upon the wrists of one of the best-known attorneys in the city.

How Reporters Help

When the district attorney has been apprised that a crime has been committed and that a certain person is the guilty party he not infrequently allows the suspect to go his way under the careful watch of detectives, and thus often secures much new evidence against him. In this way it is sometimes established that the accused has endeavored to bribe the witnesses and to induce them to leave the State, while the whereabouts of stolen loot is often discovered. In most instances, however, the district attorney begins where the police leave off, and he merely supplements their labors and prepares for the actual trial itself. But the press he has always with him, and from the first moment after the crime up to the execution of the sentence or the liberation of the accused, the reporters dog his footsteps, sit on his doorstep and deluge him with advice and information. Now a curious feature about the evidence "worked up" by reporters for their papers is that little of it materializes when the prosecutor wishes to make use of it. Of course, some reporters do excellent detective work, and there are one or two veterans attached to the criminal courts in New York City who, in addition to their literary capacities, are natural-born sleuths, and combine with a knowledge of criminal law almost as extensive as that of a regular prosecutor a resourcefulness and nerve that often win the case for whichever side they espouse. I have frequently found that these men knew more about the cases which I was prosecuting than I did myself, and a tip from them has more than once turned defeat into victory. But newspapermen, for one reason or another, are loth to testify, and usually make but poor witnesses. They feel that their motives will be questioned, and are naturally unwilling to put themselves in an equivocal position. The writer well remembers that in the Mabel Parker case, where the defendant, a young and pretty woman, had boasted of her forgeries before a roomful of reporters, it was impossible when her trial was called to find more than one of them who would testify—and he had practically to be dragged to the witness chair. In point of fact, if reporters made a practice of being witnesses it would probably hurt their business. But, however much "faked" news may be published, a prosecutor who did not listen to all the hints the press boys had to give would make a great mistake; and as allies and advisers they are often invaluable, for they

COUPON BOND

Stands Seven Complete Erasures

There could be no stronger proof of its exceptional quality worth. If it were anything other than the very best, this test would be impossible.

COUPON BOND
THE DE LUXE BUSINESS PAPER

is Real Bond, not near-bond

It is made only of the finest, newest factory clippings, *washed,* not cut, to pulp, and the integral strength of the original fibre is preserved in the finished product. Stronger, finer and better in color, as is evident at a glance, COUPON BOND is the one paper best qualified in every way to fitly represent the high-grade house.

JUDGE IT YOURSELF

Write us without delay for samples of this splendid paper in all colors, also of booklet and cover papers. Compare these with the paper you are now using. Put them to any test you wish. Comparison will only emphasize the fact that COUPON BOND is the paper you should use.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER CO.
Largest Manufacturers of Commercial Paper in the World. 29 Mills
HOLYOKE, MASS.

Warm Chamois Garments
GUARANTEED WASHABLE

Made from [illegible] Black Horn Chamois Skins and [illegible] Glove Leather—Strong and [illegible] [illegible]

We also make [illegible] special garment desired.

Send for booklet illustrating all garments and showing the [illegible]

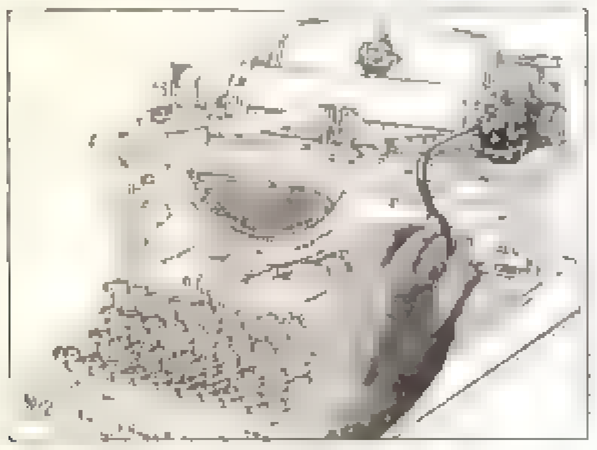
Ask your dealer for Black Horn Chamois for general uses, or send direct to us. It is the only chamois backed by the manufacturer's name. Black Horn is guaranteed washable.

It will not harden. Price 25c per sq. ft.

Black Horn Leather Co., 20 Tannery St., Great Bend, Pa.

STERLING LETTER SEAL 35 Cents Prepaid
This is one of many articles illustrated in our Catalog No. 20. **It's free.**
Send postal for it today.
Warren Mansfield Co. 365 Middle Street Portland, Me.

The Flick of a Finger!



Three different line spaces by one movement—exactly the same for single, double or treble—no chance of missing—with the

NEW MODEL

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter

—Nothing on any other writing machine to equal this intelligent device.

—Variable spacing at will.

—Operator's hands never out of position.

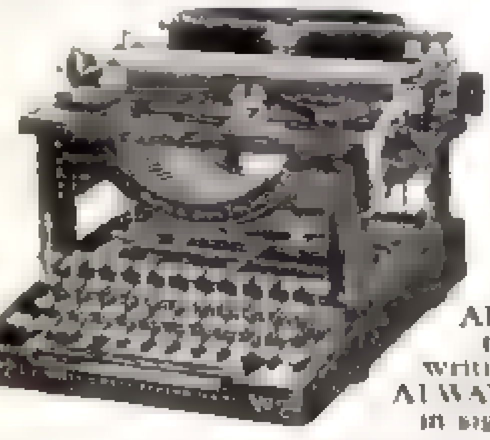
—One single motion (instinctive) advances the paper and returns carriage from any point to any point.

—Just the flick of a finger!

Send for Free Book.

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter Co.
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

Head Office for Europe, Asia and Africa, 49 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C.



ALL the writing ALWAYS in sight

The CADILLAC
DESK-TABLE

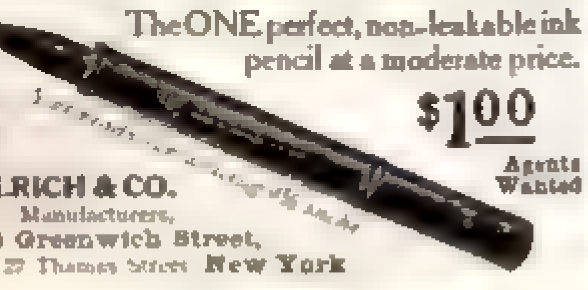
For Your Home

The Cadillac Desk-Table fully meets the requirements of Desk and Table, of which it is a perfect combination. The cost is no more than that of the ordinary high-grade table and the economy of floor and wall space is a valuable feature. Extension Desk and Stationery Compartment with ink well and pen rack sunk flush, instantly available. Appropriate styles, sizes, woods and finishes, for home, office, or student's use. Write for booklet D and name of "Cadillac" dealer in your city. Only the Cadillac is a "Desk-Table"—patented.

CADILLAC CABINET CO., Detroit, Mich.

Red Baby "Vulcan" Ink Pencil

The ONE perfect, non-leakable ink pencil at a moderate price.



$1.00

Agents Wanted

At your [illegible] postpaid

J. F. ULLRICH & CO.
Manufacturers,
135 Greenwich Street,
(Entrance 27 Thames Street) New York

can tell him where and how to get evidence of which otherwise he would never hear.

The week before a great case is called is a busy one for the prosecutor in charge. He is at his office early to interview his main witnesses and go over their testimony with them so that their regular daily work may not be interrupted more than shall be actually necessary. Some he cautions against being over-enthusiastic and others he encourages to greater emphasis. The bashful "cop" is badgered until at last he ceases to begin his testimony in the cut-and-dried police fashion.

"On the morning of the twenty-second of July, about three-thirty A. M., while on post at the corner of Desbrosses Street——," he starts.

"Oh, quit that!" shouts the district attorney. "Tell me what you saw in your own words."

The "cop" blushes and stammers:

"Aw, well, on the morning of the twenty-second of July, about three-thirty A. M ——"

"Look here!" yells the prosecutor, jumping to his feet and shaking his fist at him, "do you want to be taken for a d—n liar? 'Morning of the twenty-second of July, about three-thirty A. M., while on post!' You never talked like that in your life."

By this time the "cop" is "mad clear through."

"I'm no liar!" he retorts. "I saw the cuss pull his gun and shoot!"

"Well, why didn't you say so?" laughs the prosecutor, and Patrick, mollified with a cigar, dimly perceives the objectionable feature of his testimony.

The Finishing Touches

About this time one of the sleuths comes in to report that certain much-desired witnesses have been located and are in custody downstairs. The assistant makes immediate preparation for taking their statements. Then one of the experts comes in for a chat about a new phase of the case occasioned by the discovery that the defendant actually *did* have spasms when an infant. The assistant wisely makes an appointment for the evening. A telegram arrives saying that a witness for the defense has just started for New York from Philadelphia and should be duly watched on arrival. The district attorney sends for the assistant to inquire if he has looked up the law on similar cases in Texas and Alabama—which he probably has not done; and a friend on the telephone informs him that Tomkins, who has been drawn on the jury, is a boon companion of the prisoner and was accustomed to play bridge with him every Sunday night before the murder.

Coincidently, some private detectives enter with a long report on the various members of the panel, including the aforesaid Tomkins, whom they pronounce to be "all right," and as never having, to their knowledge, laid eyes on the accused. Finally, in despair, the prosecutor locks himself in his library with a copy of the Bible, Bartlett's Familiar Quotations and a volume of celebrated speeches, to prepare his summing up, for no careful trial lawyer opens a case without first having prepared, to some extent, at least, his closing address to the jury. He has thought about this for weeks and perhaps for months. In his dreams he has formulated syllogisms and argued them to imaginary yet obstinate talesmen. He has glanced through many volumes for similes and quotations of pertinency. He has tried various arguments on his friends until he knows just how, *if* he succeeds in proving certain facts and the defense expected *is* interposed, he is going to convince the twelve jurors that the defendant is guilty and, perhaps, win an everlasting reputation as an orator himself.

This superficial sketch of how an important criminal case is gotten ready for trial would be incomplete without some further reference to something which has been briefly hinted at before—preparation upon its purely legal aspect. This may well demand almost as much labor as that required in amassing the evidence. Yet careful and painstaking investigation of the law governing every aspect of the case is indispensable to success. The prosecutor with a perfectly clear case may see the defendant walk out of court a free man, simply because he has neglected to acquaint himself with the various points of law which may arise in the course of the trial, and the lawyer for an accused may find his client convicted upon a charge to which he has a perfectly good legal defense, for the same reason.

Looking at it from the point of view of the prisoner's counsel, it is obvious that it is quite as efficacious to free your client on a point of law, without having the case go to the jury at all, as to secure an acquittal at their hands

At the conclusion of the evidence introduced in behalf of the State there is always a motion made to dismiss the case on the ground of alleged insufficiency in the proof. This has usually been made the subject of the most exhaustive study by the lawyers for the defense, and requires equal preparation on the part of the prosecutor. The writer recalls trying a bankrupt, charged with fraud, where the lawyer for the defendant had written a book of some three hundred pages upon the points of law which he proposed to argue to the court upon his motion to acquit. But, unfortunately, his client pleaded guilty and the volume was never brought into play.

But a mastery of the law, a thorough knowledge and control of the evidence, a careful preparation for the opening and closing addresses, and an intimate acquaintance with the panel from which the jury is to be drawn are by no means the only elements in the preparation for a great legal battle. One thing still remains, quite as important as the rest—the selection of the best time and the best court for the trial. "A good beginning" in a criminal case means a beginning before the right judge, the proper jury, and at a time when that vague but important influence known as public opinion augurs success. A clever criminal lawyer, be he prosecutor or lawyer for the defendant, knows that all the preparation in the world is of no account provided his case is to come before a stupid or biased judge, or a prejudiced or obstinate jury. Therefore, each side, in a legal battle of importance, studies, as well as it can, the character, connections and cast of mind of the different judges who may be called upon to hear the case, and, like jockeys at the flag, try to hurry or delay, as the case may be, until the judicial auspices appear most favorable. A lawyer who has a weak defense seeks to bring the case before a weak judge, or, if public clamor is loud against his client, makes use of every technical artifice to secure delay, by claiming that there are flaws in the indictment, or by moving for commissions to take testimony in distant points of the country. The opportunities for legal procrastination are so numerous that in a complicated case the defense may often delay matters for over a year. This may be an important factor in the final result.

The Judge's Charge

Yet even this is not enough, for, ultimately, it is the judge's charge to the jury which is going to guide their deliberations and, in large measure, determine their verdict. The lawyers for the defense, therefore, prepare long statements of what they either believe or pretend to believe to be the law. These statements embrace all the legal propositions, good or bad, favorable to their side of the case. If they can induce the judge to follow these so much the better for their client, for even if they are not law it makes no difference, since the State has no appeal from an acquittal in a criminal case, no matter how much the judge has erred. In the same way, but not in quite the same fashion, the district attorney prepares "requests to charge," but his desire for favorable instructions should be, and generally is, curbed by the consideration that if the judge makes any mistake in the law and the defendant is convicted he can appeal and upset the case. Of course, some prosecutors are so anxious to convict that they will wheedle or deceive a judge into giving charges which are not only most inimical to the prisoner, but so utterly unsound that a reversal is sure to follow; but when one of these professional bloodhounds is baying upon the trail all he thinks of is a conviction—that is all he wants, all the public will remember; to him will be the glory; and when the case is finally reversed he will probably be out of office. These "requests" cover pages, and touch upon every phase of law applicable or inapplicable to the case. Frequently they number as many as fifty, sometimes many more. It is "up to" the judge to decide "off the bat" which are right and which are wrong. If he guesses that the right one is wrong or the wrong one right the defendant gets a new trial.

"SINCERITY TALKS"
by
Wilbur D Nesbit

TO THE COLLEGE BOY.

ALLOW us, during this breathing spell after advice and appeal from the campaign managers eager that your first vote should be cast with an eye to your future, to tell you something about clothes. You can only vote every so often, but from now on you've got to think, and think *frequently*, about your clothes; for while clothes may not make the man they *do* help to make his reputation.

In *your* college you have already seen the advantage and effect of a good appearance. "Putting up a good front," isn't it, in the vernacular? Some of the boys, whose parents can afford it, patronize a high-priced custom tailor. But *you* know how many more of them wear ready-made clothing. And *we* know how particular a college boy is about his clothes. There are plenty of good reasons why he *must* be particular. Very well. For you and the other fellows *especially* we exclusively designed and made the "*Deke*," which is a wholesome, breezy suit—and *not* a freakish attempt to mingle braid, buttons and angles. It is a *winner*, and is the most popular suit in America today for college chaps. Also for *you* we have made the *Athletic suit* and the *Athletic overcoat*. The name tells what the style is—broad-shouldered, full-chested, a *strong* garment. The broad shoulders are the result of scientific *cutting* and *tailoring*—we do not trust to chunks of padding; you will not see any misplaced shoulder-blades in *our* Athletic styles. Furthermore, we believe you will like the *Campus*, the *Strand*, the *Savoy*, the *Windom*, the *Ashbrook* and *Portsmouth* of our young men's suits. Also the *St. George*, the *Grenadier*, the *St. Denis* and the *Carlton* overcoats; and our Raincoats. Likewise, that you will discover in our full dress suits and overcoats a splendid opportunity to make "dad's" allowance *stretch* like a rubber band.

"Sincerity Clothes" are sold by good shops in every college town; they are not hard to get; they are not hard to buy; they are not hard to pay for.

And getting down to brass tacks for the moment, let us say to *you* that no clothes in all the world are made with such painstaking insistence upon *excellence* in every trifle and every detail. The good looks and good style are there—we see to that, too—but furthermore the garments are made to endure the kind of wear a college boy *has* to give them.

Send for our Style Book. It comes to you by return mail and it goes into details of words and pictures.

KUH, NATHAN & FISCHER CO.
Chicago.

Our label in every garment is your guaranty.

THE GRENADIER—A SMART "SINCERITY" STYLE

The Florsheim SHOE

Full Dress

Every man of taste will appreciate the grace and dignity of this aristocratic style.

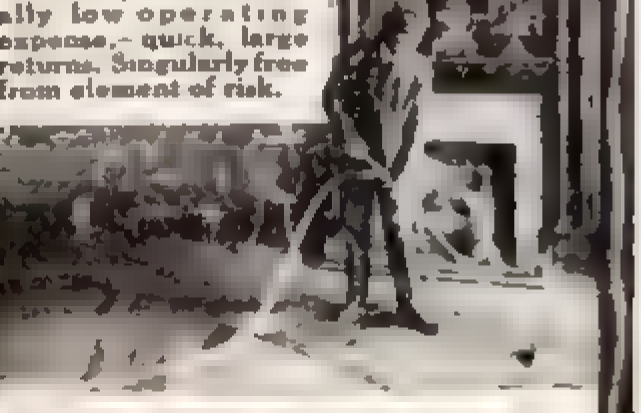
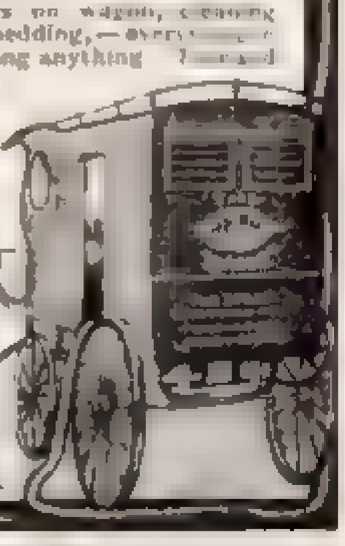
This subtle "tone" is a part of all Florsheim Shoes. It raises them above the commonplace.

The foot that is shod in a Florsheim is beyond criticism and *feels* as well as it *looks*.

Florsheim "natural shaped" lasts prevent pinching, cramping or discomfort. Most styles $5 and $6.

Write for style book.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.



A Good Business for Small Capital

Nominal, original investment, — exceptionally low operating expense, — quick, large returns. Singularly free from element of risk.

[illegible]

Aero vacuum separator draws [illegible] and dust through hose into tanks on wagon, cleaning curtains, walls, carpets, bedding, — every[illegible] the house without removing anything. [illegible] for cleaning churches, residences, stores, [illegible] is big and permanent.

Write for booklet, "Turning Dust into Money."

We make six types of vacuum, and two types compressed air [illegible] selling from $1450 to $2700. Largest builders of portable outfits.

We lead the world in installing stationary plants. Write for literature.

American Air Cleaning Co.
408 Sycamore St. Milwaukee Wis.

WE Pay You 6% interest on $100 deposits and 5% on smaller sums. $2,000,000 Approved First Mortgages, held in trust as your Security. 18 years in business — not a dollar loss to depositors. Write for "The Sulky Dollar" — it tells our 6% plan; it's interesting.

GEORGIA STATE SAVINGS ASSN., 175 York St., Savannah, Ga.

SCHOOL FLAGS AND PILLOWS

[illegible]

Arden Mfg. Co., Dept. C, Louisville, New York

THE HARD-ROCK MAN

(Continued from Page 11)

intentness, and it was the face of a man who is happy in his work.

Behind him on the muck-heap a "nipper-boy" lay fast asleep.

At noon came a half-hour interval, and lunch. They brought in the food on the muck-train and its advent was followed by a stampede from heading and bench. Sixty oilskin-clad, dripping men hurled themselves upon the cars, a fighting, rending mass. They surged like milling cattle. One, lighter than the rest, was forced upward by the pressure of those about him and thrown bodily among the food. Hardly was the struggle over — a brief interval of fierce eating followed, so brief that it seemed no interval at all — and they were back at their machines.

At two o'clock The Hard-Rock Man's fourteen-foot steel ran to an end in his last hole. He shut off the air, loosed the great chuck nuts, cranked back the feed screw, freed his machine a bit at the column, and turned it to one side. Then he drew forth the steel and his helper carried it away. The helper returned from the "jumbo" and the two of them unclamped the machine, loaded it on a barrow and wheeled it across the long gangway. After this they blew out the hole. They did this with the compressed air. The Hard-Rock Man coupled to the wire-wrapped hose which had fed his machine a one-inch iron pipe; the helper turned on the air from the stand-pipe; The Hard-Rock Man ran the iron pipe into each hole, raising it, lowering it, raising it again. It shrieked and bellowed terrifically, weirdly, and the muck flew from the holes in showers.

The heading boss stood amid the ruin of torn-down columns, where other runners were removing their raffle, two boxes of warmed giant-powder at his feet; on each box lay a bundle of nitro exploders, tipped with three-foot, thin, wire strands. To him The Hard-Rock Man went.

"Ten sticks," yelled the boss; it had grown so quiet with the cessation of machines that a man could make his voice heard. The Hard-Rock Man took ten for each of his holes. He slipped the smooth, warm, yellow cylinders down, one after another, ramming each with a long, wooden loading rod. The top one he slit with his pocket-knife, placing in the slit an exploder whose wire trailed from the rim of the hole. Then he tamped down the charge with loose, fine muck. The other runners did the same thing. The boss tied the exploder wires one to another, so that all the holes were connected; then coupled the wires at each end of the round to the wires of an electric-light circuit, which remained broken three hundred feet out toward the portal. By this time the place was clear of barrows and tools, and the men were leaving.

Some one took down the string of incandescents and bore them away in a glowing bundle, and there remained now the boss, The Hard-Rock Man, and the one-eyed man who had traveled up with him on the train the day before. They bore flickering candles, and by their light swiftly examined each foot of the wire circuit to see that it was properly coupled. Then they, too, went. One hundred yards out from the bench they joined the rest of the shift who stood, sombre shadows among the deeper, mantling shades.

"All out!" yelled the boss. There was no answer.

"Ready!" he yelled, and raised a long pole. On its end dangled a wire, the one strand necessary to connect the broken shooting-circuit.

"Fire!" He let the wire drop into its place. There came a faint shiver of air; away up in the blackness a red flash; the roar of the rending dynamite followed; then a gust of wind which blew out their candles.

"All in!" They followed the boss toward the heading. Pungent reek of dynamite met their nostrils as they approached the bench. They clambered up its face into a thick, blue fog. Some one coughed; then others. A man near The Hard-Rock Man gasped and staggered, his hand to his forehead; he fell and lay on the rock. Others, in distress, fought their way among the smoke wreaths, whose gases sent the blood pumping through every artery in their bodies until every

HOW TO SELECT A KITCHEN CABINET

In the first place, see the HOOSIER Kitchen Cabinet

It is the leading one today and entirely worthy of your consideration because it is thoroughly well made, guaranteed, and sold so you can return it if you do not like it.

Send to us for a Hoosier catalogue and then see the Cabinet itself at the furniture store in your town.

There is more valuable information in this catalogue than any salesman can remember to tell you.

Get a *guaranteed* Cabinet and so constructed it will not warp in the heat of the kitchen.

The Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet is made of solid oak and is guaranteed. You are protected. With other Cabinets you take your chances. The Hoosier trade mark is your safeguard. It is the evidence of responsibility to you of a concern that is permanently in business.

Send For Catalogue

Buy A Guaranteed Cabinet

200,000 Women by their practical suggestions have made the Hoosier the most convenient in every way. Look into this question of real *labor saving* convenience very carefully.

Of course the Hoosier is imitated — so are diamonds but no imitation will ever equal the genuine and original.

We guarantee the Hoosier price is from $3 to $10 lower than any competing Cabinet; better quality and finish.

If, after thirty days' trial, the purchaser finds any just cause for complaint, and we cannot correct it to your satisfaction, we will see that your money is refunded.

Look for This — THE HOOSIER SAVES STEPS KITCHEN CABINET — Trade-mark

The Hoosier Mfg. Company
Estab. 1871
Factory and General Office, NEWCASTLE, IND.
BRANCHES
[illegible] Lexington Avenue (office only) New York City
[illegible] street (office only) San Fra[illegible]

Putting in The Flour

Flour Comes Out Sifted

Metal Bread and Cake Box

Can Sit Down and Work

Cupboard Shelf Slides Out

"I MADE $12 PER DAY Selling This 7-Piece Kitchen Set"

AGENTS

[illegible] OUTFIT FREE to workers.

THOMAS MFG. CO.
490 Home Bldg.
Dayton, Ohio

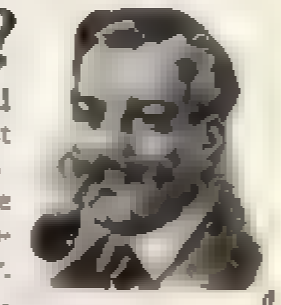
5,000 Business Points in store service, selling methods, cash and credit, preparation of advertisements, letters, etc., window displays, system in shipping, getting and keeping men, welfare work, the selection of trade-marks, labels and packages, finding a market, etc., etc., including laws regarding patents, secret processes, copyright, contracts, employment, and other general business law and the law of advertising and sales. Send for complete information.

CLOWRY CHAPMAN, Advertising Counsel Denver.

PONY RIGS for BOYS and GIRLS

Buy them an outfit for Christmas. [illegible] Tony Pony Line [illegible] FREE [illegible] of high class full size vehicles. Booklet C tells all about our delightful line.

Michigan Buggy Co., 530 Office Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.


Do You Smoke?

In any event, you should know that there is one best smoking tobacco that discriminating smokers have been using for 25 years. Absolutely pure, natural flavor.

Spilman Mixture SMOKING TOBACCO

Special Offer If your dealer will not supply you, send his name and a dollar bill (at our risk) and receive prepaid a 75c can of Spilman Mixture, and a [illegible] Money back if not satisfied.

3 oz. 75c; ½ lb. $1.65; 1 lb. $3.30 prepaid.

[illegible] free

E. HOFFMAN COMPANY Mfrs. 181 Madison St. Chicago

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for Chapped Hands, Chafing, and all afflictions of the skin. "*A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it.*" Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

LET US TAN YOUR HIDE,

Whether Cow, Steer, Bull, or any kind of hide or skin with the hair on, soft, light, odorless and moth-proof for rug, robe, coat or gloves, and make them up when so ordered.

But first get our illustrated catalog, with prices, shipping tags and instructions. We are the largest custom fur tanners of large wild and domestic animal skins in the world.

We make fur coats to sell, fur outside and fur lined; fur robes, gloves and mittens; also do taxidermy and head mounting.

The CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY, 565 Lyell Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Modern Machinery and Methods, in fact, the very best of everything, enters into the construction of

Wright's Health Underwear

to make it the most sanitary and healthful underwear that anybody can buy.

Made of many [illegible], fluffy loops. Joined together so [illegible] no outside cold [illegible] damp of perspiration [illegible] on the skin. [illegible]

Wright's Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear

A lighter weight underwear in [illegible] fabrics and [illegible]. Permanently elastic, it fits and holds [illegible] indefinitely.

Book "DRESSING FOR HEALTH" sent free. Explains the famous loop.

Wright's Health Underwear Co.
32 FRANKLIN STREET, NEW YORK CITY

BECOME A NURSE

"I owe my success to the Chautauqua School of Nursing"
Mrs. Mary E. Tilton, King Ferry, N.Y.

"I have all the work I can do — receive $25 a week." *Miss Virginia Avens, [illegible]*

"On my last case I received $20 a week." *Mrs. [illegible] [illegible] St., [illegible]*

We trained these women in their own homes to become professional nurses.

We have trained thousands of others, beginners and practical nurses, to earn $10 to $30 a week.

If YOU want a larger sphere of influence, greater independence and worthier remuneration, send TODAY for 52 page Blue Book explaining our method, interesting stories of experience by our graduates and endorsement by physicians

The Chautauqua School of Nursing
305 Main Street, Jamestown, N.Y.

The New Mission Style
Lyon & Healy HARP
Double Action—Style 18
$500

The finest harp in the world, in a neat, light style, at this heretofore unheard of price, should interest you.

Beautiful Catalog Gives a complete account of the exclusive features which have made the Lyon & Healy Harp the Standard of the World, and contains testimonials by Tramonti; Posse; Schuecker; Snoer; Tedeschi; Zabel, etc. Send for a copy. Easy Monthly Payments.

LYON & HEALY
95 Adams Street Chicago

Stamp Album with 538 Genuine Stamps, including Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc. **only 10c. Agts. wanted 50 per cent. Big bargain list, coupons and a set of rare Stamps worth 50c. All Free! We Buy Stamps. C. E. Hussman Co., Dept. 8-1, St. Louis, Mo.**

capillary throbbed painfully. On top of the bench was chaos of rock, broken away from the face of the heading. In the clearing smoke-mists they toiled, cleaning away the débris for the erection of their columns. It was four o'clock before they had the ground uncovered for their mounting. Then the new shift came in to take their places, and they went out into the clean, white light of a sunny afternoon, dripping, black with oil, weary.

After two days of this The Hard-Rock Man went to the commissary and got new boots, oilskins and tobacco, which were charged against his wages.

A month later he and his fellows went on "graveyard" shift. "Graveyard" is the interval between twelve, midnight, and eight in the morning. It was pleasant — after the work started; until that time it was dreary indeed. The men rose at eleven in the evening; ate their breakfast by the light of lamps in the cook-house, then found their ways to the tunnel-mouth in cold darkness. A month later they worked from four in the afternoon until midnight.

They handled the giant-powder with fearful recklessness. They did all their work in this same spirit. They did not fear death; they had become too familiar with it. Sometimes it showed itself grimly, taking toll from their number, making some who saw it in action tremble for a few moments. Always it did this when the move was not expected, and always it came suddenly, from an unlooked-for direction. It got the most reverence for its power when, coming in the shape of some cataclysm, it wrought havoc in the heading and delayed the work, as it did the afternoon when Paddy Shelton vanished utterly.

Paddy Shelton ran a machine on the column to the right of The Hard-Rock Man. They had shot two hours before and were "mucking" out, to set up the columns. All of them toiled feverishly with pick or shovel.

Paddy Shelton was hacking away with a pick — thud, thud — thud, thud! the strokes came rapidly in pairs. He was a bent little man, and his body bowed over the pick like the body of a gnome. The muck was stubborn; The Hard-Rock Man sweated at the handle of a number two shovel.

"Might as well shovel nails," he shouted into the ear of his helper. "Get me another 'muck stick.'" The helper left his side; he went on with his work.

Thud, thud — thud, thud, thud. Paddy Shelton was at it harder and faster than ever. The Hard-Rock Man's shovel stuck, tangled in broken rock. He stopped and leaned on its handle; he watched Paddy Shelton. Then he tossed the shovel from him, and turned to hurry his helper in the search for another. As he turned, a great, red wave wrapped and lifted him. There was a roar in his ears and it did not go for days.

When he awoke in the company hospital the surgeon was picking particles of rock from his back. Seven others were in the ward with him, racked with pain of broken bones and seared with burns. And eight others had been found — that is to say, enough of them had been found — for burial. Of Paddy Shelton they had found nothing; and so they surmised that his pick-point must have struck a stick of dynamite which in some manner had failed to explode with the shot.

They buried the eight on the mountain-side above the cook-house. They had a little cemetery there. Its graves were marked by wooden headboards; on these penciled legends of name, and sometimes other data — usually only name. They lay beneath the shadowing branches of black hemlocks. They were bare, without grass or flowers or any mark of care, these graves, and none visited them, save to add to their number. The Hard-Rock Man and some of the older "runners" used to gather nights round the bunk-house stove and "drive tunnel," as they called reminiscence at Snowslide.

Then they would drift from the past to the future, and some of them would read newspaper items of prospective public works. One night a man told of the New York subway — he had just come from that job. It was the tail of the winter. The snow was turning gray on the mountains, and there was warmth in the air, afternoons, warmth that stirred the blood of The Hard-Rock Man. This night he felt the stirring strongly and knew what it meant. He resolved to keep his next pay-check. He had worked nine months and

Will You Try Fifty at My Risk?

I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Shivers' Panatela is full 5-in. long

My Guarantee: **I guarantee these cigars to be handmade, of clear, clean, straight long Havana filler, with genuine Sumatra wrapper. No shorts or cuttings are used — no doctoring. Cut one open and prove this.**

How and Why I Do It: Shivers' Cigars sell themselves. [illegible] men who [illegible] Shivers' Cigars [illegible] up to order from me again. [illegible] my customers [illegible]. All these are *repeat* orders [illegible] from me.

[illegible] Shivers' Cigars; hence, the offer of fifty cigars [illegible]

I want all smokers who have never heard of Shivers' Cigars, and those who have heard of them but [illegible]. I am willing [illegible]. If Shivers' Cigars are not as [illegible] the offer above.

No premiums are used to induce sales. I simply make cigars as good as I know how and put them up to the smoker [illegible].

Every day I ship thousands of [illegible] parts of the United States [illegible] tenth of my cigars and express charges both ways on my customers' decision as to the cigars' [illegible]. This is the most [illegible] I know [illegible].

The reason I can give such exceptional cigar quality and value for the money is because the only selling expense I have is the [illegible] new customer to my list.

While the illustrations show the popular five-inch Panatela, I make other cigars in all sizes and shapes, ranging in price from $4.00 per hundred up to the Clear Havana Invincibles at $15 per hundred.

My offer applies to every cigar I manufacture. As it costs absolutely nothing to accept the offer and try my cigars, why not send for fifty today? Enclose your business card and state whether you prefer light, medium or dark color.

Free Book: [illegible]

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc., 913 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

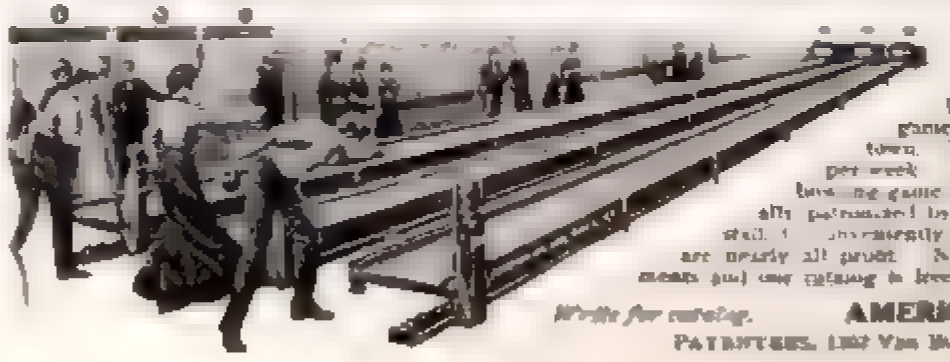
WINCHESTER

BIG BORE HIGH POWER RIFLES

No other rifles made have the tremendous shocking power at long range of the Winchester .33, .35 and .405 calibers. The cartridges they shoot have heavy, mushrooming bullets, making them exceedingly deadly for the biggest game. Winchester Rifles and Winchester Cartridges — each made for the other — are indispensable for successful hunting.

Send address for Catalogues of Winchester — the Red W Brand — Guns and Ammunition.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., - - NEW HAVEN, CONN.



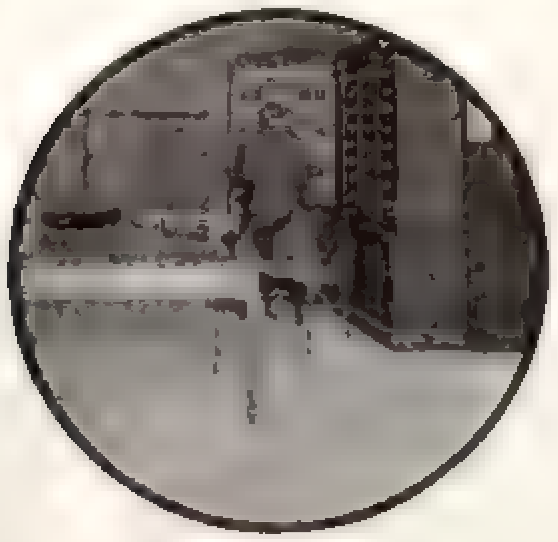
$513 CLEAR PROFIT IN 51 DAYS FROM AN INVESTMENT OF $150

Is the result from the operation of one American Box Ball Alley in [illegible], Ind. Why not go into the business yourself? It is the most [illegible] and popular bowling game in existence. It will make big money in any town. These alleys pay from $[illegible] to $60.00 each per week. This is no gambling device but a splendid bowling game for amusement and physical exercise. Liberally patronized by the best people of both sexes. Quickly installed, conveniently portable. No pin boy needed. Receipts are nearly all profit. Nearly 5000 sold to date. We sell on payments and our catalog is free.

Write for catalog. **AMERICAN BOX BALL COMPANY,**
PATENTEES, 1302 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

HOW "DUST" AFFECTS HEALTH

IT IS a well-known fact among medical and scientific men that "dust" is the greatest carrier and distributer of disease germs known. In many places of public assembly—stores, offices, libraries, and especially schools, where there are large surfaces of untreated wooden floors—the dust conditions are lamentable.



Those who do know of the menace of dust should do all in their power to minimize the danger. The best way to prevent disease is to eliminate circulating dust. Standard Floor Dressing is a preparation that will accomplish the purpose with entire satisfaction. It has been used in thousands of public buildings with remarkable success, and reports show that besides reducing dust nearly 100 per cent., it also *destroys* all germs of disease.

Then, again, Standard Floor Dressing is good for floors. It preserves the wood and prevents it from splintering and cracking. By reducing the labor of caretaking it saves money and so pays for itself many times over. Three or four applications a year with the patent Standard Oiler produces the most desirable results.

Standard Floor Dressing should not be used on any floor in the home.

Dealers almost everywhere sell Standard Floor Dressing. It is put up in barrels, half-barrels, and in one and five gallon cans.

We will prove its efficiency and sanitary value AT OUR OWN EXPENSE. On request of the proper authorities we will apply Standard Floor Dressing to the floor of one room or corridor in any public building. Particulars, reports, testimonials and our book, "Dust and Its Dangers," on request.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY,
(Incorporated)

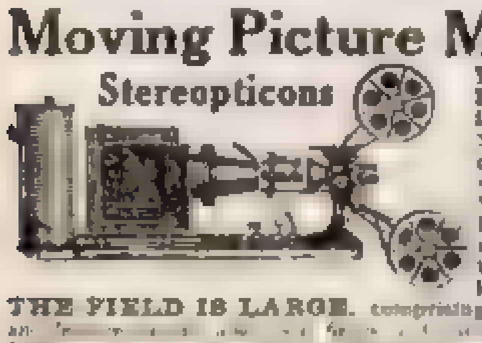
DIAMOND GIFTS

20% Down, 10% a Month

A wealth of suggestions for Christmas gifts is contained in our latest Catalogue, number 56. Send for it today. It will solve the problem of "what to give"—and, better still, how to pay for it. Every diamond we sell is guaranteed as to price and quality. We sell them to you on credit terms at wholesale prices. You save at least two profits. Goods sent prepaid for examination. Send for catalogue 56.

J. M. LYON & CO.
71-73 Nassau St., New York.
ESTABLISHED 1843

Moving Picture Machines
Stereopticons



You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public
N[illegible] better [illegible] but [illegible] capital. We start [illegible] furnishing complete outfits [illegible] a surprisingly low cost.

THE FIELD IS LARGE, comprising the regular theatre [illegible] Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue [illegible] Send [illegible]
Chicago Projecting Co., 225 Dearborn Street Dept L, Chicago

he had nothing. Playtime came once each month at Snowslide—five days of it. The first day of the month was "drag day," when a man might draw his time-slip, which was negotiable; and the fifth day of the month was pay-day, when, if he had not "dragged," he got his check. For getting the time-slip he forfeited the right to go back to work for a week. The Hard-Rock Man, like most of the older "runners," had always "dragged."

Down in the stream-bed, beneath the level of the long, gray dump, was a row of unpainted, wooden buildings, flamboyant with colored canvas signs. Each sign proclaimed the name of a saloon; and each saloon had a piano, a dance hall and gambling tables. During the most of the month they were quiet places. The bartenders blinked behind their unvarnished bars; white wrappings shrouded the gambling tables; dust gathered on the silent pianos.

One day before "drag day" the round-hatted, pasty-faced, "tin-horn" gamblers came. "Drag day" a pianist materialized in each saloon. At nine o'clock that morning the deserters from the "graveyard" shift began to straggle in, and the beady-eyed, shiny-haired bartenders began to move, while the proprietors, by the barends, began cashing the time-slips, each knowing that in a few days the money thus given out would be back again in his safe.

At intervals the dice clicked; between these intervals the dealers, still listless, made their peculiar sort of music, shuffling together with the long, white fingers of one hand two stacks of chips, which fell into one with a clicking sound. The pianos thumped, now and then.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the day-men began to come, and with them some of the night-shift. The dice rolled steadily, the pianos were hideous; the men of Snowslide played.

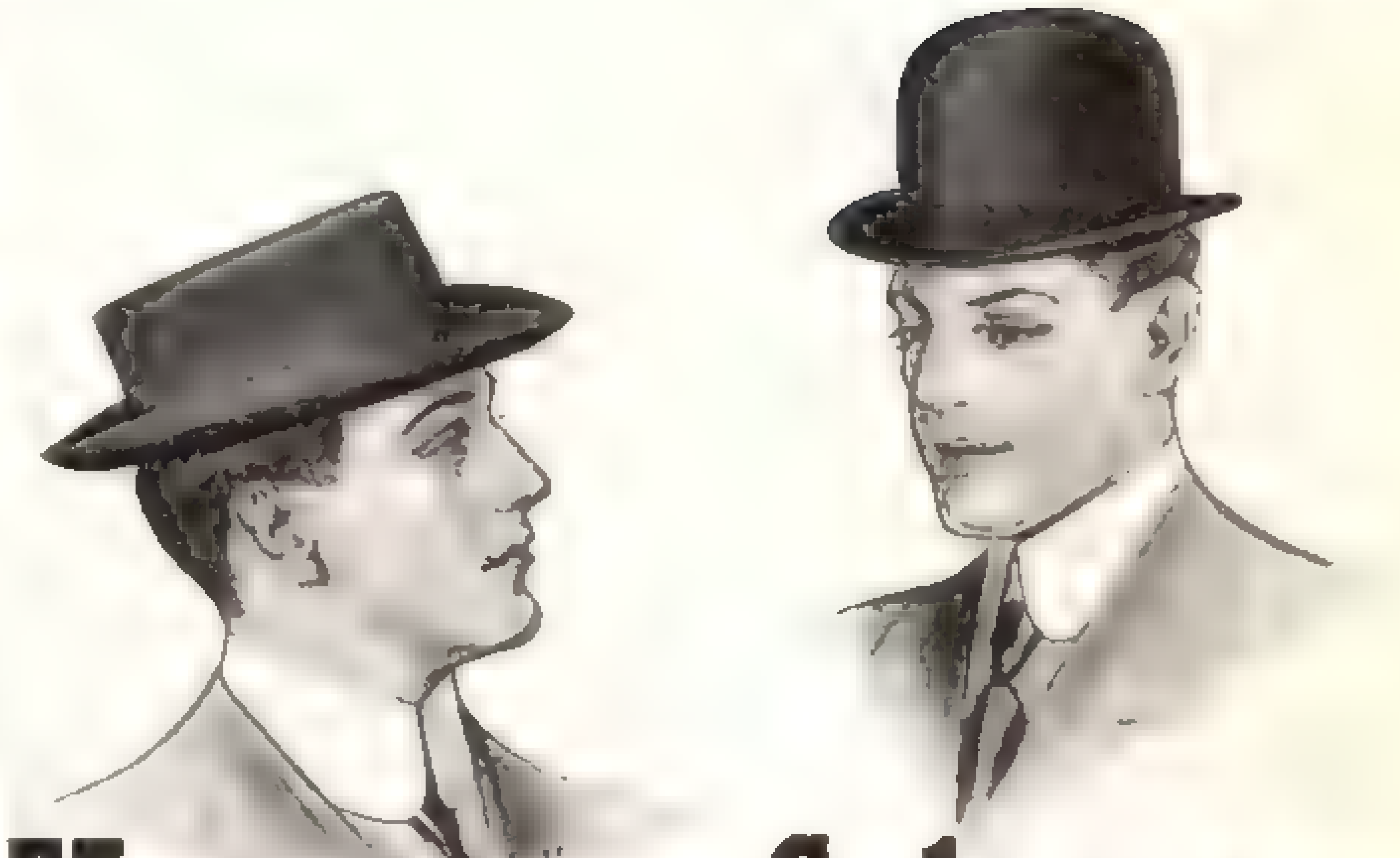
Each month The Hard-Rock Man had played for one week. And each month had seen the wages of his toil go from him. He had never regretted it. Now he was restless, and with the restlessness came dissatisfaction. He was on the "graveyard" shift, which made it worse, for no man ever gets entirely reconciled to going to work at midnight. He began to grumble to himself about the food, the tools; the slips and faults in the rock made him ugly, he bickered with his helper and cursed those about him. One night he fought over a chuck-wrench with one of the "bench runners," and they rolled together over the fourteen-foot rock wall, carrying with them a box of giant powder. When he had untangled his feet from the exploder wires The Hard-Rock Man looked up into the face of the heading boss. It was aflame with anger:

"Ye might av blowed up the whole shift an' held back the wurrk fer hours!" the foreman yelled, shaking his fist.

The Hard-Rock Man growled: "I got three meals a day afore I ever seen ye."

The next day was "drag day." He departed while the morning was young, his heavy roll of blankets on his back; and two weeks later he was in New York. He was toiling again in the depths of another tunnel, beneath the level of a crowded street, again gouging away the earth, that progress might find a straight path, unchecked; doing his part, as his instinct told him, as he could no more help doing than the capitalist can help using his money to beget more works and more power, or the thinker can help using his brains—all toward the same ultimate purpose.

Several months after The Hard-Rock Man had left trains were passing through the Snowslide tunnel, and they always stopped at the west portal before entering the black hole. While they stopped passengers gathered on the platforms to gaze down the cañon over the mountain-peaks. Sometimes the eyes of these groups would fall on the litter of ruins beneath the black-topped hemlocks down by the stream-bed. Often, the question would come to the porter, the same question—What was that place which had been? And who were the men who had lived there? And the porter, who, of course, had to know all things about the country, was able to tell them but little of the place—save that it had been a construction town. Of the men who had toiled there, and had played and had gone, he was able to tell them nothing.



Hawes, von Gal HATS

It's because of the fact that the hat is the most conspicuous part of man's attire that he should exercise greater judgment in its selection than any other article of apparel.

It's safe to buy a **Hawes, von Gal Hat** because quality of materials, workmanship, style, fit and finish are doubly guaranteed by dealer and maker.

The new **Hawes, von Gal Hats** for Fall and Winter offer a wide latitude of choice in style. No matter what your hat requirements, there is a **Hawes, von Gal Hat** exactly suited to your face, your figure and your fancy. Ask your dealer. Prices, $3, $4 and $5.

We are Makers of the Hawes Celebrated $3.00 Hat

If not at your local dealer's, write for our new Fall and Winter Style Book "E." We will fill your order direct from the factory if you will indicate style wanted and give your hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25 cents to cover cost of expressage.

Hawes, von Gal
INCORPORATED
1178 Broadway, New York

FACTORIES:
DANBURY, Connecticut

Wholesale Offices:
CHICAGO BOSTON

COLGATE'S
DENTAL CREAM

COMES OUT
A RIBBON
LIES FLAT
ON THE
BRUSH

DELICIOUS in flavor, leaving the mouth delightfully cool and refreshed. Cleanses antiseptically and thoroughly without scratching. More convenient, more efficient and less wasteful than powder or liquid.

GET acquainted through the convenience of the ribbon. Make friends through the superiority of the cream.

A generous sample will be mailed you if you send a 2-cent stamp.

COLGATE & CO. Dept. H, 55 John St., New York

The Knot That Holds

"Jubilee Year" of Page Fence

Page Fence [illegible]

Page Catalog "Jubilee Edition" [illegible]

Page Woven Wire Fence Co. Box 89 X Adrian Michigan

THREE MONTHS' FREE TRIAL

on every sewing machine we sell. We Ship on Approval and trial to anyone [illegible] months [illegible]
Factory Prices [illegible] latest Art Catalogs [illegible] FREE [illegible] write it Now!
MEAD CYCLE CO, Dept 693 CHICAGO

SELF INDEXING LEDGERS

Kirtley-Stephens

That annually save in labor 800$ to 2000$ of cost. Made in both loose leaf and bound. Samples free. Address, Dept 1
The Hugh Stephens Company, Jefferson City, Mo.

MAKING FRIENDS

(Continued from Page 10)

I get it the same way the first time I went up against Bloody Davis, of the Murray Hill gang, on a bet I'd stick out three rounds?"

Lovely Mead drew a sigh of relief. The red blood seemed to rush back into his veins once more, and his lungs to resume their appointed functions.

"September's a good month for these little things," he said hopefully.

"October's better, more snap in the air," said the Gutter Pup. "September's muggy. I remember when I was matched against Slugger Kelly; it was so hot I lost ten pounds, and the fight only went five rounds, at that."

The old provocation had roused up the old antagonism in Lovely. He hardly dared trust himself longer in the room, so he bolted and slipped down to Jock Hasbrouck's room and out into the campus

"Gee," he said to himself, with a sigh of relief, "if I could only get at him *now!*"

At taps he went cautiously to the Upper, by the back way, and gained the room of Charley De Soto, where he was told to turn in on the window-seat and take it easy.

Presently Turkey Reiter and Macnooder arrived to discuss the probabilities. Then Bojo Lowry, who could play anything, sat down at the piano and performed the most wonderful variations and medleys, until Lovely forgot any future engagement in the delight of gazing from his cushioned recess on real Fourth Formers, enjoying the perquisites and liberties of the Upper House.

Suddenly Macnooder glanced at his watch and announced that it was almost midnight. Lovely sprang up feverishly.

"Here, young Sporting Life," cried Turkey, "no champing on the bit! Just a dash of calm and tranquillity."

"Easy, easy there," said De Soto, with a professional glance.

"Ready here," said Macnooder, picking up a brown satchel. "I'll bleed him if he faints."

They separated, and, on tiptoe, by various routes, departed from the Upper, making wide circles in the darkness before seeking the baseball cage, Lovely Mead supported on either side by Charley De Soto and Turkey.

They gave the countersign at the door, and were admitted noiselessly into the utter blackness of the baseball cage. Lovely waited in awe, unable to distinguish anything, clutching at Turkey's arm.

"Is the Gutter Pup here yet?" said De Soto's voice, in a whisper.

Another voice, equally guarded, replied: "Just in."

From time to time the door opened on the starry night and vague forms flitted in. Then other voices spoke:

"What time is it?"

"Midnight, Hickey."

"Lock the door; no admittance now. Egghead, show up with the light. Strike up, Morning Glory!"

A bull's-eye flashed out from one corner, and then two lanterns filled the gloom with their trembling flicker

Out of the mist suddenly sprang forty-odd members of the Sporting Club, grouped about a vacant square in the middle of the cage which had been roped off. De Soto and Turkey pushed forward to their appointed stations, where chairs had been placed for the principals. Lovely seated himself and glanced across the ropes. The Gutter Pup was already in his corner, stripped to the waist, and being gently massaged by the Triumphant Egghead and Billy Condit, captain of the eleven.

In the middle of the ring, Hickey, in his quality of president and referee, was giving his directions in low, quick syllables. The assembled sporting gentlemen pressed forward for the advantage of position; the two front ranks assuming sitting or crouching positions, over which the back rows craned. Lovely gazed in awe at the select assembly. The élite of the school was there. He saw Wash Simmons, Glendening, Rock Bemis and Tough McCarthy of his own house, scattered among such celebrities as Cheyenne Baxter, the Mugwump Politician, Goat Finny, who ate the necktie, and the Duke of Bilgewater, Lugs Mashon, Cap Kiefer, Stonewall Jackson, Tug Moffett, Slugger Jones, Ginger-Pop Rooker, Red Dog and Beauty Sawtelle, all silently estimating the strength of the freshman who had to go up against the veteran Gutter Pup.

Referee Hickey paid a quick visit to the contending camps, and was assured that each antagonist was restrained from flying at his opponent's throat only by the combined efforts of his seconds.

"Gentlemen of the Sporting Club," said Hickey, turning to address the gathering: "Before proceeding with the evening's entertainment, the management begs to remind you that the labors incident to the opening of the school have been unusually heavy—unusually so; and, as we particularly desire that nothing shall be done to disturb the slumbers of our dear Faculty whom we all love—we will ask you to applaud only in the English fashion, by whispering to your neighbor, 'Oh, very well struck, indeed,' when you are moved to excitement. We gently remind you that any one breaking forth into cheers will be first slugged and then expelled.

"Gentlemen of the Sporting Club, I have the honor to present to you the evening's contestants. On the right, our well-known sporting authority, Mr. Gutter Pup Lazelle, known as the Crouching Kangaroo. On the left, Mr. Lovely Mead, a dark horse from Erie, Pennsylvania, who has been specially fed on raw beef in preparation for the encounter. Both boys are members of the Woodhull branch of this club. The rounds will be of three minutes each—and one minute intermission. Mr Welsh Rarebit Simpson will act as timekeeper, and will return the stop-watch *immediately* on conclusion of the exercises Both contestants have signified their desire to abide strictly to the rules laid down by the late Marquess of Queensberry, bless him! No fouls will be tolerated, and only one blow may be struck in the break-away

"In the corner for the Gutter Pup, Mr. William Condit, the tiddledy-winks champion, and the only Triumphant Egghead in captivity.

"In the corner for Lovely, Mr. Turkey Reiter, the Dickinson Mud Lark, and Mr Charles De Soto, the famous crotchet expert. Doctor Macnooder, the Trenton veterinary, is in attendance, but will *not* be allowed to practice. The referee of the evening will be that upright and popular sportsman, the Honorable Hickey Hicks. Let the contestants step into the ring"

Lovely was shoved to his feet and propelled forward by a resounding slap on his shoulders from Turkey Reiter. He had sat in a daze, awed by the strange, imposing countenances of the school celebrities, dully submitting to the invigorating massage of his seconds, hearing nothing of the directions showered on him. Now he was actually in the ring, feeling the hard earth under his feet, looking into the eyes of the Gutter Pup, who came up cheerfully extending his hand. Surprised, Lovely took it, and grinned a sheepish grin.

"Ready—go!" came the command.

Instantly the Gutter Pup sprang back, assuming that low, protective attitude which had earned from Hickey the epithet of the Crouching Kangaroo. Lovely, very much embarrassed, extended his left arm, holding his right in readiness while he moved mechanically forward on the point of his toes. The Gutter Pup, smiling at him, churned his arms and shifted slightly to one side. Strangely enough, Lovely felt all his resentment vanish. He no longer had the slightest desire to hurl himself on his antagonist. Indeed, it would at that moment have seemed quite a natural act to extend his hand to the joyful Gutter Pup and close the incident with a laugh. But there he was, irrevocably destined to fight before the assembled Sporting Club, under penalty of everlasting disgrace. He made a tentative jab and sprang lightly back from the Gutter Pup's reply. Then he moved forward and backward, feinting with his left and right, wishing all the time that the Gutter Pup would rush in and strike him, that he might attack with anger instead of this weakening mental attitude to which he was at present a prisoner. Twice the Gutter Pup's blows grazed his head, and once landed lightly on his chest, without his being at all moved from his calm. The call of "Time" surprised him. He went to his seconds frowning.

"What's wrong, young'n?" said De Soto. "You're not in the game."

"No," said Lovely, shaking his head. "I—I've got to get mad first."

"All right, that'll come. Keep cool and play to tire him out," said De Soto,

Tailors Who Hedge

YOU are *not* hard to fit. You have been told that you are, but the real trouble lay in the fact that your tailor did not know how to fit you. He was hedging, so that if your clothes did fit you, he could properly impress you with his skill; and if they did not, he could have a soft place to fall on.

We do not deny that there are scores of capable and trustworthy tailors in America who turn out satisfactory clothes. But the chances are that you have not found one of them in your town. If you have we congratulate you and pass on. If you have not we say this to you:

You can be properly fitted in Stein-Bloch ready-to-wear clothes. They will give you style and personality. When you try them on, you see upon yourself the best expression of the season's fashion as manifested in the acknowledged centers of style at home and abroad. The expense you are put to is surprisingly small when reckoned in the light of what you receive. They are ready for you at the best clothier's in your town.

The Stein-Bloch Co
Wholesale Tailors

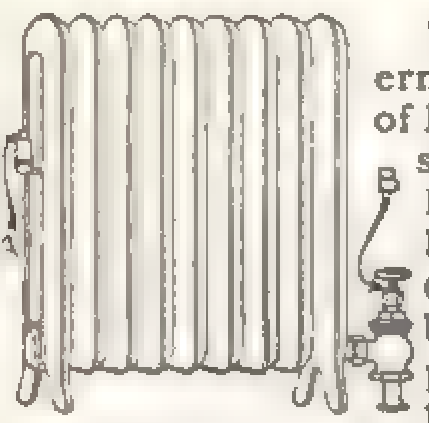
Write for "Smartness," full of illustrations. It's free. And remember that this label, in every coat Stein-Bloch make, means 54 Years of Knowing How. Insist upon seeing it.

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Tailors for Men

Offices and Shops
Rochester, N. Y

New York:
130-132 Fifth Avenue.

Air leaks are heat leaks



The modern method of Low-Pressure Steam heating is highly successful, but its full possibilities are not brought out unless provided with valves for putting out and keeping out the air. Air is the greatest enemy of heat. Give it a chance and the air sneaks into the radiator at "A" and "B," as in illustration above, and practically steals the heat—wastes the fuel.

Norwall Vacuum Valves

are a new clever device which put out and keep out the air, thus allowing the steam to heat up every square inch of the radiator surfaces. By screwing these valves on to your radiators in place of the ordinary valves, you can bank your fires for 8, 12, or more hours and still have sufficient heat circulated through the radiators to maintain the desired temperature in the rooms.

Norwall Vacuum Valves and the Norwall Packless Radiator Valves when screwed onto any steam-heating outfit will change it into an ideal vacuum warming system, at a fuel saving of 15% to 30% (many users report fuel savings as high as 40%.)

You do not have to change the piping or the radiators—merely screw the Norwall Valves into position. No need to touch the valves, once they are in position. Made entirely of metal—nothing to wear out.

Send for free book "New Aids to Ideal Heating."

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Dept. H. CHICAGO
Makers of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

Kept in order FREE for five years.

Thin Model Watch—$7.85

Direct from Factory at Great Saving

Men's model, seven-jewel movement, open face, gold filled case guaranteed 20 years, plain polished or engine turned; stem wind and set, lever escapement, improved train, finely balanced. White enameled dial with Arabic figures. Retail jewelers ask at least $12—usually more.

Any dissatisfaction on receipt of watch means your money back without question

Hundreds order direct from this advertisement. If you want more information before ordering write for illustrated booklet "B," showing many remarkable values.

Heal & McCrea, Manufacturers' Brokers, 150 Nassau Street, New York

[illegible] before [illegible] elsewhere

15 Cents [illegible] 13 weeks [illegible] national weekly all the important news of the world is stated clearly, fairly and briefly, for [illegible] Many special [illegible] great interest. It is sincere, reliable, entertaining—[illegible] $1 year; takes [illegible] $3 [illegible] Try it, 13 weeks for 15c. Pathfinder Washington, D C

The Pathfinder $1 A YEAR EVERY WEEK THE NATIONAL NEWS REVIEW

100 ENGRAVED WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS $7.00

Including inside and outside envelopes, and express paid. Visiting cards, At Home and Reception cards of the famous Elliott Standard.

Samples on request.

THE CHAS. H. ELLIOTT CO., 1636 Lehigh Avenue, Phila.

satisfied. "Make him do the prancing around; don't you waste any energy "

"Time!" whispered the Welsh Rarebit.

Again he was in the ring, experiencing once more that same incomprehensible feeling of sympathy for the Gutter Pup. The more he danced about, shaking his head and feinting with quick, nervous jabs, the more Lovely's heart warmed up to him. Wasn't he a jolly, genial chap, though? Desperately Lovely strove to remember some fault, a word or a look that had once offended him. In vain; nothing came. He liked the chap better than he had ever liked any one before. He struck out as one strikes at his dearest friend, and a low groan of disgust rose from the Sporting Club.

"Ah, put some steam in it!"

"Do you think you're pickin' cherries?"

"That's it—be polite!"

"Sister, don't hurt little brother!"

The Welsh Rarebit spoke:

"Time!"

Not a real blow had yet been struck. Lovely went to his corner perplexed.

"That's the boy," said De Soto, with a satisfied shake of his head. "That's the game! Don't mind what you hear. Play the long game. The Crouching Kangaroo style is all very pretty, but it doesn't save the wind."

"Never mind the ballet steps, Sport," added Turkey, vigorously applying the towel. "Hold in, but when you do start, rip the in'ards out of things."

"They think I'm doing it on purpose," said Lovely to himself.

"Time!" called the Welsh Rarebit.

The Gutter Pup, changing his tactics, as though he had sufficiently reconnoitred, began to attack with rapid, pestiferous blows that annoyed Lovely as a swarm of gnats annoys a dog. He shook his head angrily and sought an opportunity to strike, but the fusillade continued, light but disconcerting. When he struck, the Gutter Pup slipped away or ducked and returned smiling and professional to attack. Lovely began to be irritated by the Gutter Pup's complacency. He wasn't serious enough and his levity was insulting. Also, he was furious because the Gutter Pup would not strike him a blow that hurt. His jaw set and he started to rush.

"Time!" said the Welsh Rarebit.

Lovely went to his corner unconvinced.

"Are the rounds three minutes?" he asked.

"Sure," said Turkey. "Don't worry; they'll get longer."

Lovely looked across at the opposite camp. The adherents of the Gutter Pup were patting him on the back, exulting over his work.

"What's he done?" said Lovely angrily, to himself "That sort of work wouldn't hurt a fly "

"Time!" said the Welsh Rarebit.

Lovely walked slowly to meet the Gutter Pup, bursting with irritation. He waited, and as the Gutter Pup attacked he plunged forward, taking a blow in the face, and drove his fist joyfully into the chest before him. The Gutter Pup went back like a tenpin, staggered, and kept his footing. When he came up there was no longer a smile in his eyes.

They threw boxing to the winds. It was give and take, fast and furious, back and forth against the ropes, and rolling over and over on the ground.

"Time!" announced the Welsh Rarebit, and Hickey had to pry them apart.

Lovely thought the intermission would never end. He sat stolidly, paying no heed to his seconds' prayers to go slow, to rest up this next round, to make the Gutter Pup work. He would fight his fight his own way, without assistance.

"Time!" said the Welsh Rarebit.

Lovely started from his corner for the thing that came to meet him without yielding, exchanging blows without attempt at blocking, rushing into clinches, locking against the heaving chest, looking into the strange, wild eyes, pausing for neither breath nor rest.

Once he was rushed across the ring, fighting back like a tiger, and jammed over the ropes into the ranks of the spectators. Then he caught the Gutter Pup off his balance, and drove him the same way, his arms working like pistons. The rounds continued and ended with nothing to choose between them.

Lovely felt neither the blows received nor the rough rubbing-down of his seconds. He heard nothing but the sharp cries of "Time!" and sometimes he didn't hear that; but a rough hand would seize him (was it Hickey's?) and tear him away from the body against him.

He went down several times, wondering what had caused it, quits for standing moments triumphantly, while the fallen Gutter Pup raised himself from the ground.

Then he lost track of the rounds; and the rows of sweaters and funny white faces about the ring seemed to swell and multiply into crowds that stretched far back and up. The lights seemed to be going out—getting terribly dim and unsteady.

Once in his corner he thought he heard some one say: "Fifteenth round" fifteen, and he could remember only six. In fact, he had forgotten whom he was fighting or what it was about, only that some one on whose knee he was resting was shrieking in his ear:

"He's all out, Lovely. You've got him. Just one good soak—just one lovely one!"

That was a joke, he supposed—a poor joke—but he would see to that "one soak" the next round.

"Time!" cried the Welsh Rarebit.

For the sixteenth time the seconds raised their champions, steadied them, and sent them forth. One good blow would send either toppling over to the final count. So they craned forward in wild excitement, exhorting them in hoarse whispers.

The two contestants gyrated up and stood blankly regarding each other. About them rose a murmur of voices:

"Sail in!"

"Soak him, Lovely!"

"Clean him up, Gutter Pup!"

"One to the jaw!"

"Now's your time!"

With a simultaneous movement each raised his right and shot it lumberingly forward, past the hazy, confronting head, fruitlessly into the air. Renewed whispers, dangerously loud, arose:

"Now's your chance, Gutter Pup!"

"Draw off and smash him!"

"He's all yours, Lovely!'

"Oh, Lovely, hit him! hit him!"

"Just once!"

They neither heard nor cared. Their arms locked lovingly about their shoulders, and they began to settle. New cries:

"Break away!"

"Don't let him pull you down!"

"Keep your feet, Lovely!"

"They're both going!"

With a gradual, deliberate motion, Lovely and the Gutter Pup sat down, still affectionately embraced; then, wavering a moment, careened over and lay blissfully unconscious. Amazement and perplexity burst forth

"Why, they're done for!"

"They're out—they're both out!"

"Sure enough."

"What happens?"

"Who wins?"

"Well, did you ever ——"

Suddenly Hickey, standing forward, began to count:

"One, two, three ——"

"What's he doing that for?"

"Aren't they both down?"

"Four, five, six, seven ——"

"But Lovely went first!"

"No, the Gutter Pup."

"Eight, nine, *TEN!*" cried Hickey. "I declare both men down and out. The Sporting Club will register one knockout to the credit of the Gutter Pup and one to Lovely Mead. All bets off. The Welsh Rarebit will proceed to return the watch."

……

At seven o'clock the next morning Lovely, from his delicious bed, gazed across at the swollen head of the Gutter Pup. At the same instant the Gutter Pup, opening his eyes, perceived the altered map of Lovely's features.

"Lovely," he said, "you're the finest ever. You're a man after my own heart!"

"Razzle-dazzle," replied Lovely, choking, "you're the finest sport and gentleman in the land. I love you better than a brother."

"Lovely, that was the greatest fight that has ever been fought," said the Gutter Pup "You are the daisy scrapper!"

"Razzle-dazzle ——"

"Call me Gutter Pup."

"Gutter Pup, you've got the nerve market cornered."

"Lovely I haven't felt so happy since the day I stood up five rounds against —— "

Suddenly the Gutter Pup stopped and added apologetically "Say, Lovely, honest, does my autobiography annoy you?"

And Lovely replied happily:

"No, Gutter Pup, honest—not now!"

For Real Cold Weather Protection Wear a

Phoenix Muffler

It will safeguard you against the raw, cold winter winds and blasts, without the least suggestion of sweater-like clumsiness so characteristic of old style devices.

The **Phoenix Muffler** is a radically new departure [illegible] knitted scarf that fastens in front with a patented clasp, and snugs up [illegible] tight to the neck, while the broad ends form a perfect chest protector. Snaps [illegible] off in an instant [illegible] requires no scarf pin [illegible] slip down in front nor "hunch up" behind. It's a handsome [illegible] necessity for every out-door use [illegible] sleighing, skating, coasting, driving, motoring, shopping or calling.

Made in Every Size and Color
For Men, Women and Children

Phoenix Mufflers are [illegible] wool, in every size and color for men, women and children. [illegible] match the [illegible] smart, [illegible] patented **Phoenix Mufflers** [illegible] free of charge.

Phoenix Knitting Works
220 No. Broadway
Milwaukee
Wis.

50¢

Pat. June 9, 1908

Fine-Form MATERNITY SKIRT

[illegible] of great interest to

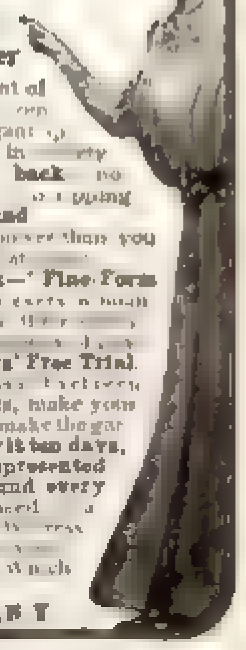
Every Prospective Mother

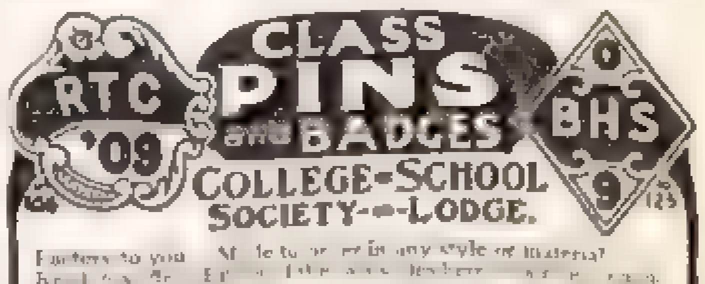
[illegible] scientific garment of [illegible] Combines solid comfort [illegible] and elegant [illegible] on the street, and in [illegible] — **Always drapes evenly in front and back** — no [illegible] or basting — **Can be worn the year round**

[illegible]

Free Fine Illustrated Book—"Fine-Form Maternity Skirt"—[illegible] writing for it. Tells all about these skirts, [illegible] styles, material, and [illegible] **Ten Days' Free Trial.** [illegible] Maternity Skirts, make your [illegible] and style, and we will make the garment [illegible] When you get it, **wear it ten days, and if you don't find it exactly as represented** [illegible] **refund every cent** [illegible] **Other Skirts** [illegible] **same guarantee.** [illegible]

Beyer & Williams Co., Dept 23, Buffalo, N Y





CLASS PINS and BADGES
COLLEGE-SCHOOL
SOCIETY-LODGE.

Factory to you. Made to order in any style or material [illegible]

Silver Plate, $1.00 doz., sample, 10c
Sterling Silver, $2.50 doz., sample, 25c.

[illegible] guaranteed. We also make the highest grade [illegible] silver Pins, Badges [illegible] Rings [illegible] Special designs and estimates free. Catalog Free, showing hundreds of new styles in gold and silver.

BASTIAN BROS. CO., 143 South Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

"Korrect Shape"
REG U.S. PAT OFF

Patent Leather Shoes
GUARANTEED NOT TO BREAK

Some shoe dealers hang up a sign stating that they do not guarantee patent leather. As a rule men who wear patent leather shoes buy them at their own risk. If you wear shoes made of "Burrojaps" patent leather, we take the risk. [illegible] perfect [illegible] satisfactory wear [illegible] the following iron-clad guarantee:

BURROJAPS

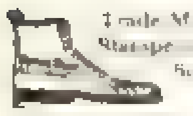
We authorize your dealer to give you a new pair free should the patent "Burrojaps" leather in the uppers of your "Korrect Shape" shoes break through before the first sole is worn through. Look for the "Burrojaps" label in the lining.

The way to assure yourself that you are getting the genuine Burrojaps guaranteed [illegible] "Korrect Shape" Shoes [illegible] — on a model shape [illegible] the human foot [illegible]

Patent Blucher
Box Kid Top
"Winton" Toe
Style No. 25

Send for Catalog To-Day

$5 Price $4


Trade Mark Stamped on Sole

The Burt & Packard Co., Makers
Department P-4
Brockton, Massachusetts

Any lamp, kitchen or parlor, looks better and gives better light, if fitted with a MACBETH lamp-chimney.

My chimneys fit; that means no smoke or smudge, no flickering flames.

My chimneys are made of glass that won't break from heat; that is clear as crystal. My name is on every one.

My guide, sent free, shows which is the right chimney for each lamp.

MACBETH, Pittsburgh

LEARN BY MAIL
BE A
Certified Public or Cost Accountant

$2500—$25,000 According to Ability

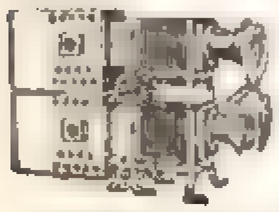
Our courses are taught practically by Certified Public Accountants, Cost Accountants and Lawyers of the highest standing in New York.

Subjects: Cost Accounting, Theory of Accounts, Practical Accounting, Auditing, Commercial Law, also Bookkeeping and Business Practice.

[illegible] GUARANTEE [illegible]

Write for particulars to Department N.

UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE, Inc.
27-29 East 22d St., New York



Stereopticons

With approved equipment for the Lecture Hall, School, Church [illegible] capital required. *Write for* [illegible]

Established 1783

McALLISTER MFG OPTICIANS
Dept. 21, 49 Nassau St. New York

The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig

(Continued from Page 15)

Margaret seated herself on the lounge instead. "I'll do neither," said she.

The old lady waved the end of her staff in a gesture of lofty disdain "As you please But, if you do not, your allowance is withdrawn "

"Certainly," said Margaret. "I assumed that."

Madam Bowker gazed at her with eyes like tongues of flame. "And how do you expect to live?" she inquired.

"That is *our* affair," replied the girl. "You say you are done with me. Well, so am I done with you."

It was, as Margaret had said, because she was not afraid of her grandmother that that formidable old lady respected her; and as she was one of those who can give affection only where they give respect, she loved Margaret—loved her with jealous and carping tenacity. The girl's words of finality made her erect and unyielding soul shiver in a sudden dreary blast of loneliness, that most tragic of all the storms that sweep the ways of life. It was in the tone of the anger of love with the beloved that she cried, "How *dare* you engage yourself to such a person?"

"You served notice on me that I must marry," replied the girl in a modified tone. "He was the chance that offered "

"The chance!" Madam Bowker smiled with caustic scorn. "He's not a chance "

"You ordered me to marry. I am marrying. And you are violating your promise. But I expected it."

"My promise? What do you mean?"

"You told me if I'd marry you'd continue my allowance after marriage. You even hinted you'd increase it."

"But this is no marriage. I should consider a connection between such a man and a Severence as a mere vulgar intrigue. You might as well run away with a coachman. I have known few coachmen so ill-bred—so repellent—as this Craig."

Margaret laughed cheerfully. "He isn't what you'd call polished, is he?"

Her grandmother studied her keenly. "Margaret," she finally said, "this is some scheme of yours. You are using this engagement to help you to something else."

"I refused Grant Arkwright just before you came."

"You—refused—Arkwright?"

"My original plan was to trap Grant by making him jealous of Craig. But I abandoned it."

"And why?"

"A remnant of decency."

"I doubt it," said the old lady.

"So should I in the circumstances We're a pretty queer lot, aren't we? You, for instance—on the verge of the grave, and breaking your promise to me as if a promise were nothing."

Mrs. Bowker's ebon staff twitched convulsively and her terrible eyes were like the vent-holes of internal fires; but she managed her rage with a skill that was high tribute to her will-power "You are right in selecting this clown—this tag-rag," said she. "You and he, I see, are peculiarly suited to each other . . My only regret is that in my blind affection I have wasted all these years and all those thousands of dollars on you." Madam Bowker affected publicly a fine scorn of money and all that thereto appertained; but privately she was a true aristocrat in her reverence and consideration for that which is the bone and blood of aristocracy

"Nothing so stupid and silly as regret," said Margaret, with placid philosophy of manner. "I, too, could think of things I regret. But I'm putting my whole mind on the future."

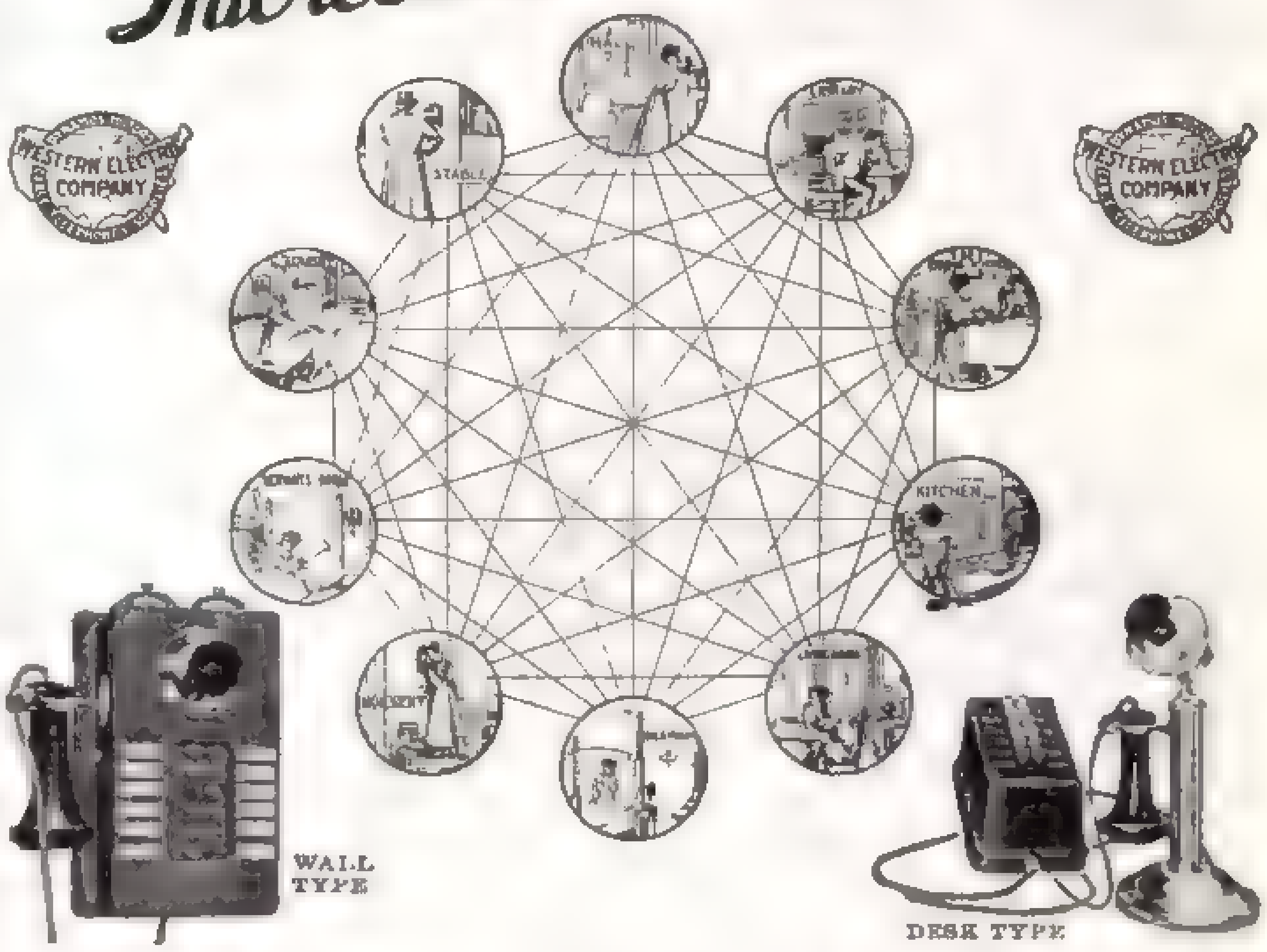
"Future!" Madam Bowker laughed. "Why, my child, you have no future. Within two years you'll either be disgracefully divorced, or the wife of a little lawyer in a little Western town."

"But I'll have my husband and my children. What more can a woman ask?"

The old lady scrutinized her granddaughter's tranquil, delicate face in utter amazement. She could find nothing on which to base a hope that the girl was either jesting or posing. "Margaret," she cried, "are you *crazy!*"

"Do you think a desire for a home, and a husband who adores one, and children

A Western Electric Intercommunicating System



Will Unite Your Household

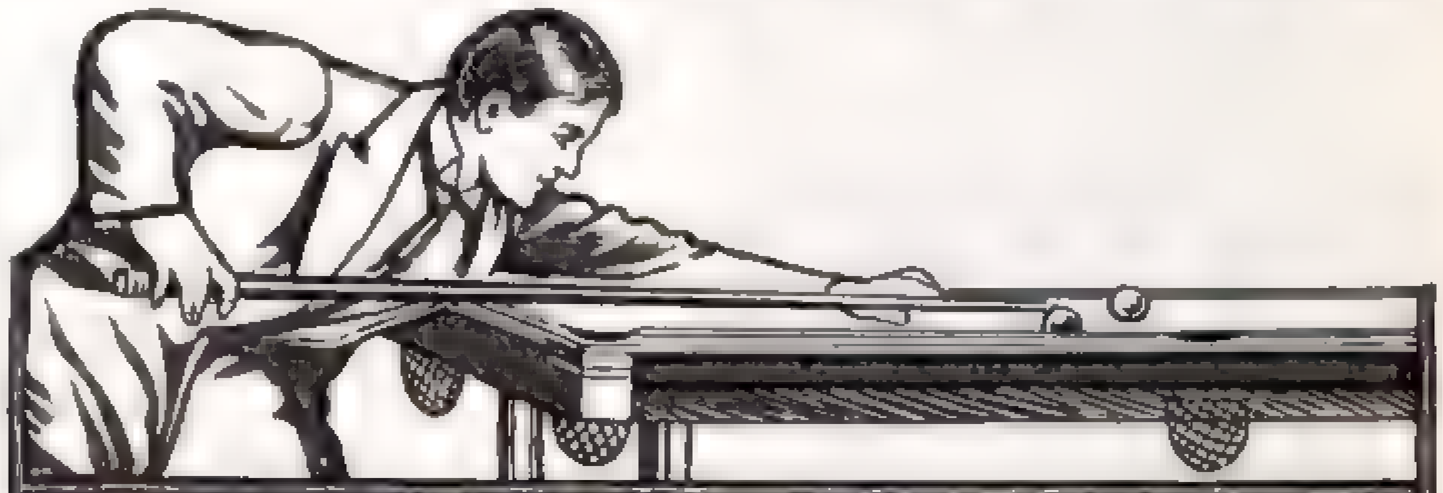
A Western Electric Intercommunicating Telephone System will bind the divisions of your household into a united, compact whole. This system gives connection from any point to any other point by the simple pressing of a button. Such ease of intercourse keeps all members of the household in communication, saves tiresome running up and down stairs, increases the usefulness of servants, saving their time and yours, and avoiding mistakes. Western Electric Telephone Apparatus gives the highest efficiency and reliability with the lowest maintenance cost.

Write for our Booklet No. 5000 on Intercommunicating Telephone Systems for Residence or Business Use.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

261 S. Clinton Street
Chicago

465 West Street
New York



$1.00 DOWN Puts into your home any Table worth from $6 to $15 $2 a month pays balance. Higher priced Tables on correspondingly easy terms We supply all cues, balls, &c, free.

BECOME AN EXPERT AT HOME

The Burrowes Home Billiard and Pool Table is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write today for catalogue.

The E. T. Burrowes Co. **15 Free Street, Portland, Me.**

Congress **Bicycle**

Gold edges. **50c. per pack.** 90 picture backs — dainty colors and gold.

40 regulation backs. The most durable **25c. card** made. More sold than all others combined.

BICYCLE
PLAYING CARDS

Playing Cards

200-page book, "Card Games and How to Play Them," new edition revised [illegible] rules for all popular games. Sent prepaid for 6 flap ends from Bicycle tuck boxes or 15c. in stamps. The [illegible] Playing Card Co., Dept 10, Cincinnati, O

The Wall Between

LACK
OF
TRAINING

[illegible] between the man of special training [illegible] the [illegible] wages and a good salary [illegible] between being "one of the hands" and "one of the heads" of a business. Don't let that wall stop you. There's a way over it—

LEARN MORE

You must have training now-a-days. You can't afford to guess—you must know. Special training fits you for big things, gives you the best chances [illegible] sures you a lifetime hold on a big, well-paid job.

Spare time study will give you [illegible] at home [illegible] to your practical knowledge [illegible] to earn more and more salary [illegible] be your best and do your best.

[illegible] suggestions and advice of the American School of Correspondence—free and freely given—will show you how to get a climbing hold on the wall between you and a successful career. Simply send us the coupon—and do it today. No obligation on your part. We employ no agents

American School of Correspondence
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
[illegible] page handbook [illegible] I am interested in the course [illegible]

- Mechanical Drawing
- Electrical Engineering
- Mechanical Engineering
- Stationary Engineering
- Structural Engineering
- Civil Engineering
- Telephone Practice
- Telegraphy
- Architecture
- Shop Practice
- Heating, Ventilating and Plumbing
- College Prep. Course

NAME
ADDRESS
OCCUPATION
SAT. EVE. POST, 11-7-08

Illustrations and engravings that possess pulling power and selling force will win orders every time. 300 artists and artisans constantly employed under watchful supervision of masters of the craft. Intelligent attention on the part of all.

That's BCo Service.

Write for our Free Cupid Calendar.

Barnes-Crosby Company
Artists Engravers
E. W. Houser, Pres., 215 Madison Street, Chicago
Branch Offices in fifteen leading cities

A REQUEST for our free illustrated booklet "M" carries with it no obligation to open an account. All we ask is the opportunity of explaining clearly why your savings should earn 4%—the rate paid by all the savings banks in Cleveland for the past 65 years—and why your money will be amply safe if sent by mail to this institution—the oldest and largest of its kind in Ohio, with assets of more than

43 MILLION DOLLARS.

The Citizens Savings and Trust Co.
Cleveland, O
The Home of BANKING BY MAIL
Capital, Surplus and Profits
$6,500,000.00

Cut and mail this coupon TO-DAY

NAME
ADDRESS
STATE

whom one adores, is really an evidence of insanity?"

"Yes, you are mad—quite mad!"

"I suppose you think that fretting about all my seasons without an offer worth accepting has driven me out of my senses. Sometimes I think so, too." And Margaret lapsed into abstracted, dreamy silence.

"Do you pretend that you—you—care for—this person?" inquired the old lady.

"I can't discuss him with you, Grandmother," replied the girl. "You know you have washed your hands of me."

"I shall never give up," cried the old lady vehemently, "until I rescue you. I'll not permit this disgrace. I'll have him driven out of Washington."

"Yes, you might try that," said Margaret. "I don't want him to stay here. I am sick—sick to death—of all this. I loathe everything I ever liked. It almost seems to me I'd prefer living in a cabin in the backwoods. I've just wakened to what it really means—no love, no friendship, only pretense and show, rivalry in silly extravagance, aimless running to and fro among people that care nothing for one, and that one cares nothing for. If you could see it as I see it you'd understand."

But Madam Bowker had thought all her life in terms of fashion and society. She was not in the least impressed. "Balderdash!" said she with a jab at the floor with the ebony staff. "Don't pose before me. You know very well you're marrying this man because you believe he will amount to a great deal."

Margaret beamed upon her grandmother triumphantly, as if she had stepped into a trap that had been set for her. "And your only reason for being angry," cried she, "is that you don't believe he will."

"I know he won't. He can't. Stillwater has kept him solely because that unspeakable wife of his hopes to foist their dull, ugly, eldest girl on him."

"You think a man as shrewd as Stillwater would marry his daughter to a nobody?"

"It's useless for you to argue, Margaret," snapped the old lady. "The man's impossible—for a Severence. I shall stop the engagement."

"You can't," rejoined Margaret calmly. "My mind is made up. And along with several other qualities, Grandmother, dear, I've inherited your will."

"Will without wit—is there anything worse? But I know you are not serious. It is merely a mood—the result of a profound discouragement. My dear child, let me assure you it is no unusual thing for a girl of your position, yet without money, to have no offers at all. You should not believe the silly lies your girl-friends tell about having bushels of offers. No girl has bushels of offers unless she makes herself common and familiar with all kinds of men—and takes their loose talk seriously. Most men wouldn't dare offer themselves to you. The impudence of this Craig! You should have ordered him out of your presence."

Margaret, remembering how Craig had seized her, smiled.

"I admit I have been inconsiderate in urging you so vigorously," continued her grandmother. "I thought I had observed a tendency to fritter. I wished you to stop trifling with Grant Arkwright—or, rather, to stop his trifling with you. Come, now, my dear, let me put an end to this engagement. And you will marry Grant, and your future will be bright and assured."

Margaret shook her head. "I have promised," said she, and her expression would have thrilled Lucia.

Madam Bowker was singularly patient with this evidence of sentimentalism. "That's fine and noble of you. But you didn't realize what a grave step you were taking, and you ——"

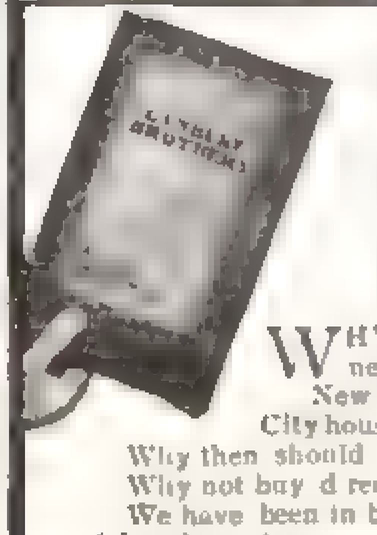
"Yes, but I did. If ever anything was deliberate on a woman's part, that engagement was." A bright spot burned in each of the girl's cheeks. "He didn't really propose. I pretended to misunderstand him."

Her grandmother stared.

"You needn't look at me like that," exclaimed Margaret. "You know very well that Grandfather Bowker never would have married you if you hadn't fairly compelled him. I heard him tease you about it once when I was a little girl."

It was Madam Bowker's turn to redden. She deigned to smile. "Men are so foolish," observed she, "that women often have to guide them. There would be few marriages of the right sort if the men were not managed."

7760
7765
7768
7761
7766



What to Give

Yours for the Asking
Two Books to Help You
Buy Christmas Jewelry

WHY should you pay two or three profits on Jewelry—when you need pay but one—and that a very small one?

New York City is the home of the Jewelry industry. Some New York City house realizes a profit on nearly every article of Jewelry sold in America.

Why then should you not buy in New York City—direct from "The Home of Jewelry"?

Why not buy direct from the makers—and pay only one small profit?

We have been in business, in the same neighborhood, 32 years. We sell *direct to users* of Jewelry only.

No brokers, dealers or agents realize profits on our goods.

Buy from us and you buy direct from the makers.

So far as we know, we are the only Diamond Importers and Manufacturing Jewelers issuing an illustrated catalog and selling direct to users only at retail and by mail.

Send for our two FREE books.

They are yours for the asking.

Write us a post-card—or a letter—and both books will be yours as soon as we can get them to you.

One is our catalog—160 pages—illustrating over three thousand articles of newest and latest style Jewelry at prices ranging from a dollar up.

FREE Book—"What To Give"

The other book, "What to Give"—is filled with suggestions of gifts for mother, father, wife, grandparents, sisters, children, "baby," relatives and friends.

Both books will help you with your Christmas shopping and both books are yours for the asking—FREE and postpaid—for a post-card mailed to us at once.

The book "What to Give" also tells you the correct Jewelry to wear on all occasions and much other information all well-dressed people appreciate.

Write us at once. A post-card is sufficient, but write a letter if you prefer. Address,

Lambert Brothers 1411 Christmas Corner 3d Avenue and 58th Street New York City

7760—Large, handsome solitaire Diamond, purest white and [illegible] with 6 fine white [illegible] Diamonds [illegible] 14 Karat gold ring. Price [illegible] 14 Karat [illegible] ring [illegible] white [illegible] white solitaire Diamond set in Platinum topped solid 14 Karat gold ring. Price [illegible] Solid 14 Karat gold, rose finish bracelet with Platinum [illegible] Diamonds. Price $100.00. Same bracelet with plain gold initial—no Diamonds. Price, $20.00

LITTLe BUCKEYe, $4.50 to $15.00. This ingenious stereopticon throws pictures the size of a sheet. We furnish one set of slides [illegible]. You can make others from your kodak films, or on glass with pen and ink.

POST CARD PROJECTOR, $5. Will show any post card, photograph, magazine or newspaper clipping [illegible] on a sheet [illegible] colors. Both machines easy to operate; no parts to get out of order. Furnish endless amusement for old and young. Can be attached to electric or gas fixtures or for acetylene burner. Send for free booklet "S."

Buckeye Stereopticon Co., Cleveland, O.

Makers of highest grade Stereopticons for scientific, educational and amusement purposes.

HIGHLY FLAVORED
AROMATIC
TOOTHPICKS

Physicians and dentists recommend toothpicks as protection against dental decay

OUR ANTISEPTIC PICKS ARE BEST MADE

[illegible] cinnamon sassafras [illegible] peppermint. We want dealers and agents [illegible] Full size box sent for 10 [illegible] dealers hotel men dentists physicians [illegible]

Aromatic Toothpick Co.
184 Summer St. Boston Mass

Bull Dog
SUSPENDERS

STRETCH THEM

With more rubber and stronger parts, they outwear three ordinary kinds. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Made light and heavy, regular and extra long. 50 cents at your dealer, or by mail, postpaid, if he cannot supply you.

[illegible]
Dept 6, 87 Lincoln St
Boston, Mass.

Oriental Post Cards

Views of Forbidden City and wonders of China or Japan sent direct to you from the Orient. 12 [illegible] natives sent on receipt of money order for 50 cents—the quality cards of the world. Address

ORIENT SUPPLY COMPANY
Post Card Dept. A Yokohama, Japan

TRADE-MARKS PATENTS COPYRIGHTS

THAT EXCEL [illegible] FREE [illegible]

WILLIAM T. JONES,
1101 F St. N. W. [illegible]

CORRECT WEDDING RINGS

Distinctive and exclusive. Made from hand hammered bullion 1000 fine. Free Booklet on correct and incorrect Wedding Rings.

Western Precious Metals Co., 900 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

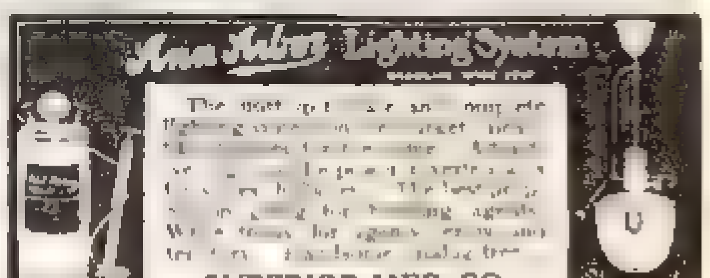
A good income easily earned by men and women selling this article [illegible]

McMARTIN SALES CO., 502 Ash Street, Toledo, O.

How to Get A Genuine Imported $2.50 Red Dwarf Ink Pencil

Can be carried upside down without spilling ink. You can get one of these wonderful little fountain pencils by working for us. Write for particulars.

W. H. Parker & Company, 90 West Broadway, New York



The most [illegible] complete lighting system [illegible] The best [illegible] agents [illegible]

SUPERIOR MFG. CO.
275 Second St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Earning Money Any one can do it and no experience [illegible] THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL [illegible] THE SATURDAY EVENING POST [illegible]

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

HOME CANDY MAKING

FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

We positively teach you how in one lesson. Outfit $3.00. Booklet free. Agents wanted.

The Home Candy Makers, 121 Bar Street, Canton, O.

Valuable Patents for sale. Send for Monthly List.

Expert Salesman wanted in every City.

Mason Patent Sales Company, Gowanda, N. Y.

YOU CAN EARN a pair of any variety of choice pure bred poultry by taking a few subscriptions to our POULTRY MAGAZINE at 25c per year. Write for offer.

POULTRY POST, Goshen, Ind.

Sanitary, Economical, Convenient, Clean

Here's a New Idea in Salt Shakers

We Want You to Try a Pair

[illegible]

Made from beautiful cut-glass, Colonial design with non-corrosive aluminum bottom.

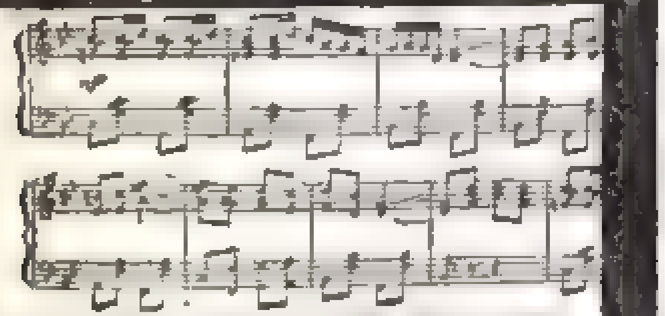
A Pair of Meaker Salt and Pepper Shakers Delivered Anywhere For $1.00

Money Back if You Are Not Satisfied

[illegible] pair today. [illegible]

The Ireland & Matthews Mfg. Co., Mt. Elliott and Wight Sts., Detroit, Mich.
References Dun's or Bradstreet's

Wild West Cowboy-Indian Two-Step 10c



Try these bars on your piano, then send [illegible] for the entire piece, or 10c for any of the following 50c Sheet Music [illegible] free catalog [illegible] 10c per copy. [illegible]

FREE [illegible]

10c FOR BEST 50c Sheet Music

McKINLEY MUSIC CO., 61 Patten Bldg., Chicago, 112 5th Ave., N. Y.

9,059-Word Business Book Free

Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 9,059-word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 big, broad, brainy business men may be made yours—yours to boost your salary, to increase your profits. This free booklet deals with

— How to manage a business
— How to sell goods
— How to get money by mail
— How to buy at rock bottom
— How to collect money
— How to stop cost leaks
— How to train and handle men
— How to get and hold a position
— How to advertise a business
— How to devise office methods

Sending for this free book binds you to nothing, involves you in no obligation, yet it may be the means of starting you on a [illegible] career. [illegible] a penny! Simply say "Send on your 9,059-word Booklet." Send to

SYSTEM, Dept. 11-7, 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago

CASH REGISTERS

This High Grade Total Adder $75

We make over 100 styles and sizes

Detail-adding, total-adding, [illegible]

We haven't the tremendous overhead expense that others have. That is why we can produce a better cash register for less money and at accommodating terms. Get our prices before you buy. A few second hand and shop-worn registers for sale at bargain prices.

The American Cash Register Co.
1101 YALE AVENUE COLUMBUS, OHIO

Margaret nodded assent. "I realize that now," said she. Earnestly: "Grandmother, try to make the best of this engagement of mine. When a woman, a woman as experienced and sensible as I am, makes up her mind a certain man is the man for her, is it wise to interfere?"

Madam Bowker, struck by the searching wisdom of this remark, was silenced for the moment. In the interval of thought she reflected that she would do well to take counsel of herself alone in proceeding to break this engagement. "You are on the verge of making a terrible misstep, child," said she with a gentleness she had rarely shown even to her favorite grandchild. "I shall think it over, and you will think it over. At least, promise me you will not see Craig for a few days."

Margaret hesitated. Her grandmother, partly by this unusual gentleness, partly by inducing the calmer reflection of the second thought, had shaken her purpose more than she would have believed possible. "If I've made a mistake," said she, "isn't seeing him the best way to realize it?"

"Yes," instantly and emphatically admitted the acute old lady. "See him, by all means. See as much of him as possible. And in a few days you will be laughing at yourself—and very much ashamed."

"I wonder," said Margaret aloud, but chiefly to herself.

And Madam Bowker, seeing the doubt in her face, only a faint reflection of the doubt that must be within, went away content.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"IN HEAVEN AND EARTH"

(Continued from Page 5)

raw potatoes and tallow candles and tacks before an audience."

He peeped furtively at Brown, who did not appear uneasy.

"All I'm afraid of," added Smith sullenly, "is that you'll get yourself into vaudeville or the patrol wagon."

He waited, but Brown made no reply.

"Oh, very well," he said coldly. "I'll take a cab back to the boat."

No observation from Brown.

"So, *good*-by, old fellow"—with some emotion.

"Good-by," said Beekman Brown absently.

In fact, he did not even notice when his thoroughly-offended partner left the car, so intent was he in following the subtly-thrilling train of thought which tantalized him, mocked him, led him nowhere, yet always lured him to fresh endeavor of memory. *Where* had all this occurred before? When? What was going to happen next—happen inexorably, as it had once happened, or as it once should have happened, in some dim, bygone age, when he and that basket and that cat and this same hauntingly-lovely girl existed together on earth—or perhaps upon some planet, swimming far out beyond the ken of men with telescopes?

He looked at the girl, strove to consider her impersonally, for her youthful beauty began to disturb him. Then cold doubt crept in; something of the monstrosity of the proceeding chilled his enthusiasm for occult research. Should he speak to her?

Certainly it was a dreadful thing to do—an offense the enormity of which was utterly inexcusable except under the stress of a purely impersonal and scientific necessity for investigating a mental phase of humanity which had always thrilled him with a curiosity most profound.

He folded his arms and began to review in cold blood the circumstances which had led to his present situation in a cross-town car. Number one, and he held up one finger:

As it comes, at times, to every normal human, the odd idea had come to him that what he was saying and doing as he emerged from the subway at Times Square was what he had, sometime, somewhere, said and done before under similar circumstances. That was the beginning.

Number two, and he gravely held up a second finger:

Always before when this idea had come to bother him it had faded after a moment or two, leaving him merely uneasy and dissatisfied.

This time it persisted—intruding, annoying, exasperating him in his efforts to

Handy size and exact style of wrapping. Look for trade mark face on each box.

Photo of dollar outfit when opened. Count the 12 blades. Avoid imitations.

'Ever-Ready' 12 Bladed Safety Razor $1

The Ever-Ready Safety razor will [illegible] Ever-Ready razor's overwhelming success. There are *12* of these intensely sharp "*Ever-Ready*" blades in each dollar set, together with handsomely nickeled safety frame, handle and blade stropper all in a fine case.

Extra "Ever-Ready" Blades 10 for 50 Cents

or else you can strop back the keen edge or exchange [illegible]

[illegible]

Mail orders prepaid upon receipt of $1.00.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc., 320 Broadway, N.Y.

EXTRA Ever-Ready BLADES 10 for 50¢

Guaranteed BEST with BEST of Guarantees

Viking A Solid One-Piece Effect Viking

That's what you get in a Viking Sectional Bookcase. You may stack the sections as high and as wide as you wish. The Viking interlocking device lines them up so solidly and so perfectly that they have the effect of being built into the room. You can always add sections as your library grows and you can [illegible]

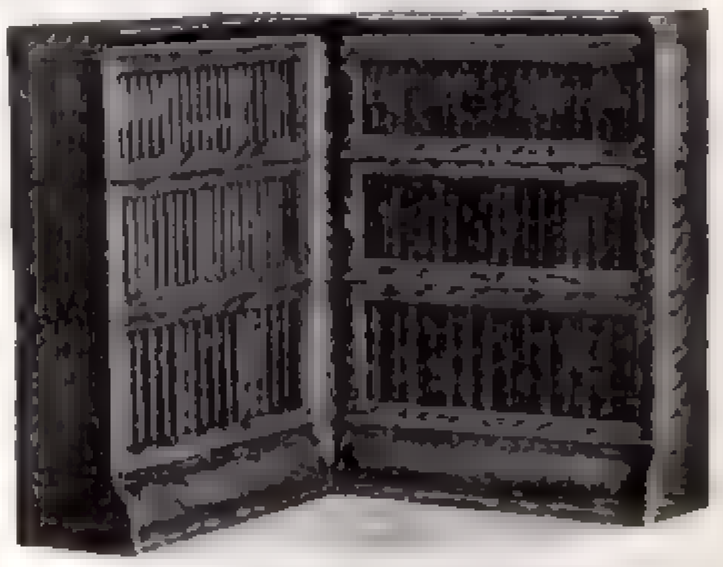
Viking Bookcases are designed by Skandia Craftsmen [illegible]

You can get the Viking in Quarter Sawed or Golden Oak, Mission, De Luxe, [illegible] Christmas suggests books. Books suggest

A Viking Sectional Bookcase

See the Viking at your dealer's. If you cannot find it in your town, write today for the Viking booklet illustrating [illegible]

SKANDIA FURNITURE CO., Dept. 58, Rockford, Ill.



The Viking fits any corner

Brighton FLAT CLASP GARTERS

YOU cannot obtain the wonderful *Flat Clasp*—flat as a coin—on any garter, except the BRIGHTON. That's why it's *the best garter at any price.* [illegible] "Brighton" *Flat Clasp* Garters [illegible] CHRISTMAS BOXES expressly decorated and prepared for the gift season. No extra charge for these special boxes.

[illegible]

Price 25 Cents a Pair at your dealer's, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY, 718 Market St., Dept. N, Philadelphia

Makers of "Brighton" Garters, "Pioneer" Suspenders and "Pioneer" Belts.

6% Paid on Time Deposits
(Withdrawable at option.)
Coupon Certificates
(One to Three Years)
Write today for Booklet A.
Equitable Banking & Loan Company, Macon, Ga.

TYPEWRITERS

ALL MAKES REBUILT at ¼ to ½ manufacturers prices. Rented anywhere or sold on 3 months approval. Write for our money back guarantee, also Catalogue and Special Price List.

ROCKWELL-BARNES CO., 443 Baldwin Building, Chicago, Ill.

Sanspareil
(pronounced "SAN PAR EI L")
DRESS SHIRTS

WHAT is more vexing to fastidious men than a Dress Shirt whose bosom is marred by the finger-prints of an untidy shopman? Sanspareil Dress Shirts are sealed by us in a *transparent dust proof paraffine wrapper.* They cannot become soiled or spotted until worn. It's the only way a gentleman's shirt should be treated. The "SANSPAREIL" is the *perfect shirt* in the *perfect package.* $1, $1.25 and $1.50 and up.

Ask your dealer for "SANSPAREIL" Dress Shirts, Day Shirts, Night Robes and Pajamas. [illegible] "SHIRTSMAN" sent free [illegible]

MILLEN, AIKENHEAD & CO.
810 Broadway
New York.

Patents
Trade-Marks
Copyrights

The value of a patent depends on the expert presentation of the claims that cover it. The value of your idea may be enormously increased by skillful handling of your application. My long experience in the Patent Office, and in handling exclusively all classes of applications, gives my clients every possible advantage without extra cost. Valuable booklets on Patents, Trade-Marks, Designs and Copyrights sent on request.

LANGDON MOORE,
Washington, D. C.
Ex-Asst. Examiner U. S. Pat. Off.

40 Years the World's Standard
GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES
The World's Best

Garland Gas Ranges and Heaters
Made on Honor
in the Painstaking Garland Way
[illegible]
Sold by First-class Dealers Everywhere
Ranges furnished with Garland Oven Heater Indicator. Booklets Free by Mail.
The Michigan Stove Company
Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World.
Detroit, Mich. Chicago, Ill.

Lock Your Telephone
in your absence
preventing the unauthorized and the unclean. Indiscriminate use is both expensive and dangerous.
By mail to any address $1.00
Distributors Wanted
Hub Phone Lock Co., Kimball Bldg., Boston

remember things which he could not recollect.

Number three, and he held up a third finger:

He *had* begun to remember! As soon as he or Smith said or did anything he recollected having said or done it sometime, somewhere, or recollected that he *ought* to have.

Number four—four fingers in air, stiff, determined digits:

He had not only, by a violent concentration of his memory, succeeded in recognizing the things said and done as having been said and done before, but suddenly he became aware that he was going to be able to foretell, vaguely, certain incidents that were yet to occur—like the prophesied advent of the cherry-colored car and the hat, gown and wicker basket.

He now had four fingers in the air; he examined them seriously, and then stuck up the fifth:

"Here I am," he thought, "awake, perfectly sane, absolutely respectable. Why should a foolish terror of convention prevent me from asking that girl whether she knows anything which might throw some light on this most interesting mental phenomenon? . . . I'll do it."

The girl turned her head slightly; speech and the politely-perfunctory smile froze on his lips.

She held up one finger; Brown's heart leaped. *Was* that some cabalistic sign which he ought to recognize? But she was merely signaling the conductor, who promptly pulled the bell and lifted her basket for her when she got off.

She thanked him: Brown heard her; and her crystalline voice began to ring in little bell-like echoes all through his ears, stirring endless little mysteries of memory.

Brown also got off; his legs struck up a walk of their own volition, carrying him across the street, hoisting him into a northbound Lexington Avenue car, and landing him in a seat behind the one where she had installed herself and her wicker basket.

She seemed to be having some difficulty with the wicker basket; beseeching six-toed paws were thrust out persistently; soft meows pleaded for the right of liberty and pursuit of feline happiness. Several passengers smiled.

Trouble increased as the car whizzed northward; the meows became wilder; mad scrambles agitated the basket; the lid bobbed and creaked; the girl turned a vivid pink and, bending close over the basket, attempted to soothe its enervated inmate.

In the Forties she managed to control the situation; in the Fifties a frantic rush from within burst a string that fastened the basket lid, but the girl held it down with energy.

In the Sixties a tempest broke loose in the basket; harrowing yowls pierced the atmosphere; the girl, crimson with embarrassment and distress, signaled the conductor at Sixty-fourth Street and descended, clinging valiantly to a basket which apparently contained a pack of firecrackers in process of explosion.

A classical heroine in dire distress invariably exclaims aloud: "Will no one aid me?" Brown, whose automatic legs had compelled him to follow, instinctively awaited some similar appeal.

It came unexpectedly; the kicking basket escaped from her arms, the lid burst open, and an extraordinarily large, healthy and indignant cat flew out, tail as big as a duster, and fled east on Sixty-fourth Street.

The girl in the summer gown and white straw hat ran after the cat. Brown's legs ran, too.

There was, and is, between the house on the northeast corner of Sixty-fourth Street and Lexington Avenue and the next house on Sixty-fourth, an open space guarded by an iron railing; through this the cat darted, fur on end, and, with a flying leap, took to the back fences.

"Oh!" gasped the girl.

Then Brown's legs did an extraordinary thing: they began to scramble and kick and shin up the iron railing, hoisting Brown over; and Brown's voice, pleasant, calm, reassuring, was busy, too: "If you will look out for my suitcase I think I can recover your cat. . . . It will give me great pleasure to recover your cat. I shall be very glad to have the opportunity of recovering—puff—puff—your—puff—puff—c-cat!" And he dropped inside the iron railing and paused to recover his breath. The girl came up to the railing and gazed

"American Boy" High Top Shoes

According to this letter (it tells a story we hear every day) "American Boy" Shoes will save you money:

"Send two pairs American Boy Shoes same as before. I bought two pairs 'American Boy' Shoes [illegible] years ago or more. They are not worn out but [illegible] going to pension them for giving such good service." H. T. Maynard, North Brookfield, Mass., August 3, 1908.

"American Boy" Shoes are strong, sturdy, everyday shoes, built like a battleship—for service. Not stiff nor cumbersome. The upper leather (Menz "Ease" Elk Tannage) is unlike all other upper leather. It's as soft and pliable as glove leather and it never gets hard and stiff. Drying out under the stove all night will not harden it; an all-winter's service will not destroy its softness. "American Boy" Shoes usually give a winter's service; a year's wear is common; for the uppers to outwear one or two half-soles of the best sole leather money can buy, is not unusual. Unlined, because a lining wears out the stockings; the inside of an "American Boy" Shoe feels like velvet. They always fit snugly around ankle, instep and heel seat; feet can't wabble; fine for skating. Do away with rubbers and overshoes.

The boy putting on his skates (you can imagine how fine "American Boy" Shoes are for skating and all outdoor winter sports) is wearing the twelve-inch two-buckle and strap shoe. [illegible] widths C, D and E; colors—black and tan; **sizes 11 to 2—$4.00; sizes 2½ to 5½—$4.50.**

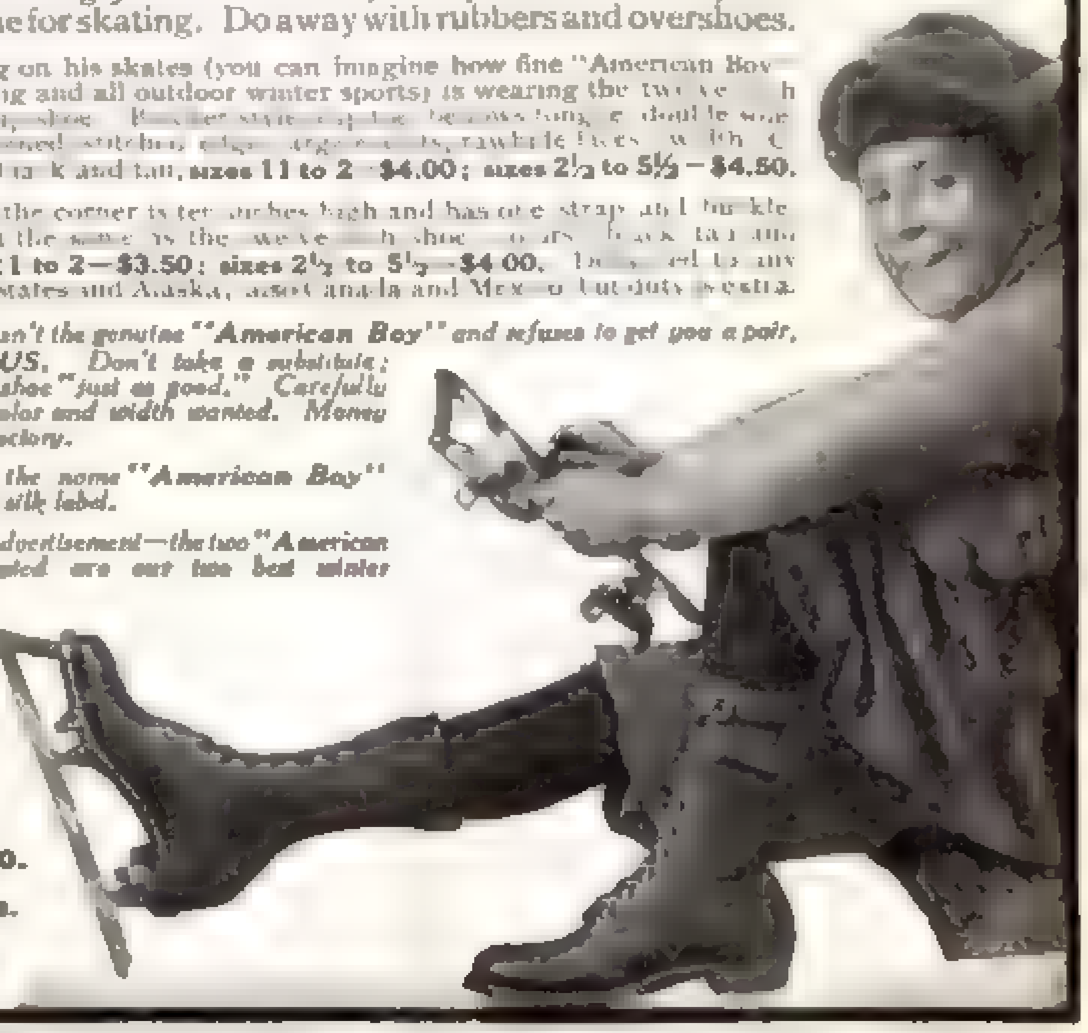
The shoe up in the corner is ten inches high and has one strap and buckle; otherwise made just the same as the twelve-inch shoe. Colors, black, tan and dark brown; **sizes 11 to 2—$3.50; sizes 2½ to 5½—$4.00.** Delivered to any part of the United States and Alaska, also Canada and Mexico but duty is extra.

If your dealer hasn't the genuine "American Boy" and refuses to get you a pair, ***ORDER FROM US.*** *Don't take a substitute; there's no other boys' shoe "just as good." Carefully specify height, size, color and width wanted. Money refunded if not satisfactory.*

Always look for the name "American Boy" on sole and on yellow silk label.

Order from this advertisement—the two "American Boy" Shoes illustrated are our two best winter sellers—or send for catalog illustrating in colors the famous Menz "Ease" Shoes, Hunters' and Prospectors' Boots and "American Boy" Shoes.

Menzies Shoe Co.
431 Gratiot Ave.
Detroit, Mich.

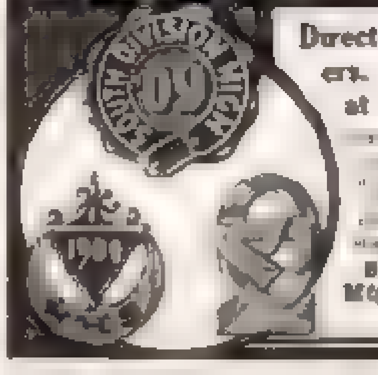


"SAVE-THE-HORSE" SPAVIN CURE
REG. TRADE MARK

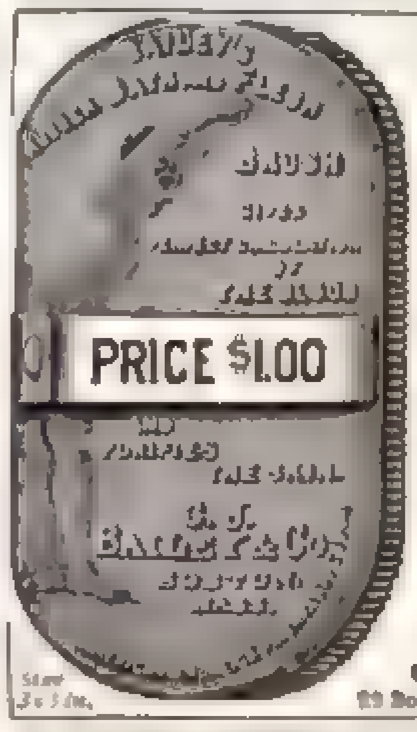
E. W. CHAPIN, Manager [illegible] New York.
THE NORTHBORO WOOLEN MILLS
[illegible] Mass.
[illegible] the "Save-the-Horse" [illegible] not only took out the [illegible] and lameness is gone, and the mare travels as sound as a [illegible]
Third case: I tried it on a well known pacer [illegible] "Save-the-Horse" and he is [illegible]
$5.00 [illegible] written guarantee [illegible] Permanently cures Bone and Bog Spavin, Thoroughpin, Ringbone [illegible] Curb, Splint, Capped Hock, Windpuff, Shoe Boil, Injured Tendons and all Lameness. [illegible] *or Express Paid.* Troy Chemical Company, Binghamton, N. Y.

Buy Direct From the Factory.
SPUN-BRASS ART GOODS

[illegible]
Christmas and Wedding Gifts
[illegible]
YE BRASS SHOP 202 E. Gay St., Columbus, O.



CLASS COLLEGE AND FRATERNITY PINS
Direct from the manufacturers. Highest quality work at most moderate prices.
[illegible]
BUNDE & UPMEYER CO.
Mfg. Jewelers, 101 Mack Blk.
Milwaukee, Wis.



PRICE $1.00
Size 3 x 5 in.

QUEEN OF THE BATH
Formerly $1.50,
NOW $1.00
With Extension Handle
Bailey's Rubber Brushes
are always clean, perfectly sanitary [illegible] whole family. [illegible]
C. J. Bailey & Co.
22 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

PLAYS Catalog of Professional and Amateur Plays [illegible] FREE
DICK & FITZGERALD, 24 Ann Street, New York

Dutch Bald Wig 50c; Chin Whiskers on Gauze 25c; Wax Nose 15c; Grease Paint 15c; Entire Outfit $1.00. [illegible] catalogue of plays, wigs and Make-up [illegible] "The Art of Making-up." The Trademore Co., Dept. S, Toledo, O.

Genuine Waltham or Elgin Watches
$10.75
Jewelers ask $20.00
World's Standard Timekeepers. Thin models. All sizes for men and women.
Waltham or Elgin name on every movement and permanently guaranteed by makers. STYLES:—Fancy, Engraved, Engine turned and Plain Polished. Stem wind and set. Gold filled cases warranted 20 years. Sent express charges prepaid on receipt of $1.00. Subject to examination. Watch returnable and money refunded if not as represented. Order now, or write, as this is a limited time offer. Other thin model watches, same sizes and quality of cases, $7.75.
JOHN GAY, Manufacturers' Sales Agent. Established 1877. Kings Co. Trust Bldg., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AFTER A MEAL

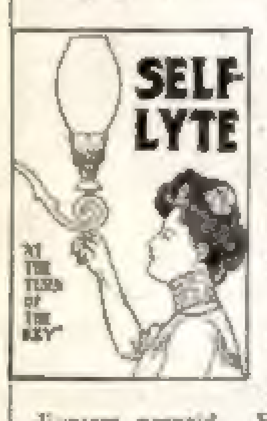
Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED CANDY COATED CHEWING GUM

AN OUNCE FOR A NICKEL AND IN 5¢ AND 10¢ PACKETS

FRANK H. FLEER & CO. INC. PHILADELPHIA AND TORONTO.



"SELF-LYTE"

A high candle power self-lighting gas lamp. Any person can attach it to any gas fixture. Gives brilliant, soft light; just the thing for reading at night.

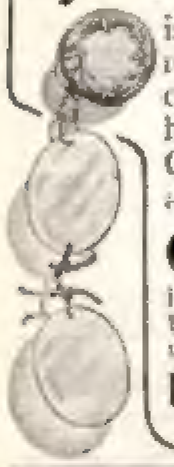
A Gas Saver

Consumes less gas and gives better light. No matches required. Eliminates danger of fire. Prevents asphyxiation.

THE ONLY PERFECTED SELF-LIGHTING GAS MANTLE

To Thoroughly Introduce: Upright Lamp outfit consisting of best Welsbach gas regulating Burner, imported opal air hole Globe, and a high grade "**SELF-LYTE**" Mantle, **$1.50**, Express prepaid. Every Mantle guaranteed for 60 days. Order today. Will not work on natural nor acetylene gas.

SELF-LYTE UTILITIES CO., Equitable Bldg.
120 Broadway Dept. A **New York City**
SELF LYTE
AT THE TURN OF THE KEY



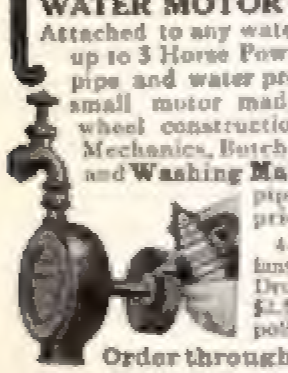
The Automatic Eye-Glass Holder

is the neatest and most convenient device made to hold glasses. Chain winds up when not in use and prevents mislaying them. As a

Christmas Present

it is excellent. **Sold by jewelers and opticians** or postpaid direct from us. 50c up. Our free catalog describes 30 styles.

Ketcham & McDougall, Est. 1839 **39 Maiden Lane New York**



DO YOU HAVE KNIVES TO GRIND, SILVER TO POLISH, SMALL TOOLS TO OPERATE, WASHING MACHINES OR WRINGERS TO RUN?

LET THE RED DEVIL

WATER MOTOR DO YOUR WORK

Attached to any water faucet will develop up to 3 Horse Power according to size of pipe and water pressure. Only perfect small motor made. Improved bucket wheel construction. **6-inch Motor** for Mechanics, Butchers, Grocers, small tools and **Washing Machine,** ¾ H. P. on ⅝ inch pipe, 80 lbs. water pressure. **Net price $5 cash with order.**

4-inch Motor for grinding, polishing, fans, sewing machine, Doctors, Dentists, Druggists. Net price Motor with Pulley $2.50; with emery, buffing wheel, silver polish and pulley **$3 cash with order.**

Order through Hardware or Tool Dealer or direct from us. Money back for any reason.

DIVINE WATER MOTOR CO.
DEP'T 6 UTICA, N. Y.

A New $1 Offer—"KEITH'S"

for six months and a copy of my new **Book 76 Plans** for attractive Homes costing **$1000 to $4000.** Keith's monthly magazine is the recognized authority on planning and Decorating Homes. Each issue gives 7 designs by leading architects. $1.50 year. News-stands 15c copy. With each $1 order I will also include two recent back numbers. Send today.

Our Plan No. 37 — $2000

MAX L. KEITH, 478 Lumber Exch., Minneapolis, Minn.

anxiously through at the corner of the only back fence she could perceive.

"What a perfectly dreadful thing to happen!" she said in a voice not very steady. "It is exceedingly nice of you to help me catch Clarence. He is quite beside himself, poor lamb! You see, he has never before been in the city. I—I shall be distressed beyond m-measure if he is lost."

"He went over those fences," said Brown, breathing faster. "I think I'd better go after him."

"Oh—*would* you mind? I'd be so very grateful. It seems so much to ask of you."

"I'll do it," said Brown firmly. "I see him now!"

"W-what is he doing?"

"Squatting on a trellis three back yards away." And Brown lifted a blandishing voice: "Here, Clarence—Clarence—Clarence! Here, kitty—kitty—kitty! Good pussy! Nice Clarence!"

"Does he come?" inquired the girl, peering wistfully through the railing.

"He does not," said Brown. "Perhaps you had better call."

"Here, Clarence, darling—Betty's own little kitty-cat!"

"If he doesn't come to *that*," thought Brown, "he *is* a brute." And aloud: "If you could only let him see you; he sits there blinking at me."

"Do you think he'd come if he saw me?"

"Who wouldn't?" thought Brown, and answered calmly: "I think so. . . . Of course, you couldn't get up here."

"I could. . . . But I'd better not. . . . Besides, I live only a few houses away—Number 161—and I *could* go through into the back yard."

"But you'd better not attempt to climb the fence. Have one of the servants do it; we'll get the cat between us then, and corner him."

"There are no servants in the house. It's closed for the summer—all boarded up!"

"Then how can you get in?"

"I have a key to the basement. . . . Shall I?"

"And climb up on the fence?"

"Yes—if I must—if it's necessary to save Clarence. . . . Shall I?"

"Why can't I shoo him into your yard."

"He doesn't know our yard. He's a country cat; he's never stayed in town. I was taking him with me to Oyster Bay. . . . I came down from a week-end at Stockbridge, where some relatives kept Clarence for us while we were abroad during the winter. . . . I meant to stop and get some things in the house on my way back to Oyster Bay. . . . Isn't it a perfectly wretched situation?"

Her fascinating underlip trembled, but she controlled it.

"I'll get that cat if it takes a month!" said Brown. Then he flushed; he had not meant to speak so warmly.

The girl flushed too. "I am *so* grateful. . . . But how ——"

"Wait," said Brown; and, addressing Clarence in a softly-alluring voice, he now began cautiously to crawl along the fences toward that unresponsive animal. Presently he desisted, partly on account of a conspiracy engaged in by his trousers and a rusty nail. The girl was now beyond the range of his vision, around the corner.

"Miss—ah—Miss—er—er—Betty!" he called.

"Yes!"

"Clarence has retreated over another back yard."

"How horrid!"

"How far down do you live?"

She named the number of doors, anxiously adding: "Is Clarence farther down the block? Oh, please, be careful. Please, don't drive him past our yard. If you will wait I—I'll let myself into the house and—I'll manage to get up on the fence."

"You'll ruin your gown."

"I don't care about my gown."

"These fences are the limit! Full of spikes and nails. . . . Will you be careful?"

"Yes, very."

"The nails are rusty. I—I am h-horribly afraid of lockjaw."

"Then don't remain there an instant."

"I mean—I'm afraid of it for you."

"I—it is very generous of you to—think of me," came her voice, lower but very friendly.

"I ca-can't avoid it," he stammered, and wanted to kick himself for what he had blurted out.

"I am going to enter my house and climb up on the fence. . . . Would you mind waiting a moment?"

Charlotte à la Baronne
Made with
NABISCO
SUGAR WAFERS

The hostess who delights in surprising her guests with some new and unexpected dainty serves

NABISCO
SUGAR WAFERS.

In ten cent tins. Also in twenty-five cent tins

RECIPE

Remove almost all the center from a round sponge cake and cover the edges of the cake with **NABISCO** Sugar Wafers, held in position with Royal Icing. Tie band of pink ribbon around center and place on dish. Mix one cupful of chopped fruits; add eighteen Festinos, one tablespoonful of sugar and three of orange syrup. Soak for one hour. Strain off liquid and add fruits to one pint of whipped cream. Heap the mixture in the wafer case just before serving. Decorate with halves of **NABISCO** Sugar Wafers and walnut meats.

Festino—Another dessert confection in the form of an almond enclosing a kernel of delicious cream

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

THE "SQUARE DEAL" IN ENCYCLOPEDIAS!

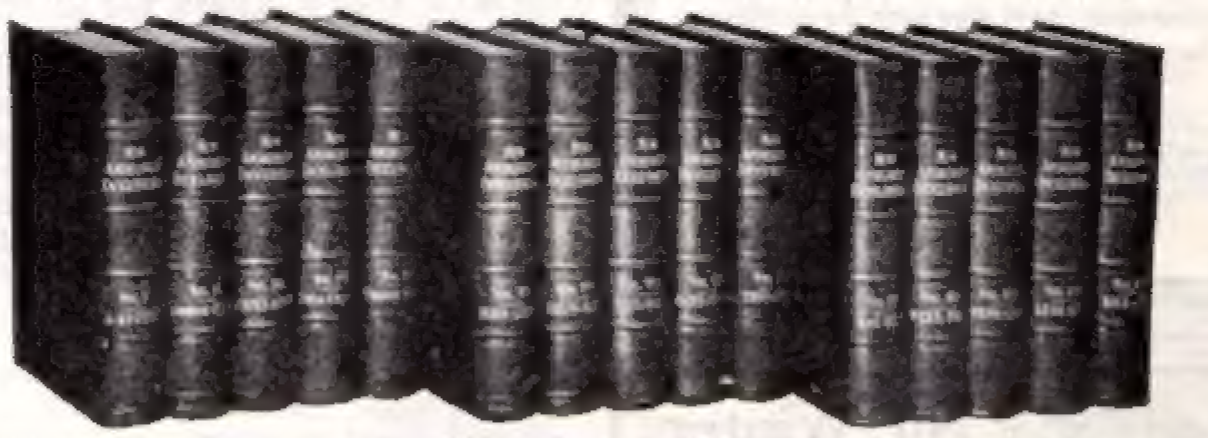
No "prospectus," no "sample pages," but the complete work itself sent for examination at no cost to you

Webster's New $8.50 Encyclopedic Dictionary FREE with each of the first 100 orders!

MAGNIFICENT 1908 EDITION OF THE

New Americanized Encyclopedia

Fifteen massive volumes, sumptuous binding. 10,000 double-column pages. 100 superb maps. 37,000 biographical references, hundreds of illustrations, colored plates of the rarest beauty.



"An intellectual ocean whose waves touch every shore of thought."

$1.00 Secures the Set. *Sent Free for Examination.*

A Home University, a College Education, a Huge Library.

The Most Extraordinary Book Bargain of this Generation.

You have always meant to get an Encyclopedia—every intelligent man does. NOW IS THE TIME. The possession of this latest and greatest of all ENCYCLOPEDIAS puts you ten years ahead of your less enterprising neighbor.

Other books tell you about ONE thing; this tells you EVERYTHING. It covers all epochs of literature, all forms of government, all systems of religion. All marvels of science and invention, all the glorious achievements that have made history luminous and civilization possible are found in the ten thousand teeming pages of these splendid volumes. Can YOU afford to do without it?

Its Matchless Authority. The most brilliant thinkers of the century are enrolled as its contributors. Its writers include such men of world-wide fame as Matthew Arnold, James Bryce, John Morley, Andrew Lang, St. George Mivart, Canon Farrar, Lord Kelvin, Robertson Smith, Saintsbury, Swinburne, Simon Newcomb, John Fiske, Cardinal Gibbons, John Bach McMaster, Admiral Melville, Thomas B. Reed, Carroll Wright; and these with hundreds of others equally famous give it an authority so overwhelming, so incomparable that it reigns without a rival in the realm of scholarship.

Special Half Price Offer. To emphasize the issue of the 1908 edition of this magnificent work we are making for a limited time only a special introductory offer of just ONE-HALF the regular price. The cloth set we price at $37, the half morocco at $46. Moreover, with each of the first hundred orders to reach us we will send absolutely FREE Webster's Huge New Encyclopedic Dictionary, retailing regularly at $8.50. It is bound in Full Sheep, marbled edges, gold stamped and indexed. This combination of the world's most famous Cyclopedia and equally famous Dictionary gives you a magnificent reference library of enormous extent and unmatchable value.

Send No Money Now. Sign and mail the attached coupon and we will ship you a complete set for five days' FREE examination. You can return them AT OUR EXPENSE if they fail to give you entire satisfaction. We pay all transportation charges. Should you decide to purchase, then send us $1.00 as first payment and pay the balance at the rate of $2.00 per month for the cloth and $2.50 per month for the half morocco.

Do Not Delay. At these phenomenal prices, the introductory sets will vanish like magic. Write TO-DAY. Remember. No risk! No obligation! You purchase only if satisfied!

THE BOOKLOVERS' SOCIETY
156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

S. E. P.
Nov 7, '08

THE BOOKLOVERS' SOCIETY
156 Fifth Ave.
New York

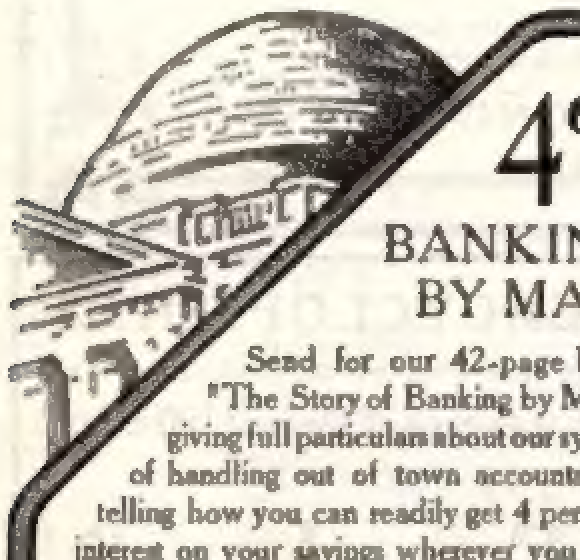
Please send me for examination, prepaid, a complete set of the **New Americanized Encyclopedia** in half morocco binding at your SPECIAL PRICE of $46.00. If the set is satisfactory, I agree to pay upon the purchase price the sum of $1.00 in cash within 5 days after receipt of goods and $2.50 per month thereafter for eighteen months. Title to remain in The Booklovers' Society until full purchase price has been paid. If the books are not satisfactory I am to notify you promptly and hold them subject to your order. Also send me **Webster's New Encyclopedic Dictionary,** which I am to receive absolutely FREE, should I retain the set.

Name……………………………………

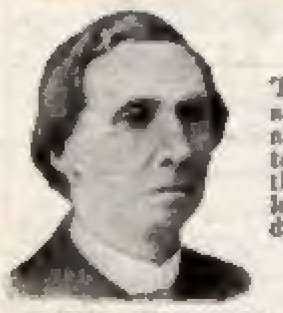
Address……………………………………

If you prefer the cloth edition alter $46.00 to $37.00 and $2.50 each month to $2.00.

LEA & PERRINS
SAUCE
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE
gives a piquant flavor indispensable
to good
Chafing Dish Cooking
Fish, Shrimps, Oysters, Clams and Lobsters; Frogs' Legs and Welsh Rarebit are given an appetizing and delicate relish by its use.
John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N.Y.

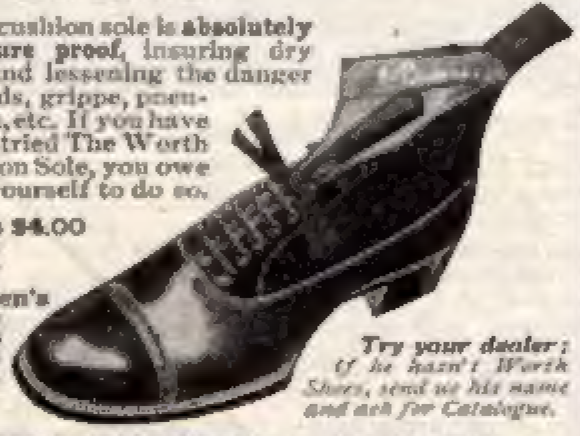


4%
BANKING
BY MAIL
Send for our 42-page book "The Story of Banking by Mail," giving full particulars about our system of handling out of town accounts and telling how you can readily get 4 per cent interest on your savings wherever you live.
This bank occupies front rank among the great financial institutions of this country. Its capital and surplus of five million dollars, together with the conservative character of its management, have won for it the confidence of more than 70,000 individual depositors.
The
Cleveland
Trust Company
CLEVELAND OHIO



DAVID CUMMINGS
(Pres. The Cummings Co.)
Maker of Shoes for 55 yrs.

For Winter
The shoes that you buy now are the shoes you will wear all winter. It is worth while to look ahead and get shoes that will **protect** you, that will keep the bottoms of your feet dry — ask your physician.
The Worth
Cushion Sole Shoe
The cushion sole is **absolutely moisture proof**, insuring dry feet and lessening the danger of colds, grippe, pneumonia, etc. If you have never tried The Worth Cushion Sole, you owe it to yourself to do so.



Men's $4.00
$4.50
$5.00
Women's
$2.00
$3.00
$3.50
$4.00
Try your dealer; if he hasn't Worth Shoes, send us his name and ask for Catalogue.
THE CUMMINGS COMPANY
406 V Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Say "Irish Mail" and Stick to it.
The Boy Knows
the difference between the genuine "Irish Mail" and imitating cars, by its easy running, speed, comfort. It "fits" him all over. Just as good for the girls. You can tell it by the name
"Irish Mail"
on the seat. Get the genuine. Don't be persuaded to buy a substitute. It is a substitute unless "Irish Mail" is on the seat. The "Irish Mail" never fails. Substitutes do.
Patented
Write for free "Irish Mail" Catalog.
Hill-Standard Mfg. Co., 548 Irish Mail Ave., Anderson, Ind.

"I will wait here," said Beekman Brown, "until I see you." He added to himself: "I'm going mad rapidly and I know it and don't care. . . . *What*—a—girl!"

While he waited, legs swinging, astride the back fence, he examined his injuries—thoughtfully touched the triangular tear in his trousers, inspected minor sartorial and corporeal lacerations, set his hat firmly upon his head, and gazed across the monotony of the back-yard fences at Clarence.

Presently, through the palings of a back yard on Sixty-fifth Street, Brown saw a small boy, evidently the progeny of some caretaker, regarding him intently.

"Say, mister," he began as soon as noticed, "you have tore your pants on a nail."

"Thanks," said Brown coldly; "will you be good enough to mind your business?"

"I thought I'd tell you," said the small boy, delightedly aware that the information displeased Brown. "They're tore awful, too. That's what you get for playin' on to back fences. Y'orter be ashamed."

Brown feigned unconsciousness and folded his arms with dignity; but the next moment he straightened up, quivering.

"You young devil!" he said; "if you pull that slingshot again I'll come over there and destroy you!"

At the same moment above the fence-line down the block a white straw hat appeared; then a youthful face becomingly flushed; then two dainty, gloved hands grasping the top of the fence.

"I am here," she called across to him.

The small boy, who had climbed to the top of his fence, immediately joined the conversation:

"Your girl's a winner, mister," he observed critically.

"Are you going to keep quiet?" demanded Brown, starting across the fence.

"Sure," said the small boy carelessly. And, settling down on his lofty perch of observation, he began singing:

"Lum' me an' the woild is mi-on."

The girl's cheeks became pinker; she looked at the small boy appealingly.

"Little boy," she said, "if you'll run away somewhere I'll give you ten cents."

"No," said the terror, "I want to see him an' you catch that cat."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," suggested Brown, inspired. "I'll give you a dollar if you'll help us catch the cat."

"You're on!" said the boy briskly. "What'll I do? Touch her up with this bean-shooter?"

"No; put that thing into your pocket!" exclaimed Brown sharply. "Now climb across to Sixty-fourth Street and stand by that iron railing so that the cat can't bolt out into the street, and," he added, wrapping a dollar bill around a rusty nail and tossing it across the fence, "here's what's coming to you."

The small boy scrambled over nimbly, ran squirrel-like across the transverse fence, dipped, swarmed over the iron railing and stood on guard.

"Say, mister," he said, "if the cat starts this way you and your girl start a hollerin' like ——"

"All right," interrupted Brown, and turned toward the vision of loveliness and distress which was now standing on the top of her own back fence, holding fast to a wistaria trellis and flattering Clarence with low and honeyed appeals.

The cat, however, was either too stupid or too confused to respond; he gazed blankly at his mistress, and when Brown began furtively edging his way toward him Clarence arose, stood a second in alert indecision, then began to back away.

"We've got him between us!" called out Brown. "If you'll stand ready to seize him when I drive him ——"

There was a wild scurry, a rush, a leap, frantic clawing for foothold.

"Now, Miss Betty! Quick!" cried Brown. "Don't let him pass you."

She spread her skirts, but the shameless Clarence rushed headlong between the most delicately ornamental pair of ankles in Manhattan.

"Oh-h!" cried the girl in soft despair, and made a futile clutch; but she could not arrest the flight of Clarence; she merely upset him, turning him for an instant into a furry pinwheel, whirling through mid-air, landing in her yard, rebounding like a rubber ball, and disappearing, with one flying leap, into a narrow opening in the basement masonry.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE first essential to a healthful, clean and sanitary home is the bathroom equipped throughout with snowy
"Standard"
PORCELAIN ENAMELED PLUMBING FIXTURES
If you are building a new home or remodelling the old, you should make the equipment of your bathroom the first and most important care. The disposal of this question means more to you than a mere matter of comfort and appearance, for it has to do with *Health—your health*, and the health of all your household. When you buy a genuine "Standard" equipment, you buy first-class health-protection and you get greater value for your money than you would with any other sanitary equipment made.

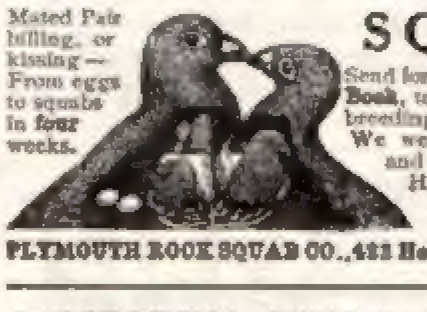
CAUTION: Every genuine "Standard" fixture bears the "Standard" Green and Gold Guarantee Label. Look for this label on every fixture you purchase, as none are genuine without it. The "Standard" Guarantee Label gives a protection you cannot afford to be without.
Send for Our Book Let us send you our new book, "Modern Bathrooms." This is beautifully illustrated. It describes in detail a series of up-to-date bathrooms and tells you just how to secure the best possible equipment at the least possible cost. When you buy new bathroom fixtures you'll need this book. Send for it now. Enclose 6c postage and give us name of your architect and plumber, if selected.
Address Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Dept. B, Pittsburgh, Pa., U.S.A.
Offices and Showrooms in New York: "Standard" Building, 35-37 West 31st Street.
Louisville: 325-329 West Main Street. Pittsburgh: 949 Penn Ave. New Orleans: Cor. Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.
London, Eng.: 22 Holborn Viaduct, E.C. Cleveland: 648-652 Huron Road, S. E.

FINE HARDWOOD FLOORS
Most economical, healthful and satisfactory — for old or new houses, different patterns to match furnishings. Outwear carpets. Stocks carried in the leading cities.
Plain or Ornamental. Thick or Thin.
Write for Book of Designs.
THE INTERIOR HARDWOOD CO. Mfr's Indianapolis

WORK FOR ALL
To the young man working for a small salary we offer the opportunity of a lifetime. We teach the Electrical, Plumbing and Bricklaying trades in a few months' time by actual practice. We have the largest and best equipped practical school in America, and our graduates are in demand at high wages in all parts of the country. Hundreds of our graduates have developed into contractors. Write for free illustrated booklet. It will interest you.
Coyne National Trade School, 836 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago

HOME STUDY
The University of Chicago
OFFERS
350 of its class-room courses by correspondence. One may take up High School or College studies at almost any point and do half the work for a Bachelor degree. Courses for Teachers, Writers, Ministers, Bankers, Farm and Home Economists, and many in other vocations.
The U. of C., Div. C, Chicago, Ill.

6%
The safest and most profitable investment is money in the bank at 6%. Write for booklet "S" which tells all about our Certificates of Deposit.
FIRST TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK
BILLINGS, MONT.



Mated Pair billing, or kissing — From eggs to squabs in four weeks.
SQUAB BOOK FREE
Send for our handsome 1908 Free Book, telling how to make money breeding squabs. Market waiting. We were first; the size, beauty and prolific breeding of our Homers, and our modern methods, made a new business of squab raising.
PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO., 423 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.

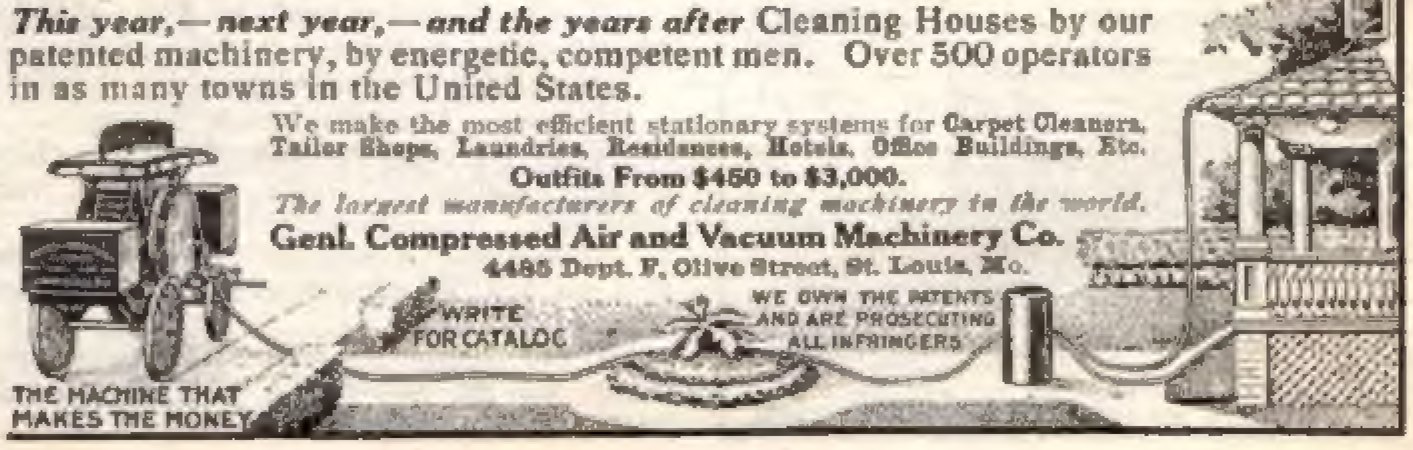
PARKER'S Arctic Socks
Registered in U. S. Patent Office.

Healthful for bed-chamber, bath and sick-room. Worn in rubber boots, absorb perspiration. Made of knitted fabric, lined with soft white wool fleece. Sold in all sizes by dealers or by mail, 25c a pair. Parker pays postage. Catalogue free. Look for Parker's name in every pair.
J. H. PARKER CO., Dept. 57, 25 James Street, Malden, Mass.

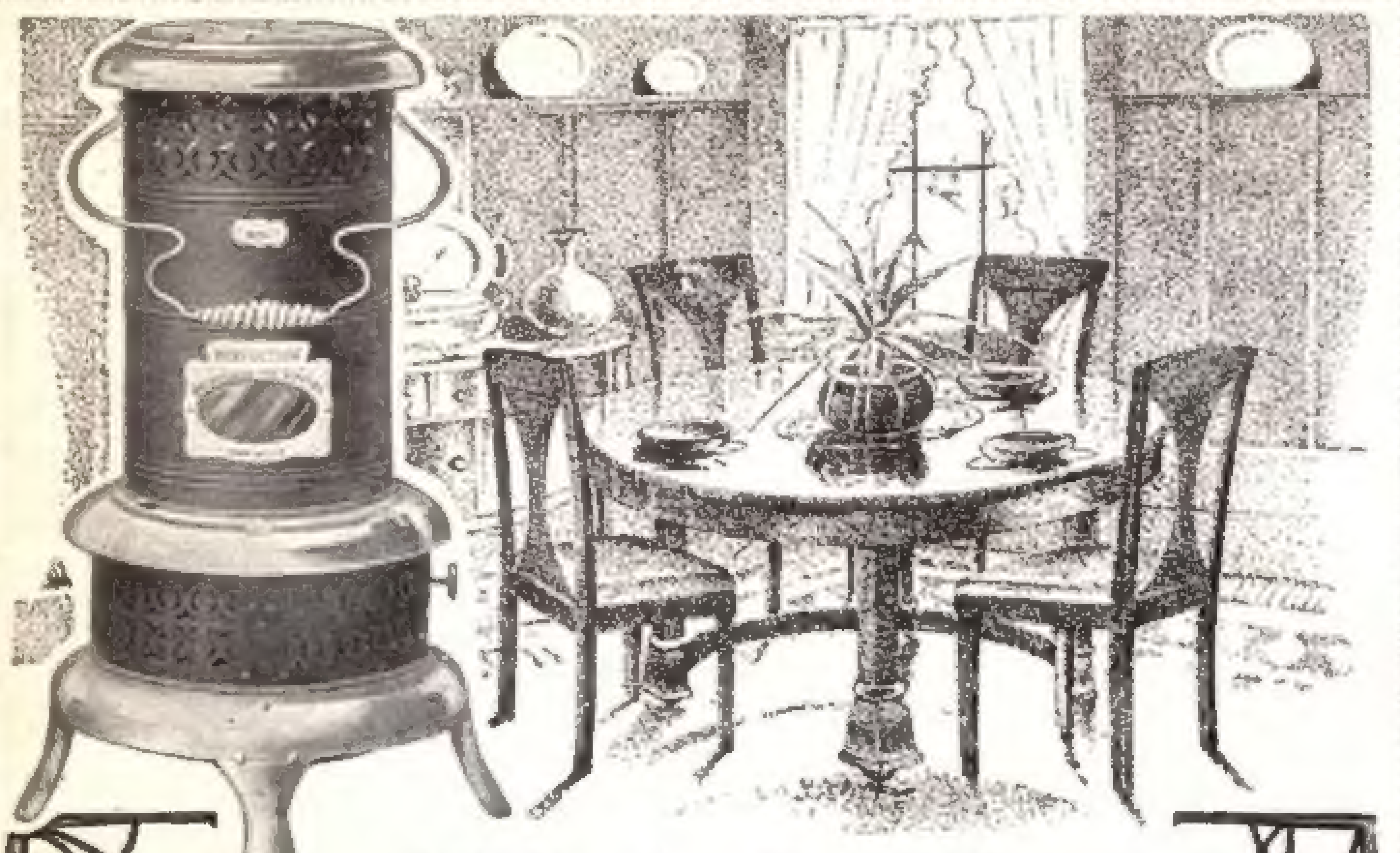
CALIFORNIA CHRISTMAS BOX DIRECT TO YOU
7.50 We pay the freight. 12 cans Canned Fruit, 25 lbs. Dried Fruit, Peaches, Pears, Apricots, Plums, Grapes, Figs, 8 lbs. Walnuts, Almonds, ½ Gal. Honey. 3 SOUVENIR POST CARDS AND OUR PRICE-LIST FREE.
CALIFORNIA FRUIT PRODUCTS CO., Avenue 7, Colton, Calif.

AGENTS
NINE IN ONE
Get in on this. Combination Rolling Pin. Nine articles combined. Lightning Seller. Sample free.
FORSHEE MFG. CO., Box 309, Dayton, O.

The man who owns a mechanical cleaning wagon MAKES MONEY
We are ready to prove that
$3000.00 Can be Made
This year,—next year,—and the years after Cleaning Houses by our patented machinery, by energetic, competent men. Over 500 operators in as many towns in the United States.
We make the most efficient stationary systems for Carpet Cleaners, Tailor Shops, Laundries, Residences, Hotels, Office Buildings, Etc.
Outfits From $450 to $3,000.
The largest manufacturers of cleaning machinery in the world.
Genl. Compressed Air and Vacuum Machinery Co.
4485 Dept. F, Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.



WRITE FOR CATALOG
WE OWN THE PATENTS AND ARE PROSECUTING ALL INFRINGERS
THE MACHINE THAT MAKES THE MONEY



While the Fire is Low

A hot breakfast in a cozy warm room starts one right for the day. A cold dining room spoils the enjoyment of the meal. The dining room or any room in the house can be heated in a few minutes with a

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

For instance, you could light it in your bed-room to dress by, then carry it to the dining room, and by the time the coffee is ready, the room is warm. Impossible to turn it too high or too low—never smokes or smells—gives intense heat for 9 hours with one filling. If not at your dealer's write to nearest agency.

The *Rayo* Lamp is the best lamp for all-round household purposes. Gives a clear, steady light. Made of brass throughout and nickel plated. Equipped with the latest improved central draft burner. Handsome—simple—satisfactory. Every lamp guaranteed.

If you cannot get heater and lamp at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

For Young Men Who Care

Campus Togs solve the problem of the young man who wishes something more modish and "snappy" than is worn by his father or grandfather.

These garments have a distinctiveness—a "tone"—an indescribable "air" about them, which at first glance puts KAUFMAN "Pre-Shrunk" CAMPUS TOGS in a class far above the commonplace or the ordinary with those who know.

Note the gracefully moulded shoulders, long-roll lapels, distinctive cuff designs, the flap pockets, the form-fitting back and dip front, which give to Campus Tog Suits and Overcoats that air of classy niftiness so much desired by our cleverest dressers.

And the low-cut vests, with angle pockets—the trousers full-hipped with wide turn-up, and many of the innovations which others will offer *another season*, will be found in these masterpieces of the Tailoring Art.

And what is of still greater importance to the man who cares for his appearance, every iota of the style, distinctiveness and elegance which you notice in

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Campus Togs

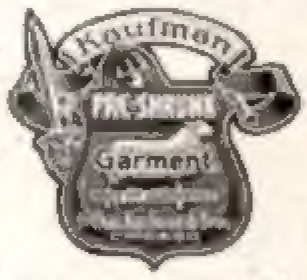
as you view yourself in the clothier's glass is *there to stay*.

It is rendered fixed and permanent by the Kaufman "Pre-Shrinking" Process, which is exclusively our own, and which no other manufacturer can use. All the shrink tendency is taken out of the cloth before the goods are even touched with the shears. Which means that Campus Togs will not shrink, get out of shape, wrinkle, pucker, bag, nor draw up.

And because our "Pre-Shrinking" Process renders style and fit perpetual, we are able to Guarantee Satisfaction or Money Back on Campus Togs or any other garment bearing the Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Label—something no other manufacturer cares to do.

Your home dealer has our authority to make this guarantee to you. Ask him about it.

Your dealer will gladly show you Campus Togs or other Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments in any of the popular fabrics for Fall and Winter at $12.00 to $30.00. Most people will find something to please them at $15.00 to $18.00.



To be sure of the Style Permanence which you crave, ask the dealer to show you this label, sewed in the garments, before you buy.

Our handsome STYLE BOOK will post you on the correct styles for Fall and Winter. Ask your dealer for it—or send to us direct, if you prefer. It's FREE. You should have it before deciding.

4408

CHAS. KAUFMAN & BROS., CHICAGO

Dennison's Glue Paste Mucilage
Dennison's
GLUE
IN TUBES

Keep a Tube Handy

Ordinary mucilage bottles, glue cans, etc., become gummed-up, dirty and unfit for use long before contents are exhausted. Dennison's Patent Pin Tubes of Glue, Paste and Mucilage prevent such waste. Pull out the pin—use what you require—replace the pin and tube is hermetically sealed. Contents just as fresh ten years from now. No other adhesives in the world equal Dennison's in *quality*—no other container will preserve adhesives so perfectly.

Dennison's GLUE, PASTE AND MUCILAGE

are sold by dealers everywhere. Ask for them or send 10 cents for sample tube of Glue, Paste or Mucilage.

Address Dept. "17," at our nearest store.

Dennison Manufacturing Co.

BOSTON 26 Franklin Street
NEW YORK 15 John Street
PHILADELPHIA, 1007 Chestnut Street
CHICAGO 128 Franklin St.
ST. LOUIS 413 North 4th St.

WE WANT STORY-WRITERS

We sell stories, plays, and book MSS. on commission. We read, criticise, revise, and type all kinds of MSS. and advise you where to sell them. We teach **Story-Writing** and **Journalism** by mail. Our students sell their MSS. for one to five cents a word. Send for free booklet, "**Writing for Profit**"; tells how and gives proof. THORNTON WEST, Editor-in-Chief.

Endorsed by leading newspapers and magazines. Founded 1895

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
67 The Baldwin
Indianapolis, Ind.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word-signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address **Chicago Correspondence Schools, 728 Chicago Opera House Block**, Chicago, Ill.

Digs a Hole in 3 Minutes

—in any kind of soil—three feet deep. Fine for wells. Handiest tool you ever saw. The **Iwan Post Hole Auger** is a wonder—works on new principle. Ask your dealer to see it. You'll want it SURE.

Dealers write for Iwan line book.

IWAN BROS., Dept. 105, STREATOR, ILL.

Don't Buy a Stove or Range Until You First See How Much You Save By Getting

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

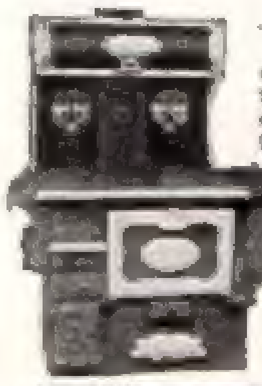
YOU want to make every cent you spend this year, **count for quality and economy.** If you need a stove or range, don't buy until you get our **factory** prices.

I promise you that I will save you $5, $6 or $10 on our smallest stoves, and as high as $18, $20 and even $30 on our largest. And I promise you that you cannot get **anywhere at any** price, a better stove or range than the Kalamazoo.

Just let me quote you prices. Take our catalogue and **compare** the Kalamazoo **quality** and **prices**, with the best line of stoves and ranges you can find sold at retail. **That** will tell the story. You can see for yourself. You want to save money and you want to get high quality. Why not investigate our plan, then? Why not let me show you the difference between manufacturers' prices and retail prices on stoves or ranges?

We sell to you, direct from the factory, at actual factory prices.

On 360 Days Approval Test—We Pay the Freight



I promise, in black and white, to refund your money—every cent of it—if you do not find your purchase in every way exactly as represented.

Remember, every Kalamazoo is of the highest possible grade, made of the best materials and in the best manner. You deal directly with the manufacturers—a company that has a larger number of individual customers than any other stove company in existence. We have sold thousands of stoves and ranges to readers of this journal, and no doubt can refer you to near neighbors who have saved money by buying a Kalamazoo. Many customers write that they have saved enough on a single Kalamazoo to pay for a whole season's fuel. You can save enough to buy a new suit, a new dress, an article of furniture, or perhaps to pay your taxes. Is it not to **your** interest to get our prices?

Send Postal For Catalogue

For Coal and Wood Stoves and Ranges, No. 152
For Gas Stoves and Ranges, No. 808

Fully describing more than 300 sizes and styles of Coal and Wood Ranges, Gas Stoves and Ranges, Coal and Wood Heaters, Hotel Ranges, Base Burners, Laundry Stoves, Etc. **I know** that if you get our prices—and see our quality you will not even **think** of buying any other make. Let me show you how much you can save.

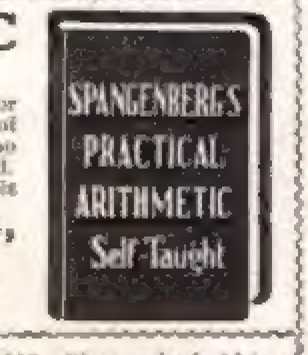
All Kalamazoo cook stoves and ranges have patent thermometers which make baking and roasting easy.

William Thompson, Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.
KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs. Kalamazoo, Mich.

ARITHMETIC

SELF-TAUGHT.

A plain, easily-understood volume for **ALL** who have not had the opportunity of learning this subject thoroughly, or who have forgotten what they once learned. **257 Pages. Requires no teacher.** This great little book sent postpaid, for **60 Cents,** (stamps accepted), leather binding, $1.

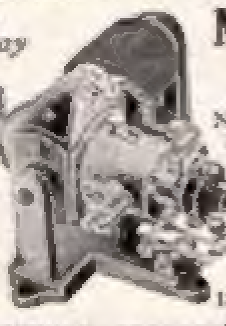


GEO. A. ZELLER BOOK CO.
4470 W. Belle pl., St. Louis, Mo.

CIVIL SERVICE

EXAMINATIONS will soon be held in every state. 46,712 appointments last year. Full information about all Gov't Positions and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission free.

Columbian Corresp. College, Washington, D. C.



Catalog free with full information.

Motsinger Auto-Sparker

starts and runs Gas Engines without Batteries.

No other machine can do it successfully for lack of original patents owned by us. No twist motion in our drive. No belt or switch necessary. No batteries whatever, for make and break or jump-spark. Water and dust-proof. Fully guaranteed.

MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.
18 Main Street, Pendleton, Ind., U.S.A.

Automobile Accessories of every description. Lamps, Generators, Gas Tanks, Speedometers, Plugs, Coils, Batteries, and, in fact, everything for a Motor Car, at prices that no other house CAN compete with. Catalogue Free on request. Reference any Commercial Agency or any Buffalo Bank.

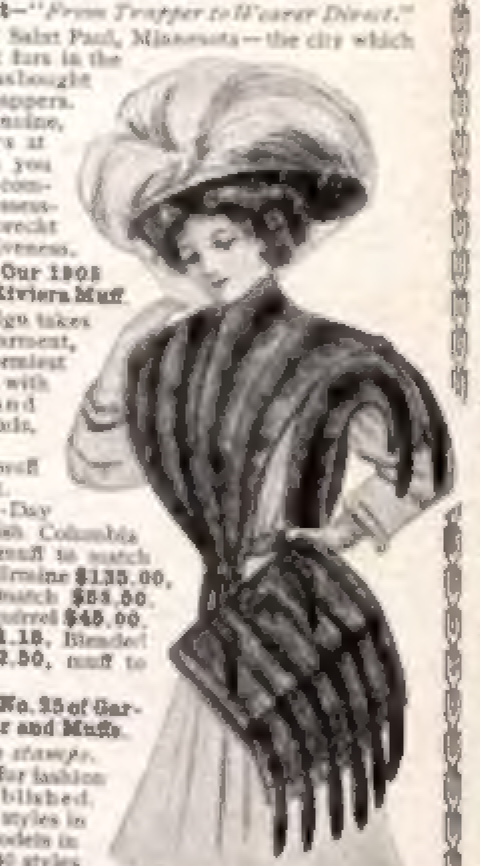
CENTAUR MOTOR CO., 63 Franklin Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

53rd SEASON

Albrecht Furs

Northern-Caught—*"From Trapper to Wearer Direct."*

Made by us in Saint Paul, Minnesota—the city which produces the best furs in the world—out of skins bought direct from the trappers. We give you genuine, high-grade furs at lower prices than you pay for ordinary commonplace furs possessing none of the Albrecht *chic* and distinctiveness.



We Illustrate Our 1908 Model 158F and Riviera Muff.

This novel design takes the place of a fur garment, except in the stormiest weather. Lined with finest satin, and trimmed with heads, tails and paws.

The Riviera muff completes the set.

Special Thirty-Day Prices—in British Columbia Mink **$135.00**, muff to match **$72.00**. Royal Ermine **$135.00**, square muff to match **$53.50**. Blended Sable Squirrel **$45.00**, muff to match **$21.15**, Blended River Mink **$22.50**, muff to match **$11.70**.

88 Page Catalog No. 35 of Garments, Neckwear and Muffs.

Sent for 4c in stamps. Most complete fur fashion book ever published. Shows 250 latest styles in garments; 534 models in neckwear; and 140 styles of muffs. Full description of all furs.

You take no risk in buying Albrecht Furs by mail because we positively guarantee satisfaction or we refund your money.

E. ALBRECHT & SON
6th & Minnesota Sts., Station F
St. Paul, Minnesota

Your Boy's Reading

Give him reading that not only *interests* but *develops* him. Fiction, History, Biography by master writers—Photography, Mechanics, Electricity, Collecting, Sports and Athletics—all combine wholesome entertainment with beneficial moral influence when read in

The American Boy

Every issue is filled with beautiful illustrations and timely articles, every page presenting the finest kind of reading for your boy. $1 yearly—an investment that will yield bigger returns than any other outlay you could make. Subscribe to-day. Sample copy, 10c.

Sprague Publishing Co., 50 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

now
Let
Them
Come
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
WASHBURN'S
TRADE MARK
Gold
MEDAL
FLOUR
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

THE GUESTS ARE WELCOME–

With Gold Medal Flour in the house we can have Sally Lunn or Gems or Muffins or Pop-overs, hot and good for Breakfast. The Bread, Rolls and Pastry will be a success for Lunch and Dinner. We are well prepared for guests.

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

COPYRIGHT 1908. WASHBURN-CROSBY CO. MINNEAPOLIS MINN.

Address all correspondence to Washburn-Crosby Co., Minneapolis, Minn., U. S. A.